

VOL · VI

DECEMBER 1925

No · 24

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN



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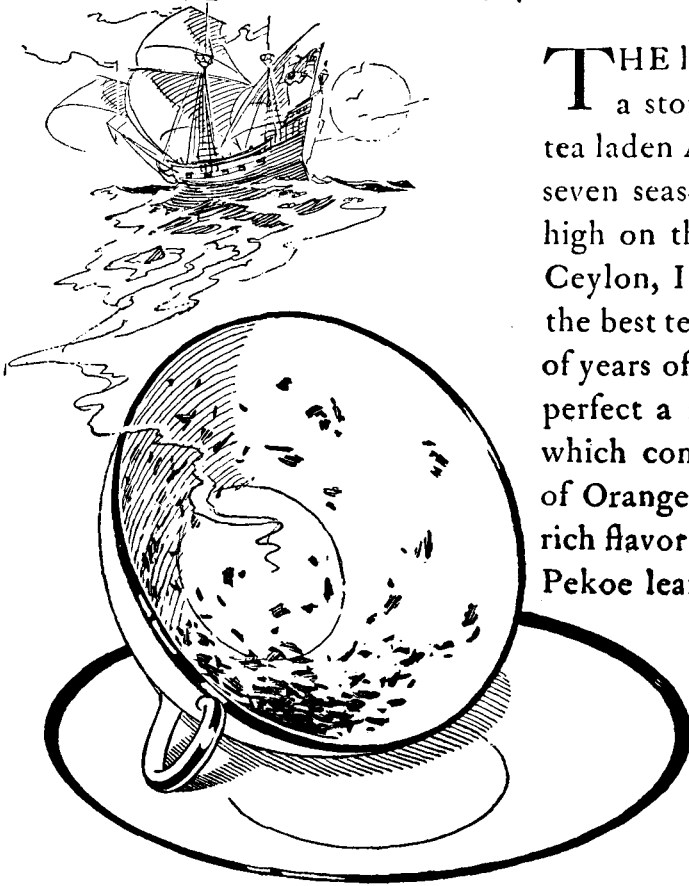
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Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$5.00; Canadian subscription, \$5.50; foreign subscription, \$6.00. . . . The American Mercury, Inc.,

publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1925, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

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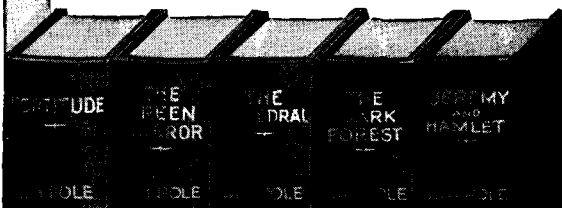
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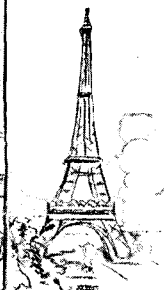
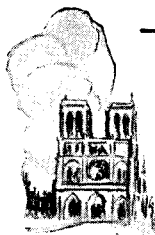
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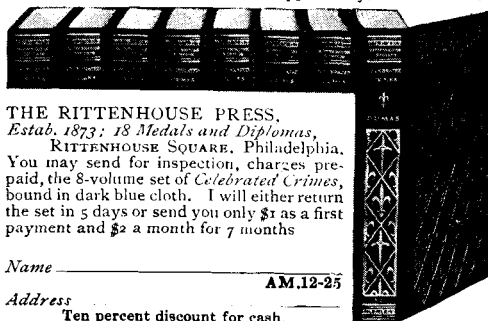
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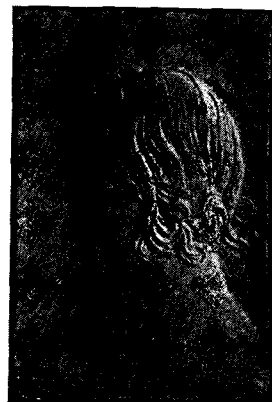
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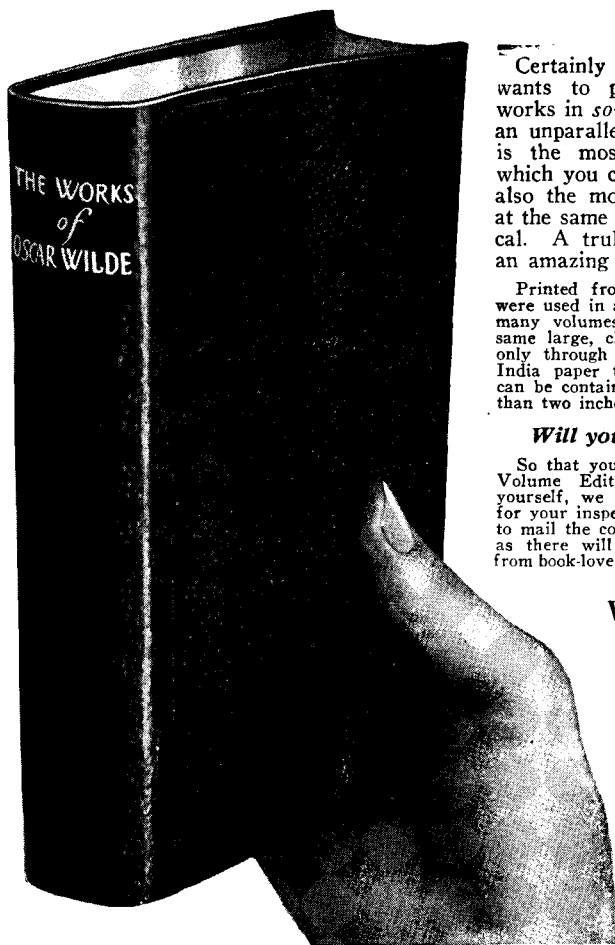
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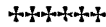
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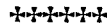
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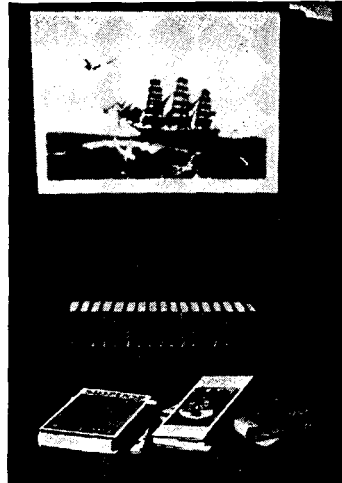
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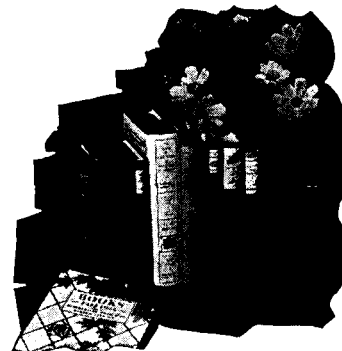
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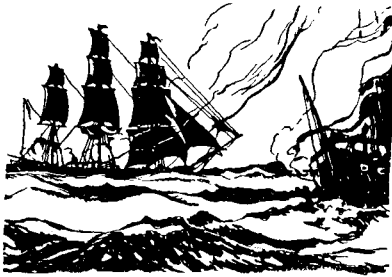
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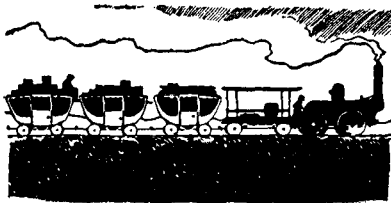
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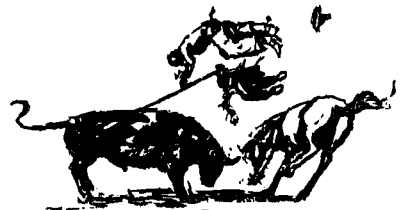
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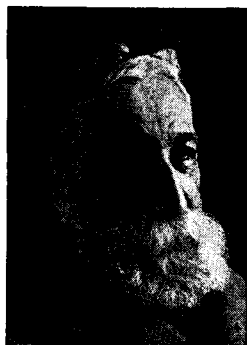
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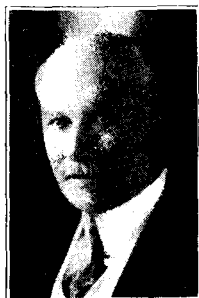
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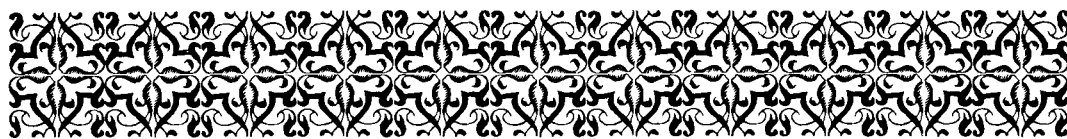
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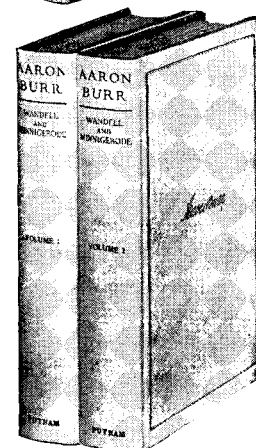
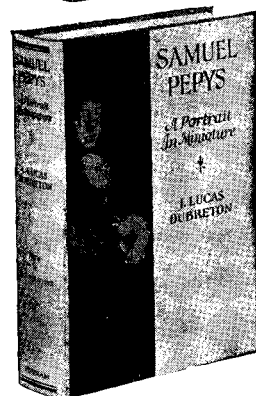
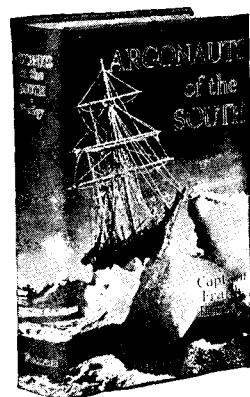
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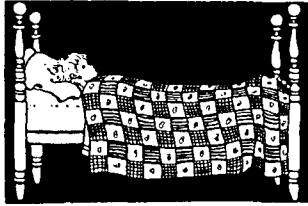
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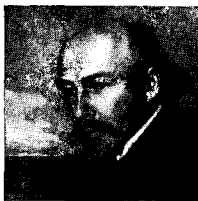
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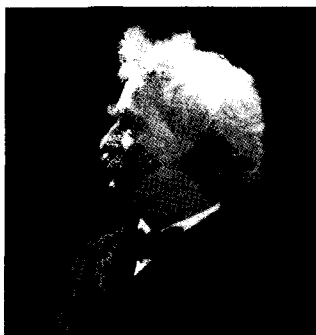
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THE BIOLOGY OF HEALTH

BY RAYMOND PEARL

PEOPLE who are not themselves *Greisen* are interested in great longevity only in the same manner, and to about the same degree, that they are interested in six-legged calves and the birth of quintuplets. A centenarian is regarded by everyone but himself as an odd freak of nature, entertaining to read of, but probably a great nuisance to his family. Himself, he is justifiably proud of having accomplished a feat vastly beyond the powers of most of his fellow creatures, and he is just as keen about continuing to lengthen his record as is the athlete of twenty. But the rest of mankind has a sort of vague feeling that really his only appropriate sphere of usefulness is in a sideshow.

But if few are personally excited about longevity, many indeed are interested in their own health. Any but the mildest of ventric vaporings engenders in all right-minded, forward-looking, that is to say normal, citizens an instant feeling that something not only ought to, but in fact must, be done about it at once. Hence the medical profession. For if the physician were consulted *only* because of the fear, or the actuality of impending death, his economic outlook would be gloomy indeed. He would never occupy the deplorably conspicuous position in that latest and ghastliest stigma of democracy, the income tax list, that he now does.

There is a prevalent, but not entirely sound, notion that health and longevity are necessarily highly correlated together. This idea postulates in effect that good health, well taken care of, will necessarily ensure great longevity. The valetudinarian conducts his life in accordance with this philosophy. But curiously enough, real, thorough-going, one hundred per cent valetudinarians rarely attain to great ages. Indeed the cynical have been known to allege that such persons usually nurse and dose themselves to death. Postponing for the moment any serious discussion of the correctness of this allegation, it can certainly be demonstrated that there is not perfect correlation, or causation, between health and longevity. For it is an extremely common observation that, in the first place, persons who are really invalids, more or less ill throughout the whole of their adult lives, often live to great ages, upward of eighty or ninety; and, on the other hand, how deplorably often are perfectly healthy people, who have never been ill before, struck down by some quickly fatal disease, in those early adult years which are justly called the prime of life! The last great influenza pandemic furnished a horrible example of this. The fatalities bore particularly heavily on the young, vigorous and previously healthy.

Out of such obvious facts as these, which

need no elaborate documentation, emerges the suggestion that the biology of health, the innate and environmental factors on which it depends, is at least in part different from the biology of longevity. The special biology of disease is comprised in the science and art of medicine. It is not my purpose in this paper particularly to discuss that. Rather, what I wish to attempt here is some discussion of the general biology of *health*. Where and how do health and disease fit into the general philosophy of biology? Are there significant facts arising out of the consideration that man is an animal—a mammal¹—which have bearing upon the practical problem of abating or mitigating the ravages of disease? It is to some such problems as these that the reader's attention is invited in this paper.

II

A fundamental characteristic which is possessed by the living organism and lacked by the non-living, inorganic machine, is *adaptability*. The organism is not only able to, but as a matter of the natural course of living does, adapt its behavior to meet the situation which presents itself. If it finds the road to food blocked, for example, it does not acquiescently come to rest with its head nestled against the obstruction, as does such an inorganic mechanical system as a marble rolling down an inclined plane and meeting a barrier. The living thing pushes on, tries various schemes for getting round the obstruction, keeps at it until one succeeds, and then goes on to the end originally sought, the food. Of course if the obstacle is of such a character that no possible behavior whatever can surmount it, then the organism does not get the food. But this outcome will not be the fault of the organism. It will be simply an expression of that great cosmic circum-

¹ In denying this fact at Dayton, the late Mr. Bryan displayed his ignorance that there is complete *theological* proof of it. Is there not preserved in the mother church of St. Cosmar and St. Damian, in Rome, a bottle of the milk of the Virgin Mary?

stance, so well known, alas, to human animals, that some things are too difficult to be conquered by any degree whatever of shrewdness and ingenuity.

Shrewdness, ingenuity, cunning, acuteness of behavior, are by no means confined to the lawyer who finds his road to his favorite lunch club blocked by that perennial upheaval of the pavement which is a standard element of the modern urban environment. On the contrary, self-regulated adaptive behavior, which is the technical biological term for what the lawyer does when he goes around the block to his club after being stopped from taking the straight course, has been found to occur in every living thing where anyone has taken the pains to look carefully for it. A very entertaining little book about this sort of thing in various animals from insects down the scale to *Amoeba*, the simplest and most primitive of all animals, has lately been published by Professor W. A. Kepner of the University of Virginia, called "Animals Looking into the Future." This happy title expresses just the point. Animals act now in such a manner as to bring about a particular result in the future.

Thus an amoeba behaves quite differently in going after its food, according to whether this food is capable of running away, or is something like an algal cell that naturally stays quiet. In the former case the amoeba makes provisions in advance to prevent the prey's escape; in the latter it closes in at once without any preliminaries. When a man acts in this way his behavior is commonly called "intelligent" or "shrewd." When an amoeba does the same thing, it is forbidden to use these terms. The modern behaviorist school of psychology denies the appropriateness of such terminology for either the man or the amoeba. But all this does not matter. The point of interest is the behavior itself, not what it is called. The essence of the whole thing is the *adaptability* of the living organism—its ability to do something to meet any situation which arises in a man-

ner which conduces to the continued survival of the doer.

The adaptability of living things is not at all confined to matters of motor activity, such as running about seeking food, a mate, or something else. It is just as evident in the control of the multiplication of cells which is the basis of growth. From boyhood I have been interested in studying, in the rocky woodlands of New England, the adaptive responses of tree roots to a particular situation in which they not infrequently find themselves there. A seed from a birch tree, let us say, chances to alight, in the course of its lazy flight from the maternal ovary, on the moss-covered top of a great granite boulder left behind by a glacier some thousands of years ago. Finding in the damp moss and rotted vegetable débris in a crevice on the boulder top the appropriate conditions for germination, this birch seed presently sprouts and starts a new little tree. Now this young treelet has fairly enough obeyed the scriptural injunction to avoid shifting sands. Its footing is on solid rock; too solid, in point of fact. For presently the sproutlet outgrows the resources of the moss and débris in the crevice. Nourishment is demanded. Granite will not furnish it. So if the tree is to survive the roots must get down into the soil, and furthermore in such a way that the tree will be braced four-square against buffeting breezes. The story of how birch and other trees solve the problem, and survive for centuries, is an extremely interesting one, but too long to go into here. It must suffice to say that in their growth the rootlets show self-regulated adaptability to meet the difficulties which beset them in their progress to an end which has prime survival value for the whole tree.

In the internal workings of the human body the same power of adaptive response manifests itself. If one kidney is removed surgically, the other one promptly increases in size to meet adequately the enlarged demand. That dread disease, pulmonary tuberculosis, starting from little

spots of necrosis of less than pin-point size, may, and often does, develop great cavities in the lungs as large as a plum, or even a small orange. Now, the lungs are highly vascular structures and necessarily so, for all the blood in the body must regularly pass through them in order to get its oxygen supply renewed. Each cavity of advancing tuberculosis cuts across many blood vessels, both arteries and veins. Why then does not everyone who has tuberculosis suddenly bleed to death from the severing of arteries by the advancing necrosis in the lungs? As a matter of fact, this is only rarely the way of death in phthisis. The reason is that before the ulcerative process reaches the artery an adaptive change takes place in the vessel walls in preparation for the impending event, which in the absence of such preparation would be catastrophic. The walls of the blood vessel thicken and encroach upon its lumen or interior space, until the opening for the passage of blood is completely obliterated. The artery becomes a solid, bloodless cord. Describing the characteristics of tuberculous cavities in the lungs MacCallum says:

Some of the blood vessels are still found stretching across from wall to wall, or standing up as high ridges against one side. If they be cut across, many of them prove to be solid cords, but others still have a central lumen, from which one can squeeze a drop of blood. This persistence is due to an obliterating endarteritis which thickens the wall and especially the intimal layer, on the approach of the tuberculous inflammation. Sometimes loose cords of these vessels hanging in the cavity show that they have finally been corroded all the way through, but no hemorrhage has occurred.

In other cases, where the approach to an artery was too sudden to permit the obliterating adaptive response to complete itself the vessel breaks and the patient bleeds to death, but this is relatively uncommon.

Nearly everyone knows somebody who has an enlarged heart and has to be careful in the conduct of his life on that account. This enlargement may consist either of an increased thickness of the muscular walls

of this most marvelous of all pumps, brought about probably by an increase in the size of the individual muscle fibres rather than by an increase in their number; or the enlargement may be due simply to a stretching of the heart walls. The first sort is called hypertrophy, the second dilatation. Either may occur alone, or both together. Both kinds of enlargement are adaptive responses of the heart to meet difficult situations, and keep the blood circulating in as nearly a normal manner as possible throughout the whole body. Most often the difficult situation which demands the compensatory adaptive response arises in the following way: The organism is beset with an acute bacterial infection. The bacteria get into the blood stream, and some of them gain a foothold on one or more of the delicate valves of the heart. There they multiply and cause an inflammation. As a result of this process the valves get stiff or eroded, or both, and their precise and accurate closing is prevented, or else the opening for the passage of blood is narrowed. When the leaflets do not close accurately a part of the blood pumped out of the chamber at each stroke will suck back through the leaky valve, and the heart will be compelled to work so much the harder in order to send the usual volume of blood out into the vessels. It adapts itself to carrying this additional burden by thickening its walls. Also, if the situation demands that a chamber of the heart hold a larger volume of blood than usual, as is sometimes a consequence of the impairment of certain of the valves, then this chamber adaptively dilates. No organ of the body exceeds the heart in the speed and extent of its purposeful adaptability.

Many other examples might be given of this extraordinary power of the living organism to adapt itself to circumstances, in behavior and in structure, in a manner useful to itself. It is a universal attribute of living things. But sufficient specific cases have been cited to serve the present purpose.

III

It is always pleasant and instructive to contemplate those wonders of nature which were adduced, in the heyday of natural theology, as evidences of the goodness and wisdom of God. But what has adaptation and adaptability got to do with the business in hand—the biology of health? The relation is simple, but fundamental. It is this: biologically, what we call the state of disease is a state in which the organism fails, for the time being and in greater or less degree, to correct or regulate perfectly an abnormal situation. The state of perfect health, on the contrary, is the condition in which the organism finds itself when it is adaptively meeting the organic situation with complete success—is, in short, regulating its organic affairs so that, whatever happens in the environment, they go on functioning with perfect normality.

Modern medicine concerns itself chiefly with what are regarded as the specific "causes" of disease—bacteria and other malefic agents which have a part in upsetting the normal organic balance of the individual. This is an entirely proper viewpoint, since medicine is the special science (biology) of *disease*. This outlook has led to great progress in the art and science of diagnosis. But it has helped much less towards the advancement of the treatment, the prognosis, or the cure of disease; or as it may be better put, to the biology of health. Because, as will be more apparent as we proceed, the chief factor in determining whether a person remains in health, or recovers his health when he has lost it, is his innate biological power of adaptive self-regulation to the normal. If he has *this power in high degree he gets well and stays well*, the wise physician often greatly aiding in ways presently to be discussed; if he lacks it, he stays ill, and considerably frets the honest doctor who is trying his best to accomplish a task at which Mother Nature has failed.

But before the discussion can be per-

mitted to go off into such alluring paths there is a bit more spade work to do. A particular illness of a particular person—say Mr. Aloysius Xavier Cohen as a welcome relief from the overworked Doe, Roe, and Smith families—may conceivably be caused by (*a*) something internal, innately peculiar to Mr. Cohen's biological make-up, or (*b*) some deleterious agent originally wholly external and foreign to Mr. Cohen's organic commonwealth, or (*c*) to a combination of (*a*) and (*b*).

The number of diseases which fall precisely and rigorously into the first (*a*) etiological category is small, much smaller than anyone who had not thought carefully about it would have supposed. This class should include only the strictly inherited diseases, which require no deleterious external agent to supplement the inherited condition in order to make the unfortunate victim ill. Perhaps the clearest cut of all such conditions are the so-called congenital malformations. Every year there are born in the Registration Area of the United States some hundreds and perhaps thousands of babies totally lacking any terminal facilities for their digestive activities. Such a colossal organic imperfection cannot be corrected by the individual's own powers of regulatory adaptation, and so, in the absence of extraneous surgical aid, the poor little waifs soon give up the struggle. Many more are born each year with an opening between the right and left sides of the heart. This structural defect seriously upsets the normal, orderly working of the pump, and the poor baby literally gets very blue indeed over the situation. But in these cases the regulatory adaptability of the organism often does wonders in meeting the difficulty. Such persons sometimes manage to live out a normal average lifetime, and may even attain such a ripe age as seventy or eighty.

Hæmophilia, a rare disease in which the blood lacks its normal power of clotting, might be thought to fall in our first etiological class, but after all a hæmophilic

can only be said to be ill of his disease when, from some external cause, a wound has been produced and bleeding started. So properly this belongs in class (*c*). A peculiar sort of anæmia, in which the red blood corpuscles are sickle-shaped, which is inherited in typical Mendelian fashion, is a better case in point. There are a few other things which might be cited in this first category of diseases of strictly endogenous, which in this connection can only mean hereditary, origin. But all told they are relatively few, and unimportant because of their rarity. Furthermore, in regard to many of them, the environmental factor cannot logically be completely excluded from participation in the case. All that is done is to transfer its influence back a generation, for the work of the experimental embryologists has demonstrated that many of the congenital malformations seen in human beings can be produced experimentally by altering the environmental conditions under which the embryonic development occurs.

If it is difficult to find many, or important, examples of diseases of solely hereditary causation, it is equally so to find those falling in the second (*b*) category, where strictly the causation must be wholly external and environmental, without the constitution of the individual playing any part whatever. About the only ones readily to be thought of are accidental traumatic injuries and poisons. To be empulped by an inadvertently casual automobile is not necessarily a reflection on the soundness of one's organic constitution.

The vast majority of the causes of disease fall in the third (*c*) category, wherein a combination of an external factor and an internal constitutional condition are essential to bring on the illness. Here belong all the infectious diseases, commonly said to be "caused" by living organisms, bacteria, protozoa, etc. A little logical consideration of the matter shows that the alleged causal organism for any of these diseases cannot be regarded as the *sole* cause. For not every person into whose

carcass this organism gains entrance develops the disease. Only those persons do so whose own powers of regulatory adaptation are inadequate to meet successfully the abnormal situation created by the presence of the invading bacteria. Consider the Nowlihed family, which I have been lately studying. The Nowlihed parents (this is a synthetic family name constructed on principles laid down by Lewis Carroll) had thirteen children. In this family every child has had pneumonia one or more times. One has had it twice, and one three times. Six died of pneumonia under one year of age. One died of it at thirteen years, and one died of typhoid at nineteen. Of the living, one has tuberculosis at the age of seventeen, and another at fifteen shows symptoms which make it probable that he also will manifest clinical tuberculosis soon.

What a ghastly tale! Every child has had pneumonia one or more times, and the disease has taken a dreadful death toll. Why is this? By no means *all* persons have pneumonia in their whole lives, and even fewer in babyhood and childhood. How is such an incidence of the disease to be accounted for in the Nowlihed children? Were they more exposed to infection by the *pneumococcus* than other children are? This cannot be, because this is a virtually ubiquitous germ. No child can possibly escape contact with it. In fact, a smear from nearly anyone's throat, at almost any time, will yield *pneumococci*. MacCallum says: "The *pneumococcus* is very widely distributed, and occurs in the mouths and upper respiratory tracts of most normal persons. It varies greatly in virulence, as has been shown by animal inoculations, and those cultivated from pneumonic lungs are not necessarily more virulent than those from the mouths of healthy persons."

Were the home conditions surrounding the Nowlihed children so bad as to precipitate them all into pneumonia? Were they improperly nourished, insufficiently clothed, over-worked, forced to suffer undue exposure to the elements, or in any

other way environmentally mismanaged to a degree sufficient to account for the extraordinary result? They were not. This point has been very carefully investigated. While the Nowlihed's are working class people, and their home necessarily lacks the luxuries that wealth commands, it is in every essential respect a superior, rather than inferior, working class home. Mrs. Nowlihed is a rather unusually intelligent woman who has spent a great deal of thought and energy on conserving the health of her children, and has furthermore sought and obtained advice in the matter from physicians and public health officials.

The environmental alibi in this case is much more complete than it is usually possible to find. The real clue to the Nowlihed pneumonia appears only when the family history is examined. Mrs. Nowlihed's side of the pedigree shows an uncommonly sturdy, healthy stock, particularly free of any diseases of the respiratory system, bronchitis, pneumonia, or tuberculosis. But the picture presented on the other side of the family is very different. Mr. Nowlihed is tuberculous. So also were three of his sisters, two of them having already died from the disease. His father died of phthisis at forty-eight. There is more tuberculosis and pneumonia among his cousins, uncles and aunts, and in the earlier direct ancestry, which need not be detailed here.

What the pedigree plainly shows is the existence, on the father's side, of a progressive constitutional weakness or inferiority of the respiratory system, manifesting itself now in pneumonia, now in phthisis, and culminating in the 100 per cent evidence of pneumonia in the Nowlihed children. They constitutionally lack sufficient power of adaptive regulation to cope successfully with the situation which *Micrococcus lanceolatus* periodically presents to them.

In modern medical parlance it is customary to speak of what I have here called "powers of regulatory adaptation," as

“resistance,” or “immunity.” To such usage no special objection need be raised. It tends, however, to obscure the fundamental biological characteristics of what really occurs, and to set off as something special and peculiar what is really only one manifestation of one of the most important and universal attributes of living things, regulatory adaptability. Thanks to the development of the science of immunology, under the leadership of Ehrlich and Bordet, we understand somewhat better the mechanism by which the adaptive regulation is brought about in some of these cases of disease than we do in most other instances of biological adaptation. But in the philosophy of biology all belong in the same fundamental category. That the patient’s part in disease is an attempt at adaptive regulation of an abnormal situation has long been recognized by philosophical physicians. Dr. William H. Welch’s discussion of fever from this viewpoint is a classic.

IV

From the analysis which has preceded it is plain that biologically the most important factor in preserving and recovering health, when it has been temporarily lost, is this adaptive regulatory power of the organism. When a disease is “cured” it is because the individual who had it has once more, by some scheme or other, got the upper hand of the situation and restored, in whole or in part, the normal organic balance. He may have used any one of a great variety of methods; such as killing off the deleterious agents and neutralizing their poisonous products, as in typhoid fever; or altering his structure, as in valvular heart disease; or healing a sore, as in gastric ulcer; but anyhow he has triumphed biologically. The good old machine has once more met the situation and done the right thing, or at least has come as near to the right thing as was possible under the circumstances.

The fact that what we call the curing of disease results primarily and funda-

mentally from the innate biological powers of the organism, is the basis of both the philosophy and the success of the Christian Science faith. The followers of that cult certainly give the *vis medicatrix naturae* a freer and fairer chance to do its extremely superior best than do any other large body of people in our present civilization. But they make the mistake of pushing their philosophy too far. For the intelligent observation of human experience down through the ages has shown that the regulatory powers of the organism in battling with disturbances of the normal equilibrium are alone and of themselves sometimes inadequate, and can be very greatly aided by appropriate external procedures. The collected and ordered codification of these procedures constitutes the science and art of medicine.

Just what can medicine accomplish biologically in relation to disease? The only thing it can really do is to aid the organism in its adaptive regulatory efforts. But it can do this in several important ways which it is worth while to list and briefly characterize.

1. It may greatly reduce (theoretically even to zero) deleterious agents which by their invasion of the organism upset its normal balance. Here lies the chief field of preventive medicine and sanitation, and here are to be mentioned such great triumphs as the immanent disappearance of yellow fever from the face of the earth, of malaria from civilized urban communities, etc.

2. It can aid the organism *directly* in its regulatory efforts, by increasing the power of the specific adaptive mechanisms against disease, as by injecting diphtheria antitoxin or anti-typhoid vaccine, or by the exhibition of such drugs as quinine in malaria, mercury or arsenic in syphilis, etc. In ways such as these the physician directly and literally saves lives.

3. It can help *indirectly* to increase the adaptive powers of the organism by so guiding and directing the course of affairs as to bring to an optimum the internal

and external conditions of life. Rest and forced feeding are of enormous aid to the body in its struggle with the tubercle bacillus. Neither the rest nor the food kills any germs, but they put the body in such condition that its own resources are developed to a maximum. In this field belong many of the great advances of therapy.

4. It can alter the structure of the body by the removal or repair of worn out or damaged parts, thus clearing away often insuperable physical barriers to the successful adaptive regulation by the organism of its difficulties. The accomplishments of the modern surgeon furnish aid of a high order to the organism in distress. His activities, like those of the physician, listed in the second category above, sometimes literally and immediately save lives.

These four kinds of things are broadly speaking all that scientific medicine can do. They are all ancillary biologically to the main factor in getting and keeping people well, which is their own constitutions, their own powers of adaptive regulation. There is a fifth thing, and practically a very important one, that the wise physician does for his patients. He cheers them up, allays the fears grounded in folkways that go back to tree-dwelling days, and by improving their morale again clears the way for the *vis medicatrix naturae* to do its work. But as this is precisely what the Eskimo shaman, the Bakongo medicine man, and every honest quack since (and presumably also before) Alexander of Abonutichus, have done for their clients, I hesitate to list it with the nobler accomplishments of medical science.

V

There are two practical morals which seem to me to flow from this necessarily brief and sketchy analysis of the biological basis of health. The first is that if adaptive self-regulation of the organism is such an important thing in life as it appears to be, we ought to know a great deal about it. But of the major problems of biology that of adaptation is the most neglected. There awaits the investigator here a vast and fertile field. One not unimportant result of its more intensive cultivation might possibly be to bring to their senses that small, but singularly misguided school of biological philosophers who deny the existence of adaptation anywhere in the universe.

My second moral is to beware of omphalocentric philosophies of personal hygiene. The patent medicine vendors, life extension experts, chiropractors, and other baser quacks, always suggest that probably *you* have a pain in some part of *your* anatomy, which ought not to be named in a family magazine; or that if you have no such pain the case is worse because more insidious; so that anyhow it will be best to do something about it right away. The power of suggestion is great. So are the profits.

The general biology of health and disease offers what I think is a sounder plan for the conduct of life, which can be put this way: Live as a Christian Scientist is supposed to live, without thought or fear of disease. But when you feel ill, consult a physician at once, and follow implicitly his instructions. He knows better than anybody else how to help you.

CONTACT MEN

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

Two or three times a week there enters my office a representative of a new profession. Sometimes he comes on what seems to be a minor errand. He wants a Department of Agriculture bulletin, or he seeks the answer to some trivial agricultural or literary question—a question that I, with my extensive ignorance of both agriculture and literature, can usually answer without even consulting a reference book. But he is always profoundly grateful. He assures me that he has at last found a place where he can get accurate information promptly and courteously, and that he will return directly any new problem vexes his soul.

Sometimes his errand is even simpler. He has a letter of introduction from an acquaintance of mine, or perhaps he simply sends in his card, *Mr. Albert Marshall Davenport*. In either case, it appears that he has called because he has heard of the brilliant success I am achieving in my work. He has been eager to meet a man who combines the qualities of St. Francis of Assisi, Albert Einstein, and Ivy Lee. He intimates delicately that I surpass his expectations. He hopes that he may see me often. He invites me to luncheon. He suggests that the board of governors of a club to which he belongs may be persuaded to abandon their ordinary policy and pass my name without placing it on the usual waiting list; they are all eager, it appears, to add it to the membership roll.

In the course of conversation, it may be disclosed casually that my caller has a business connection. But he may not mention this until the second or third meeting. He may represent an importing corpora-

tion, a commercial organization, a prominent individual, a college, or even a religious society. He is not a publicity man—good Lord, no!—, not even a “director of public relations.” He has nothing to do with publicity. He may hold any one of numerous titles. Frequently he is “assistant to the president” of the institution that he represents. Or, in deference to the desire of men to deal with principals, he may be the president himself. Or he may be the secretary, the chief of the department of efficiency, or the chairman of the committee on the reestablishment of good feeling in the industry. Whatever his purported occupation, he talks in lofty tones of Service—quoting “He profits most who Serves best” if he knows one to be a Rotarian, or “We Serve” if one wears a Kiwanian button. He mentions occasionally the high ideals that have drawn him to his organization, and its (and his) constant readiness for Coöperation. Service and Coöperation are blessed words on his tongue.

The title that he holds, however, does not represent his real profession. Actually he is a contact man. Contact men, in business, educational and professional life, are increasing faster than the traditional progeny of the Belgian hare. If I am not mistaken, they were employed originally by advertising agencies. The agency, say, has a large account, which it must “service,” as the phrase goes. It puts one of its best men at the service of the client corporation. He will advise it as to its advertising, get out its house-organ, smooth over its difficulties. He will correct the grammar of the president of the company, or travel

five hundred miles to argue with the citizens of Hazelton that the signs the client has erected are objects of art, and that it would be un-American vandalism for the council to order them torn down. The contact man, in short, takes care of all the manifold details involved in the relations of the client to the agency and the public.

There was much work for contact men—they were then called liaison officers—in the late war. Gifted fellows who had held such positions returned from France flushed with their success. Not to be outdone, representatives of the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Salvation Army came home boasting of what they called their contacts. A contact was anything from handing out a doughnut or a cigarette to writing a letter to the home paper.

Contact men having thus proved their worth in two fields from which business had derived gratifying profits—advertising and war—it was inevitable that the new profession should greatly expand, and surround itself with more definite concepts of its importance and larger visions of Service. The modern contact man, thus oriented, has much in common with the Jewish *Schmusser*, but there are differences. The contact man is only indirectly—sometimes not at all—a business-getter. His function is simply to create favorable sentiment toward his client in quarters where such sentiment may some time prove valuable. Every man he meets in his professional capacity is a “contact,” and he strives to make every contact his friend and at the same time to place him under intangible obligation. When a contract, a legislative bill or anything else affecting his client comes up, the contact man hopes that he will be remembered. But unless he is a rather crude worker, he will never mention the matter directly. He will leave publicity, lobbying, and all that to the professionals in those fields. He will merely count on your remembering him as an official of the organization under consideration and your concluding that an organi-

zation having so able, honest, and charming a representative must possess merit that deserves recognition, however much its position may have been misunderstood.

Formerly contacts were left to traveling salesmen and, in some cases, to press agents. The less forward-looking corporations and institutions still follow this practice. But there is a growing suspicion of publicity men, and salesmen, while still necessary, sometimes prove both expensive and dangerous. It often takes a great deal of “grease money” to land a contract by the Scientific Salesmanship plan, and the result of its use is sometimes bad feeling, even in rare cases prosecution, and invariably the necessity of using more money the next time. The contact man, while drawing a high salary and expense account, always leaves good feeling behind him, and never indulges in any practice that may lead to scandal or the penitentiary.

II

When he acts on behalf of an individual, the contact man will build up any sort of reputation for his employer that is desired, from that of a great thinker to that of a great moralist.

“Mr. Martin was telling me the other night,” he will say, “that Euclidean geometry has some notable flaws—that in fact its philosophic implications are quite out of accord with the Good Life that thinking men have always sought. It’s a funny thing about Mr. Martin—his main recreation is mathematics. He goes home at night and he works problems in analytics or reads Keyser’s books—I never could understand those books myself—and I’ve heard university professors say that he would be recognized as a world genius if he only weren’t too modest to publish his discoveries.”

Curiously, the only time that I have seen Mr. Martin indulging his pastime was in a café, where he was remarking earnestly and loudly to a fair companion, “You know, sweetie, it’s a funny thing—

this check adds up to your bust measure exactly."

Again, a contact man, representing a State official whom I have never seen absolutely sober, manages in practically every conversation to introduce some reference to liquor, and then throws in incidentally, "Mr. ———, of course, doesn't drink." This contact man does not appear as such at all; he poses as an intimate friend of the official. The rev. clergy and others who may have been somewhat disquieted by reports of the official's bibulous habits conclude that such rumors are baseless when the contact man, known to every one as both a drinker and a friend of the official, comments—unfavorably, when he feels that such an attitude will be effectual—on the abstinence of his client.

Now and then the contact man, having built up a reputation for his employer, may seek opportunities for him to write articles for the right-thinking magazines. The contact man will find a hack writer to do the articles and hand him his check. The vanity of the employer will thus be fed at much lower cost than that of so-called "vanity" advertising. Some contact men, however, frown upon this practice. They maintain that a contact man should never be a seeker, that his influence will be reduced, once he starts asking for things.

Colleges and universities are beginning to offer a fertile field for the contact man. Some of them were aghast, some years ago, when the smaller denominational colleges began to employ "field agents,"—usually a retired clergyman of some reputation for both scholarship and saintliness, who went out to make addresses about the institution employing him, and its safety for youth, and to call upon parents to persuade them to send their boys and girls there. Today the field agent, old style, is a back number. Most colleges and universities, whether under religious or secular auspices, have more students than they know what to do with. What they want now, chiefly, is more money in the form of increased endowments or greater support from taxa-

tion. There are two ways to achieve the business directly: by appealing to philanthropists or by lobbying in the State legislature.

But with so many drives and demands for appropriations under way, neither method is now very effective. What is needed, first of all, is favorable sentiment, especially among the wealthy and the influential. Here the contact man edges in. Sometimes he bears the old name of field agent, though he is no longer a superannuated clergyman. Rather is he a spruce young minister in grey flannels, who smokes cigars, tells stories about the drummer and the waitress to idealistic business men, squeezes the hands of rich and well-upholstered ladies, and predicts that all the problems of mankind will yield some day to that fine ideal of coöperative service which American business men are upholding in the workaday world. More commonly, however, the field agent has been abolished. Not a few boards of trustees have taken the bull by the horns and employed a contact man as president. He flits about among the rich business men, politicians, leaders of women's organizations, head-line clergymen, and forward-looking editors, offering the coöperation of his institution for service in this, that, or the other direction, and making oleaginous speeches before organizations without number. He tells the Babbitts that education is a safeguard against Bolshevism, the clergymen that it is a great spiritual adventure, the honest union men that it gives every man an opportunity to rise to the highest offices in the gift of the Republic and so escape work, the editors that it raises an army of intelligent and appreciative readers of the great American press, the women that it makes possible a continuance of that ennobling and refining influence which women have imparted to American life, "making it the most glorious and most God-fearing civilization that the world has yet seen, or, in my humble opinion, ever will see." If there is a strong radical group in the region, he even goes

among them—quietly, of course—pointing out that support for a new social order can be developed only through education. Never does he urge his own institution specifically. The bread that he casts upon the water, he well knows, will be returned to his bosom.

Even contact men grow tired, however, especially when they have attained the age at which they are likely to be chosen college presidents. Their souls long to be at ease in Zion, and so they train up one or more new contact men—promising, go-getting young members of the faculty. They gradually substitute these men for themselves, and relieve them correspondingly of pedagogical drudgery, but save their academic rank, or even promote them faster than the ordinary seniority rules allow. The more recondite the young professor's subject, the better it is for his new work. A professor of paleontology or of Sanskrit, talking like a he-man to an advertising club, causes the leaders of business thought to gape in astonishment, whereas they would think it only natural for him to be a go-getter if his occupation were instructing their sons in business law, cheese-making, or money and banking. Once his young contact men have got established, the president retires majestically to his university town, where he plays golf every afternoon with his fellow Rotarians and has access to every well-supplied cellar. He gives advice, of course, to his contact men, for he is old and wise, and they in return not only look out for the interests of the university but also advertise the fine human, hairy-chested qualities of its head. He himself ventures forth from his studies only to address great national conventions of live wires, and to meet figures of national or international distinction in Service.

The really modern American university has still another contact man—the secretary of the alumni association, whose salary is not infrequently paid in part by the college. It is his job to keep the alumni heated up. Some of them, by God's grace,

are already rich and influential, and others will be. Moreover, they are all in touch with prospective students. Although the college is rarely interested in increasing its enrolment, the alumni secretary tries to get as many freshmen as possible of two classes: talented athletes, who will advertise the institution, and sons of wealthy families, whose fathers will endow it. But the alumni secretary is no old-time field agent; he uses no antiquated methods. He broadcasts the advantages and charm of his college through his own pleasing personality. To the local Chamber of Commerce he leaves the matter of the salary to be paid the star half-back for winding the town clock, and to influential alumni the problem of getting the nitwit sons of the rich past the entrance requirements.

III

Such small fry as extension workers hardly deserve the title of contact men. They really only supply information—some of it of public value—and this is as repugnant to your true contact man as is asking a favor. Moreover, they boast of their contacts—the extension department of one college with which I am familiar listed more than two millions in a year—and the professional contact man of today never boasts. He never even admits, outside a small circle of intimate friends, that he is a contact man. The extension worker is to the contact man as the seller of pencils on the street is to the high-grade, eight-cylinder Florida realtor.

Wherever one finds the true contact man, whether in business, in the world of learning, or in some other field, he belongs to one of two types. Either he is a good mixer, or he is an up-stager. Either he pleases every one with his hail-fellow-well-met manner or else he impresses the susceptible with his air of intelligence, sophistication, and supercilious disdain. People are happy to meet the former type; they are honored to meet the latter, particularly since he can in a moment throw off his superior air and

impress them with the fact that he recognizes in them kindred intelligences.

The contact man is expected to possess a superficial knowledge of a great variety of subjects. He must be able to converse acceptably with "contacts" whose interests may lie in Expressionist painting, military strategy, or the geography of Central Africa. Further, he must know how to get things that his contacts may want: a dependable bootlegger, a product map of Louisiana, an autograph of William Jennings Bryan, a copy of "Only a Boy," a rare variety of peony, an attractive *fille de joie*, a remedy for warts, an invitation to an important dinner, or a piece of wood from the mast of the battleship *Maine*. The tastes of his contacts are various enough; sometimes he also has the problem of pleasing several employers. The com-

bination, so some contact men that I know and admire tell me, is often a difficult one.

Not long ago I had the opportunity to become a contact man. The vice-president and general manager of the corporation explained that the organization needed a person of the experience and interests which he thought I possessed. Then the president of the corporation, an older man, who had risen from tending a soap vat, broke into the conversation.

"Yes, by God, you're a gentleman." I bowed at the doubtful compliment. "By God, no forty-dollar-a-week assistant is going to high-hat *you*! I believe, damn it, that you can go into any office and get right next to the guy with the brass cuspidor."

But I declined.

CONVENTION

BY THEODORE DREISER

THIS story was told to me once by a very able newspaper cartoonist, and since it makes rather clear the powerfully repressive and often transforming force of convention, I set it down as something in the nature of an American social document. As he told it, it went something like this:

At one time I was a staff artist on the principal paper of one of the mid-western cities, a city on a river. It was, and remains to this hour, a typical American city. No change. It had a population then of between four and five hundred thousand. It had its clubs and churches and its conventional goings-on. It was an excellent and prosperous manufacturing city; nothing more.

On the staff with me at this time was a reporter whom I had known a little, but never intimately. I don't know whether I ought to bother to describe him or not—physically, I mean. His physique is unimportant to this story. But I think it would be interesting and even important to take him apart mentally and look at him, if one could—sort out the various components of his intellectual machinery, and so find out exactly how his intellectual processes proceeded. However, I can't do that; I have not the skill. Barring certain very superficial characteristics which I will mention, he was then and remains now a psychological mystery to me. He was what I would describe as superficially clever, a good writer of a good, practical, matter-of-fact story. He appeared to be well liked by those who were above him officially, and he could write Sunday feature stories of a sort, no one of which, as I saw it,

ever contained a moving touch of color or a breath of real poetry. Some humor he had. He was efficient. He had a nose for news. He dressed quite well and he was not ill-looking—tall, thin, wiry, almost leathery. He had a quick, facile smile, a genial word-flow for all who knew him. He was the kind of man who was on practical and friendly terms with many men connected with the commercial organizations and clubs about town, from whom he extracted news bits from time to time. By the directing chiefs of the paper he was considered useful.

Well, this man and I were occasionally sent out on the same assignment, he to write the story, I to make sketches—usually some Sunday feature story. Occasionally we would talk about whatever was before us—newspaper work, politics, the particular story in hand—but never enthusiastically or warmly about anything. He lacked what I thought was the artistic and poetic point of view. And yet, as I say, we were friendly enough. I took him about as any newspaper man takes another newspaper man of the same staff who is in good standing.

Along in the Spring or Summer of the second year that I was on the paper the Sunday editor, to whom I was beholden in part for my salary, called me into his room and said that he had decided that Wallace Steele and myself were to do a feature story about the "love-boats" which plied Saturday and Sunday afternoons and every evening up and down the river for a distance of thirty-five miles or more. This distance, weather permitting, gave an opportunity to six or seven hundred couples on hot

nights to escape the dry, sweltering heat of the city—and it was hot there in the Summer—and to enjoy the breezes and dance, sometimes by the light of Chinese lanterns, sometimes by the light of the full moon. It was delightful. Many thousands took advantage of the opportunity.

It was delicious to me, then in the prime of youth and ambition, to sit on the hurricane or "spoon" deck, as our Sunday editor called it, and study not only the hundreds of boys and girls, but also the older men and women, who came principally to make love, though secondarily to enjoy the river and the air, to brood over the picturesque grouping of the trees, bushes, distant cabins and bluffs which rose steeply from the river, to watch the great cloud of smoke that trailed back over us, to see the two halves of the immense steel walking beam chuff-chuffing up and down, and to listen to the drive of the water-wheel behind. This was in the days before the automobile, and any such pleasant means of getting away from the city was valued much more than it is now.

But to return to this Sunday editor and his orders. I was to make sketches of spooning couples, or at least of two or three small distinctive groups with a touch of romance in them. Steele was to tell how the love-making went on. This, being an innocent method of amusement and relief from the humdrum, was looked upon with suspicion if not actual disfavor by the wise-aces of the paper, as well as by the conservatives of the city, as a phase of loose if not immoral life. True conservatives would not so indulge themselves. The real object of the Sunday editor was to get something into his paper that would have a little kick to it. We were, without exaggerating the matter in any way, to shock the conservatives by a little picture of life and love, which, however innocent, was none-the-less taboo in that city. The story was to suggest, as I understood it, loose living, low ideals and the like. These outings did not have the lockstep of business or religion in them.

II

Well, to proceed. No sooner had the order been given than Steele came to me to talk it over. He liked the idea very much. It was a good Sunday subject. Those boats were full of eager spooning couples. He knew it. Beside, it was hot—very—in the city just at that time, and the opportunity for an outing appealed to him. We were to go on the boat that left the wharf at the foot of Beach street at eight o'clock that evening. He had been told to write anything from fifteen hundred to two thousand words. If I made three good sketches, that would make almost a three-fourths page special. He would make his story as lively and colorful as he could. He was not a little flattered, I am sure, by having been called to interpret such a gay, risqué scene.

It was about one-thirty when we had been called in. About four o'clock he came to me again. We had, as I had assumed, tentatively agreed to meet at the wharf entrance and do the thing together. By now, however, he had another plan. Perhaps I should say here that up to that moment I only vaguely knew that he had a wife and child and that he lived with them somewhere in the southwestern section of the city, whether in his own home or a rooming-house, I did not know. Come to think of it, just before this I believe I had heard him remark to others that his wife was out of the city. At any rate, he now said that since his wife was out of the city and as the woman of whom they rented their rooms was a lonely, and a poor, person who seldom got out anywhere, he had decided to bring her along for the outing. I needn't wait for him. He would see me on the boat, or we could discuss the story later.

I agreed to this and was prepared to think nothing of it except for one thing. His manner of telling me had something about it, or there was some mood or thought in connection with it in his own mind, which reached me telepathically, and caused me to think that he was taking

advantage of his wife's absence to go out somewhere with someone else. And yet, at that, I could not see why I thought about it. The thing had no real interest for me. And I had not the least proof and wanted none. As I say, I was not really interested. I did not know his wife at all. I did not care for him or her. I did not care whether he flirted with someone else or not. Still, this silly, critical thought passed through my mind, put into it by him, I am sure, because he was thinking—at least, might have been thinking—that I might regard it as strange that he should appear anywhere with another woman than his wife. Apart from this, and before this, seeing him buzzing about here and there, and once talking to a girl on a street corner near the *Mail* office, I had only the vague notion that, married or not, he was a young man who was not averse to slipping away for an hour or two with some girl, provided no one else knew it, especially his wife.

At any rate, seven o'clock coming, I had my dinner at a little restaurant near the office and went to the boat. It was a hot night, but clear and certain to bring a lovely full moon, and I was glad to be going. At the same time, I was not a little lonely and out of sorts with myself because I had no girl and was wishing that I had,—wishing that some lovely girl was hanging on my arm and that now we two could go down to the boat together and sit on the spoon deck and look at the moon, or that we could dance on the cabin deck below, where were all the lights and musicians. My hope, if not my convinced expectation, was that somewhere on this boat I, too, should find someone who would be interested in me—I, too, should be able to sit about with the others and laugh and make love. But I didn't. The thought was futile. I was not a ladies' man, and few if any girls ever looked at me. Beside, women and girls usually came accompanied on a trip like this. I went alone, and I returned alone.

Brooding in this fashion, I went aboard

along with the earliest of the arrivals, and, going to the cabin deck, sat down and watched the others approach. It was one of my opportunities to single out interesting groups for my pen. And there were many. They came, so blithe, so very merry, all of them, in pairs or groups of four or six or eight or ten, boys and girls of the tenements and the slums—a few older couples among them,—but all smiling and chatting, the last ones hurrying excitedly to make the boat, and each boy with his girl, as I was keen to note, and each girl with her beau. I singled out this group and that, making a few idle notes on my pad, just suggestions of faces, hats, gestures, swings of the body. There was a strong light over the gangway, and I could sketch there. It was interesting, but, being alone, I was not very happy about it.

In the midst of these, along with the latter half of the crowd, came Steele and his lonely landlady, to whom, as he said, this proffer on his part was a kindness. Because of what he had said I was expecting a woman who would be somewhat of a frump—at least thirty-five or forty years old and not very attractive. But to my surprise, as they came up the long gang-plank, I saw a woman who could not have been more than twenty-seven or -eight—and pretty, very. She had on a wide, floppy lacy hat of black or dark blue, but for contrast a pale, cream-colored, flouncy dress. And she was graceful and plump and agreeable in every way.

The bouncer! I thought. To think that he should be able to interest so charming a girl, and in the absence of his wife! And I could get none! He had gone home and changed to a better suit, straw hat, cane and all, whereas I—I—dub!—had come as I was. No wonder no really interesting girl would look at me. Fool! But I remained in position studying the entering throng until the last couple was on. I heard the cries of "Heave off, there!" "Careful!" "Hurry with that gang-plank!" Soon we were in midstream. The jouncy, tinny music had begun long before, and the

couples, scores and scores of them, were already dancing on the cabin deck, while I was left to hang about the bar or saunter through the crowd, looking for types when I didn't want to be anywhere but close beside some girl on the spoon deck, who would hang on my arm, laugh into my eyes, and jest and dance with me.

III

Because of what he had said, I did not expect Steele to come near me, and he didn't. In sauntering about the two decks looking for arresting scenes I did not see him. Because I wanted at least one or two spoon deck scenes, I finally fixed on a couple that was half-hidden in the shadow back of the pilot-house. They had crumpled themselves up forward of an air-vent and not far from the two smoke-stacks and under the walking-beam, which rose and fell above them. The full moon was just above the eastern horizon, offering a circular background for them, and I thought they made a romantic picture outlined against it. I could not see their faces—just their outlines. Her head was upon his shoulder. His face was turned, and so concealed, and inclined toward hers. Her hat had been taken off and was held over her knee by one hand. I stepped back a little toward a companion-way, where was a light, in order to outline my impression. When I returned, they were sitting up. It was Steele and his rooming-house proprietress! It struck me as odd that of all the couple and group scenes that I had noted, the most romantic should have been that provided by Steele and this woman. His wife would be interested in his solicitude for her loneliness and her lack of opportunities to get out into the open air, I was sure. Yet, I was not envious then—just curious and a little amused.

Well, that was the end of that. The sketches were made, and the story published. Because he and this girl had provided my best scene I disguised it a little, making it not seem exactly back of the

pilot-house, since otherwise he might recognize it. He was, for once, fascinated by the color and romance of the occasion, and did a better story than I thought he could. It dwelt on the beauty of the river, the loveliness of the moon, the dancing. I thought it was very good for him, and I thought I knew the reason why.

And then one day, about a month or six weeks later, being in the city room, I encountered the wife of Steele and their little son, a child of about five years. She had stopped in about three or four in the afternoon, being downtown shopping, I presume. After seeing him with the young woman on the steamer, I was, I confess, not a little shocked. This woman was so pinched, so homely, so faded—veritably a rail of a woman, everything and anything that a woman, whether wife, daughter, mother or sweetheart, as I saw it then, should not be. As a matter of fact, I was too wrought up about love and youth and marriage and happiness at that time to rightly judge of the married. At any rate, after having seen that other woman on that deck with Steele, I was offended by this one.

She seemed to me, after the other, too narrow, too methodical, too commonplace, too humdrum. She was a woman whose pulchritudinous favors, whatever they may have been, must have been lost at the altar. In heaven's name, I thought to myself, how could a man like this come to marry such a woman? He isn't so very good-looking himself, perhaps, but still . . . No wonder he wanted to take his rooming-house landlady for an outing! I would, too. I could understand it now. In fact, as little as I cared for Steele, I felt sorry that a man of his years and of his still restless proclivities should be burdened with such a wife. And not only that, but there was their child, looking not unlike him but more like her, one of those hostages to fortune by reason of which it is never easy to free oneself from the error of a mistaken marriage. His plight, as I saw it, was indeed unfortunate.

Well, I was introduced by him as the man who worked on some of his stories with him. I noticed that the woman had a thin, almost a falsetto voice. She eyed me, as I thought, unintelligently, yet genially enough. I was invited to come out to their place some Sunday and take dinner. Because of his rooming-house story I was beginning to wonder whether he had been lying to me, when she went on to explain that they had been boarding up to a few weeks ago, but had now taken a cottage for themselves and could have their friends. I promised. Yes, yes. But I never went,—not to dinner, anyhow.

IV

Then two more months passed. By now it was late Fall, with Winter near. The current news, as I saw it, was decidedly humdrum. There was no local news to speak of. I scarcely glanced at the papers from day to day, no more than to see whether some particular illustration I had done was in and satisfactory or not. But then, of a sudden, came something which was genuine news. Steele's wife was laid low by a box of poisoned candy sent her through the mails, some of which she had eaten!

Just how the news of this first reached the papers I have almost forgotten now, but my recollection is that there was another newspaper man and his wife—a small editor or reporter on another paper—who lived in the same vicinity, and that it was to this newspaper man's wife that Mrs. Steele, after having called her in, confided that she believed she had been poisoned, and by a woman whose name she now gave as Mrs. Marie Davis, and with whom, as she then announced, her husband had long been intimate—the lady of the Steamer *Ira Ramsdell*. She had recognized the handwriting on the package from some letters written to her husband, but only after she had eaten of the candy and felt the pains—not before. Her condition was serious. She was, it appeared, about to die. In this predicament she had added, so it was said,

that she had long been neglected by her husband for this other woman, but that she had suffered in silence rather than bring disgrace upon him, herself and their child. Now this cruel blow!

Forthwith a thrill of horror and sympathy passing over the city. It seemed too sad. At the same time a cry went up to find the other woman—arrest her, of course—see if she had really done it. There followed the official detention, if not legal arrest, of Mrs. Davis on suspicion of being the poisoner. Although the charge was not as yet proved, she was at once thrown into jail, and there held to await the death or recovery of Mrs. Steele, and the proof or disproof of the charge that the candy had been sent by her. And cameras in hand, reporters and artists were packed off to the jail to hear her side of the story.

As I had at once suspected on hearing the news, she proved to be none other than the lady of the *Ira Ramsdell*, and as charming as I had at first assumed her to be. I, being one of those sent to sketch her, was among the first to hear her story. She denied, and very vehemently, that she had sent any poisoned candy to anyone. She had never dreamed of any such thing. But she did not deny, which at the time appeared to me to be incriminating, that she had been and was then in love with Steele. In fact, and this point interested me as much then as afterwards, she declared that this was an exceptional passion—her love for him, his love for her—and no mere passing and vulgar intimacy. A high and beautiful thing—a sacred love, the one really true and beautiful thing that had ever come to her—or him—in all their lives. And he would say so, too. For before meeting her, Wallace Steele had been very unhappy—oh, very. And her own marriage had been a failure.

Wallace, as she now familiarly called him, had confessed to her that this new, if secret love, meant everything to him. His wife did not interest him. He had married her at a time when he did not know what he was doing, and before he

had come to be what he was. But this new love had resolved all their woes into loveliness—complete happiness. They had resolved to cling only to each other for life. There was no sin in what they had done because they loved. Of course, Wallace had sought to induce Mrs. Steele to divorce him, but she would not; otherwise they would have been married before this. But as Mrs. Steele would not give him up, both had been compelled to make the best of it. But to poison her—that was wild! A love so beautiful and true as theirs did not need a marriage ceremony to sanctify it. So she raved. My own impression at the time was that she was a romantic woman who was really very greatly in love.

Now as to Steele. Having listened to this blazoning of her passion by herself, the interviewers naturally hurried to Steele to see what he would have to say. In contrast to her and her grand declaration, they found a man, as every one agreed, who was shaken to the very marrow of his bones by these untoward events. He was, it appeared, a fit inhabitant of the environment that nourished him. He was in love, perhaps, with this woman, but still, as anyone could see, he was not so much in love that, if this present business was going to cost him his place in his commonplace, conventional world, he would not be able to surrender her. He was horrified by the revelation of his own treachery. Up to this hour, no doubt, he had been slipping about, hoping not to be caught, and most certainly not wishing to be cast out for sin. Regardless of the woman, he did not wish to be cast out now. On the contrary, as it soon appeared, he had been doing his best in the past to pacify his wife and hold her to silence while he slaked his thirst for romance in this other way. He did not want his wife, but he did not want trouble, either. And now that his sin was out he shivered.

In short, as he confided to one of the men who went to interview him, and who agreed to respect his confidence to that extent, he was not nearly so much in love

with Mrs. Davis as she thought he was—poor thing! He had been infatuated for only a little while. She was pretty, of course, and naturally she thought she loved him—but he never expected anything like this to happen. Great cripes! They had met at a river bathing-beach the year before. He had been smitten—well, you know.—He had never got along well with his wife, but there was the little boy to consider. He had not intended any harm to any one; far from it. And he certainly couldn't turn on his wife now. The public wouldn't stand for it. But he could scarcely be expected to turn on Mrs. Davis, either, could he, now that she was in jail, and suspected of sending poisoned candy to his wife? The public wouldn't stand for that, either.

It was terrible! Pathetic! He certainly would not have thought that Marie would go to the length of sending his wife poison, and he didn't really believe that she had. Still—and there may have been some actual doubt of her in that “still,” or so the reporting newspaper men thought. At any rate, as he saw it now, he would have to stick to his wife until she was out of danger. Public opinion compelled it. The general impression of the newspaper men was that he was a coward. As one of them said of his courage, “Gee, it's oozing out of his hair!”

Nevertheless, he did go to see Mrs. Davis several times. But apart from a reported sobbing demonstration of affection on her part, I never learned what passed between them. He would not talk and she had been cautioned not to. Also, there were various interviews with his wife, who had not died, and now that the storm was on, admitted that she had intercepted letters between her husband and Mrs. Davis from time to time. The handwriting on the candy wrapper the day she received it so resembled the handwriting of Mrs. Davis that after she had eaten of it and the symptoms of poisoning had set in—not before—, she had begun to suspect that the candy must have emanated from Mrs. Davis.

V

In the meantime Mrs. Davis, despite the wife's sad story, was the major attraction in the newspapers. She was young, she was beautiful, she had made, or at least attempted to make, a blood sacrifice on the altar of love. What more could a daily newspaper want? She was a heroine, even in this very moral, conservative, conventional and religious city. The rank and file were agog—even sympathetic. (How would the moralists explain that, would you say?) In consequence of their interest, she was descended upon by a corps of those women newspaper writers who, even in that day, were known as sob-sisters, and whose business it was to psychologize and psychiatrize the suspect,—to dig out if they could not only every vestige of her drama, but all her hidden and secret motives.

As I read the newspapers at the time, they revealed that she was, and she was not, a neurotic, a psychotic, who showed traces of being a shrewd, evasive and designing woman, and who did not. Also she was a soft, unsophisticated, passionate and deeply-illusioned girl, and she was not. She was guilty, of course—maybe not—but very likely she was, and she must tell how, why, in what mood, etc. Also, it appeared that she had sent the poison deliberately, coldly, murderously. Her eyes and hands, also the shape of her nose and ears, showed it. Again, these very things proved she could not have done it. Had she been driven to it by stress of passionate emotion? Was she responsible? Of course she was! Who is not responsible for his deeds? A great, overwhelming, destroying love passion, indeed! Rot! She could help it. She could not help it. Could she help it? So it went.

Parallel with all this, of course, we were treated to various examinations of the Steele family. What sort of people were they, anyhow? It was said of Steele now that he was an average, fairly capable newspaper man of no very startling ability, but of no particular vices—one who had

for some years been a serious and faithful employé of this paper. Mrs. Steele, on the other hand, was a good woman, but by no means prepossessing. She was without romance, imagination, charm. One could see by looking at her and then looking at so winsome and enticing a woman as Mrs. Davis why Steele had strayed. It was the old eternal triangle—the woman who was not interesting, the woman who was interesting, and the man interested by the more interesting woman. There was no solving it, but it was all very sad. One could not help sympathizing with Mrs. Steele, the wronged woman; and again one could not help sympathizing with Mrs. Davis, the beautiful, passionate, helpless beauty.

In the meantime, the District Attorney's office having taken the case in hand, there were various developments in that quarter. It was necessary to find out, of course, where the candy had been purchased, how it had been drugged, with what it had been drugged, where the drug had been purchased. Chemists, detectives and handwriting experts were all set to work. It was no trouble to determine that the drug was arsenic, yet where this arsenic was purchased was not so easy to discover. It was some time before it was found where it had been procured. Dissimilarly, it was comparatively easy to prove where the candy had come from. It had been sent in the original box of a well-known candy firm. Yet just who had purchased it was not quite so easy to establish. The candy company could not remember, and Mrs. Davis, although admitting that the handwriting did resemble hers, denied ever having addressed the box or purchased any candy from the firm in question. She was quite willing to go there and be identified, but no clerk in the candy-store was able to identify her. There were one or two clerks who felt sure that there had been a woman there at some time or other who had looked like her, but they were not positive. However, there was one girl who had worked in the store during the week in which the candy had been purchased,

and who was not there any longer. This was a new girl who had been tried out for that week only and had since disappeared. Her name was known, of course, and the District Attorney began looking for her.

There were some whispers to the effect that not only Mrs. Davis but Steele himself might have been concerned in the plot, or Steele alone, since apparently he had been anxious to get rid of his wife. Why not? He might have imitated the handwriting of Mrs. Davis or created an accidental likeness to it. Also, there were dissenting souls, even in the office of the paper on which I worked, who thought that maybe Mrs. Steele had sent the candy to herself in order to injure the other woman. Why not? It was possible. Women were like that. There had been similar cases, had there not? Argument! Contention! "She might have wanted to die and be revenged on the other woman at the same time, might she not?" observed the railroad editor. "Oh, hell! What bunk!" called another. "No woman would kill herself to make a place for a rival. That's crazy." "Well," said a third, "she might have miscalculated the power of her own dope. Who knows? She may not have intended to take as much as she did." "Oh, Christ," called a fourth from somewhere, "just listen to the Sherlock Holmes Association! Lay off, will you?"

A week or more went by, and then the missing girl who had worked in the candy-store was found. She had left the city the following week and gone to Denver. Being shown the pictures of Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Steele and some others and asked whether on any given day she had sold any of them a two-pound box of candy, she seemed to recall no one of them save possibly Mrs. Steele. But she could not be sure from the photograph. She would have to see the woman. In consequence, and without any word to the newspapers who had been leading the case up to then, this girl was returned to the city. Here, in the District Attorney's office, she was confronted by a number of women gathered for the occa-

sion, among whom was placed Mrs. Davis. But on looking them all over she failed to identify any one of them. Then Mrs. Steele, who was by then up and around, was sent for. She came, along with a representative of the office. On sight, as she entered the door, and although there were other women in the room at the time, this girl exclaimed: "There she is! That's the woman! Yes, that's the very woman!" She was positive.

VI

As is customary in such cases, and despite the sympathy that had been extended to her, she was turned over to the police, who soon extracted the truth from her. She broke down and wept hysterically.

It was she who had purchased the candy. Her life was going to pieces. She had wanted to die, so she said now. She had addressed the wrapper about the candy, as some of the wisecracks of our paper had contended, only she had first made a tracing on the paper from Mrs. Davis' handwriting, on an envelope addressed to her husband, and had then copied that. She had put not arsenic, but rat poison, bought some time before, into the candy, and in order to indict Mrs. Davis, she had put a little in each piece, about as much as would kill a rat, so that it would seem as though the entire box had been poisoned by her. She had got the idea from a case she had read about years before in a newspaper. She hated Mrs. Davis for stealing her husband. She had followed them.

When she had eaten one of the pieces of candy she had thought, as she now insisted, that she was taking enough to make an end of it all. But before taking it she had made sure that Mrs. Dalrymple, the wife of the newspaper man whom she first called to her aid, was at home in order that she might call or send her little boy. Her purpose in doing this was to give Mrs. Dalrymple the belief that it was Mrs. Davis who had sent the poison. When she was gone, Mrs. Davis would be punished, her husband would not be able to have

her, and she herself would be out of her misery.

Result: the prompt discharge of Mrs. Davis, but no charge against Mrs. Steele. According to the District Attorney and the newspapers who most truly reflected local sentiment, she had suffered enough. And, as the state of public feeling then was, the District Attorney would not have dared to punish her. Her broken confession so reacted on the public mind that now, and for all time, it was for Mrs. Steele, just as a little while before it was rather for Mrs. Davis. For, you see, it was now proved that it was Mrs. Steele and not Mrs. Davis who had been wrought up to that point emotionally where she had been ready and willing—had actually tried—to make a blood sacrifice of herself and another woman on the altar of love. In either case it was the blood sacrifice that lay at the bottom of the public's mood, and caused it to turn sympathetically to that one who had been most willing to murder in the cause of love.

But don't think this story is quite ended. Far from it. There is something else here, and a very interesting something to which I wish to call your attention. I have said that the newspapers turned favorably to Mrs. Steele. They did. So did the sob-sisters, those true barometers of public moods. Eulogies were now heaped upon Mrs. Steele, her devotion, her voiceless, unbearable woe, her intended sacrifice of herself. She was now the darling of these journalistic pseudo-analysts.

As for Mrs. Davis—not a word of sympathy, let alone praise or understanding for her thereafter. Almost unmentioned, if you will believe it, she was, and at once, allowed to slip back into the limbo of the unheralded, the subsequently-to-be-unknown. From then on it was almost as though she had never been. For a few weeks she retired to the home in which she had lived; then she disappeared entirely.

But now as to Steele. Here was the third peculiar phase of the case. Subsequent to

the exculpation of Mrs. Davis and her noiseless retirement from the scene, what would you say his attitude would have been, or should have been? Where would he go? What do? What attitude would he assume? One of renewed devotion to his wife? One of renewed devotion to Mrs. Davis? One of disillusion or indifference in regard to all things? It puzzled me, and I was a rank outsider with no least concern, except, of course, our general concern in all such things, so vital to all of us in our sex and social lives. Not only was it a puzzle to me; it was also a puzzle to others, especially the editors and city editors and managing editors who had been following the wavering course of things with uncertain thoughts and I may say uncertain policy. They had been, as you may guess, as prepared to hang Steele as not, assuming that he had been identified with Mrs. Davis in a plot to do away with his wife. On the other hand, now that that shadow was removed and it was seen to be a more or less simple case of varietism on his part, resulting in marital unhappiness for his wife and a desire on her part to die, they were prepared to look upon him and this result with a more kindly eye. After all, she was not dead. Mrs. Davis had been punished. And say what you will, looking at Mrs. Steele as she was, and at Mrs. Davis as she was—well—with a certain amount of material if not spiritual provocation—what would you?

Indeed, the gabble about the newspaper offices was all to the above effect. What, if anything, finally asked some of the city editors and managing editors, was to be done about Steele? Now that everything had blown over, what of him? Go on hounding him forever? Nonsense! It was scarcely fair, and anyhow, no longer profitable or worth while. Now that the storm was passing, might not something be done for him? After all, he had been a fairly respectable newspaper man and in good standing. Why not take him back? And if not that, how was he to be viewed in

future by his friends? Was he to be let alone, dropped, forgotten, or what? Was he going to stay here in G——, and fight it out, or leave? And if he was going to leave or stay, with whom was he going to leave or stay?

VII

The thing to do, it was finally decided among several of those on our paper and several on other papers who had known him more or less intimately, was to go to Steele himself, and ask him, not for publicity but just between ourselves, what was to be done, what he proposed to do, whether there was anything now that the local newspapers could say or do which would help him in any way? Did he want to be restored to a staff position? Was he going to stick by his wife? What, if anything, and with no malicious intent, should they say about Mrs. Davis? In a more or less secret and brotherly or professional spirit they were going to put it up to him, doing whatever they could in accordance with what he might wish.

Accordingly, two of the local newsmen whom he quite honestly respected visited him and placed the above several propositions before him. They found him, as I was told afterwards, seated upon the front porch of the very small and commonplace house in which after the dismissal of the charge against his wife, he and she had been dwelling, reading a paper. Seated with him was Mrs. Steele, thinner and more querulous and anæmic and unattractive than ever before. And upon the lot outside was their little son. Upon their arrival, they hailed Steele for a private word, and Mrs. Steele arose and went into the house. She looked, said one of these men, as though she expected more trouble. Steele, on his part, was all smiles and genial tenderings of hospitality. He was hoping for the best, of course, and he was anxious to do away with any new source of trouble. He even rubbed his hands, and licked his lips. "Come right in, boys. Come on up on the porch. Wait a minute

and I'll bring out a couple of chairs." He hastened away but quickly returned, determined as they thought, to make as good an impression as possible.

After he had heard what they had come for,—most tactfully and artfully put, of course—he was all smiles, eager, apparently, to be well thought of once more. To their inquiry as to whether he proposed to remain or not, he replied: "Yes, for the present." He had not much choice. He had not saved enough money in recent days to permit him to do much of anything else, and his wife's illness and other things had used up about all he had. "And now, just between ourselves, Steele," asked one of the two men who knew him better than the other, "what about Mrs. Davis and your wife? Just where do you stand in regard to them? Are you going to stick to your wife or are you going with the other woman eventually? No trouble for you, you understand—no more publicity. But the fellows in the papers are in a little bit of a quandary in regard to this. They don't intend to publish anything more—nothing disparaging. They only want to get your slant on the thing so that if anything more does come up they can fix it so that it won't be offensive to you, you see."

"Yes, I see," replied Steele cheerfully and without much reflection. "But so far as that Davis woman is concerned, though, you can forget her. I'm through with her. She was never much to me, anyhow, just a common ——." Here he used the good old English word for prostitute. As for his wife, he was going to stick by her, of course. She was a good woman. She loved him. There was his little boy. He was through with all that varietistic stuff. There was nothing to it. A man couldn't get away with it—and so on.

The two men, according to their account of it afterward, winced not a little, for, as they said, they had thought from all that had gone before that there had surely been much more than common prostitution between Steele and the woman. How could all this have been in the face of Mrs.

Steele's great jealousy, Mrs. Davis's passionate declaration about pure, spiritual and undying love? Imagine it! After a few more words the men left, convinced that Steele was no longer interested in Mrs. Davis, but was interested in his wife—"yet," as one of them afterward expressed it, "with a sense of something unpleasant about it all." Just why had he changed so quickly? That was the question. Why the gratuitous insult to Mrs. Davis? Why, after the previous acknowledgment of an affection of sorts at least for her, was he now willing to write himself down a cad in that open and offensive way? For a cad he plainly was. This was at once and generally agreed upon. Mrs. Davis could not be as shabby as he had made her out. That finally fixed Steele's position in G—as a bounder. He was never taken back on any local staff.

For myself, however, I could not quite fathom it. The thing haunted me. What was it that moved him—public opinion, fear of the loss of the petty social approval which had once been his, sorrow for his wife—what one special thing that Mrs. Davis might or might not have done? For certainly, as things turned out, she had been guilty of nothing except loving him—illegally, of course, but loving him. My mind involuntarily flashed back to the two curled abaft the pilot-house in the moonlight. And now this! And then there was dancing and laughter and love.

VIII

But even this is not the end, however ready you may be to cease listening. There is an *envoi* that I must add. This was seven years later. By then I had removed to New York and established myself as a cartoonist. From others I had learned that Steele also had come to New York and was now connected with one of the local papers—copy reading, I think. At any rate, I met him—one Sunday. It was near the entrance of the Bronx Zoo, at closing time. He was there with his wife and a second little son

that had come to him since he had left G—. The first one—a boy of ten by then, I presume,—was not present. All this I learned in a brief conversation.

But his wife! I can never forget her. She was so worn, so faded, so impossible. And this other boy by her—a son who had followed after their reunion! My God! I thought, how may not fear or convention slay one emotionally! And to cap it all, he was not so much apologetic as—I will not say defiant—but ingratiating and volubly explanatory about his safe and sane retreat from gayety and freedom, and, if you will, immorality. For he knew, of course, that I recalled the other case—all its troublesome and peculiar details.

"My wife! My wife!" he exclaimed quickly, since I did not appear to recognize her at first, and with a rather grandiose gesture of the hand, as who should say, "I am proud of my wife, as you see. I am still married to her and rightly so. I am not the same person you knew in G—."

"Oh, yes," I replied covering them all with a single glance. "I remember your wife very well. And your boy."

"Oh, no, not that boy," he hastened to explain. "That was Harry. This is another little boy—Francis." And then, as though to reestablish his ancient social prestige with me, he proceeded to add: "We're living over on Staten Island now—just at the north end, near the ferry, you know. You must come down some time. It's a pleasant ride. We'll both be so glad to see you. Won't we, Estelle?"

"Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Steele.

I hastened away as quickly as possible. The contrast was too much; that damned memory of mine, illegitimate as it may seem to be, was too much. I could not help thinking of the *Ira Ramsdell* and of how much I had envied him the dances, the love, the music, the moonlight.

"By God!" I exclaimed as I walked away. "By God!"

And that is exactly how I feel now about all such miscarriages of love and delight—cold and sad.

THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

BY HILTON BUTLER

THE *Congressional Record*, I greatly fear, is not properly esteemed by its daily contemporaries nor appreciated by the man who props his morning newspaper against the sugar-bowl. Editors of the great American secular press frequently refer to it in the same scornful manner that a New York reporter talks about the cross-roads correspondent of a county-seat weekly, and the American people in general pass up the opportunity to get it free of cost and pay cash for publications not half so full of sapience and entertainment. The soul of the *Record* has been damaged by those who say it is as dull as a Methodist presiding elder preaching a conference sermon on a Friday night. They do it wrong. When I began to read it closely because my occupation required a knowledge of its contents each day, I read it from a sense of duty, much in the same mood that I pored over Frye's *Geography* in the fifth grade. But soon I discovered a fact that I fear remains yet unknown to a great extent,—that the *Record* is quite the most entertaining and amusing publication in the American language, despite its lack of pictures, cross-word puzzles and columnists.

It has 531 paid contributors, each receiving a salary of \$10,000 a year, with numerous allowances. Ninety-six members of this enormous editorial and reportorial staff are in the Senate of the United States and 435 are in the lower House. Other members include twelve stenographers known as Official Reporters of Debates. They receive \$6,000 each a year and have two assistant stenographers and two adult copy boys. The Official Reporters of De-

bates are the men who bear the brunt of preparing copy for the *Record*. They are shorthand marvels. Working in short shifts, they have the words of a member in type and ready for his inspection not many minutes after he has spoken. The fastest speaker is never too fast for them and the most heated debates are reported with such accuracy that corrections of the *Record* due to stenographic errors are extremely rare. The House Manual and Digest pays a tribute to these reporters, saying that they "have borne an important part in the evolution by which the House has built up the system of daily verbatim report of its proceedings, made by its own corps of reporters. Since they have become officers of the House, a correction of the *Congressional Record* has been held a question of privilege."

But the *Record*, of course, is not really the official record of Congress. That function is filled by a lesser known record, the *Journal*. Each House has its own *Journal*, and its records include only the actual official proceedings of Congress, whereas the *Congressional Record* includes everything from valueless personal opinions to misquoted poetry. The *Journal* is a compact, business-like document; the *Record* is a big, thick, blustering accumulation of speeches, newspaper clippings, tables of statistics and other trash. The Constitution ignores the *Record* but says that "each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy." Therefore the *Journal* is the real Congressional record, reporting actual proceedings only, "omitting the reasons there-

for, the circumstances attending or the statements or opinions of members"; the poor and helpless daily *Record* falls heir to everything else. Each member of Congress is his own reporter and editor and the Joint Committee on Printing takes the duties that ordinarily would fall to a managing editor. But there is also an unofficial editorial staff of the *Record*, the assignments of some positions being as follows: Religious editor, William D. Upshaw; sporting editor, John Philip Hill; fashion page editor, Thomas J. Heflin; fraternal editor, Earle B. Mayfield; exchange editor, Pat Harrison; health questions and answers, Royal S. Copeland; star reporter, Thomas L. Blanton.

The Hon. Mr. Blanton is the most energetic and prolific of the *Record's* contributors. Senator Tom Heflin may be long winded, but Blanton is still at work long after the porky Alabamian has resumed his seat to mop his mighty brow. Blanton has furnished the most thrilling scoops of the past few years for the *Record*, and his famous verbatim report of an exchange of compliments between a union and non-union printer at the Government Printing Office nearly cost him his job. His colleagues swooned in horror one morning when they picked up the *Record* and found words ordinarily used only in the cloak-rooms spread out over the pages of their sacred book,—not fully spelled out, of course, but with enough consonants and dashes to leave no room for failure to make them out. For this altogether excellent piece of reporting, the choicest contribution to the *Record* for many years, Blanton was threatened with expulsion from the House. Fortunately, the holier-than-thou brethren did not prevail, and the star reporter for the *Record* thus remains in Congress.

II

No reporter for any other publication has such an easy time as a congressman. He does not have to pound out his work on a battered typewriter, under a carbon light,

at a paste-smeared desk. He speaks—and his words are taken down by the \$6,000 a year stenographers. He resumes his seat in a big leather chair and in a little while a neatly typed copy of his remarks is brought to him for revision. When the copy is read, one of the adult copy-boys hurries the manuscript to the Government Printing Office, where it is grabbed by waiting linotype operators and desperately rushed into type in the night, that it may appear in its proper place early the next morning.

The number of linotype operators needed varies with the verbosity of the members. God only knows in advance of any given session how many words will pour from the burning lips of the assembled statesmen. Certainly they themselves do not. But the Public Printer watches closely and tries to guess. All copy is "must" copy for him, unless a member holds out his manuscript past the last dead-line. The rules of the Joint Committee on Printing say that when copy is submitted to members for revision it must be returned to the Government Printing Office not later than nine o'clock at night in order to get into the *Record* the next morning, and that in no case will a speech be reported if the copy is furnished later than twelve o'clock midnight.

Illustrations are taboo in the *Record*, unless specific permission is granted for their use by the Joint Committee on Printing. Even if such permission is granted, they must not exceed in size a page of the *Record* and must be in line only. Advance proofs of written speeches and of leaves to print are furnished, but the rules say that "not more than six sets of proofs may be furnished to members without charge." If the copy or proofs are not returned in time for publication in the regular proceedings, the Public Printer inserts the words: "Mr. ——— addressed the Senate (House or Committee). His remarks will appear hereafter in the Appendix." The Public Printer will not publish in the *Record* any extension of remarks which has been withheld for a period exceeding thirty

calendar days from the date when its printing was authorized, nor beyond ten days after the expiration of a session of Congress. It is during that ten-day period after adjournment that the *Record* grows most fat with extensions of remarks.

If a member desires to send out, under his franking privilege, a speech of his appearing in the *Record*, he may have it printed separately, folded, inserted in envelopes, and the envelopes sealed and delivered to his office at a very low rate. The price quoted during the last session of Congress for a four column speech, two pages of the *Record* in size, delivered in envelopes ready for addressing, was \$6.89 for the first thousand and \$2.03 for each additional thousand. For \$25.16 a member could get 10,000 copies of his four column speech and mail them out to his constituents under his congressional frank. The purpose back of many speeches delivered in Congress, of course, is not to offer information to other members, but to produce something sweet and lovely to mail out to the constituents back home. The late Champ Clark was fond of telling of an incident in the House that illustrated this. A bashful and obscure member from Pennsylvania was laboriously reading a speech in a low tone. A colleague asked that he speak louder, and for a few moments the Pennsylvanian raised his voice, only to drop back to his monotonous, *pianissimo* reading. Several times the colleague asked him to speak louder. Finally he grew weary of it and shouted: "I don't care a red copper whether you hear me or not. I am not speaking to you, anyway. I am speaking to the people of the Cumberland Valley and they will hear."

When election time nears the *Record* begins to bulge with long speeches. The Government Printing Office is flooded with orders for thousands of copies of them to be mailed home, and everything imaginable is discussed at immense length, but especially the things that have the most popular appeal. Some members include long statements of their votes and services

in their speeches, a conspicuous example of this being an extension of remarks made by the Hon. Charles D. Carter, a former cowboy of Ardmore, Oklahoma, in which he recorded all the votes that he had cast for two entire sessions of Congress, stating in detail the legislation voted upon and whether it failed or passed.

The free list of the *Record* is about all the circulation it has. The Public Printer is authorized to publish 35,850 free copies, practically the entire output. The rules provide that the Printer shall furnish the *Record* as follows and "shall furnish gratuitously no others in addition thereto": To the Vice President and each Senator, 88 copies; to each Representative and Delegate, 60 copies; to miscellaneous congressional officials, 160 copies. Each member gets two additional copies daily, one delivered to his residence in Washington and the other to his congressional office. The *Record* may be obtained regularly during the time Congress is in session, and free of cost, by any constituent who gets his congressman to put his name on the list. If bought, it must be paid for according to the number of pages it contains. Manilla envelopes are provided free of cost to congressmen who desire to mail copies of the *Record* to constituents whose names happen to appear in it—for example, patriots who have petitioned for increases in their pensions and presidents of Kiwanis Clubs who have sent memorials to Congress to provide more free fish to plant in streams. Such memorials and petitions clutter the pages of the *Record* daily.

III

Efforts have been made frequently to prevent the printing of such garbage, but they usually fail, and so the practice of putting outside speeches, newspaper editorials, magazine articles and poetry into the *Record* continues almost unabated. When the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr., A.B. *cum laude*, of New York, asked unanimous consent to print a clipping from the New

York *Evening Post* on the proposed amendment to the House rules, his colleague, the Hon. Bertrand H. Snell, A.B., of Potsdam, voiced objection. That particular editorial was lost through the objection, but such instances are rare. The Hon. Mr. Snell explained his action at length, saying in part:

During the last two or three years the custom has grown up of putting a great deal of extraneous matter into the *Record*. It seems to me that the *Record* is intended to print the doings of the House and the speeches of the members. As far as I am concerned, I think a majority of the members of the House feel with me that the *Record* should be kept for the transactions of Congress and individual members thereof. [Applause.]

The Hon. Mr. Snell also objected to a request from the Hon. Elton Watkins, LL.B., of Oregon, to have inserted in the *Record*, as an extension of his remarks, a copy of a telegram he had received relative to an immigration bill. "I have received 5,000 telegrams in the last 24 hours," declared the Hon. Mr. Snell. "I object to the inserting of telegrams in the *Record*." But the Hon. Roy G. Fitzgerald, of Ohio, late captain in the A. E. F., had better luck. He asked unanimous consent to have printed in the *Record* a "short letter written to his mother by C. Hoooven Griffis, who is confined in a German prison, written Armistice Day, and containing patriotic sentiments." (Griffis is the American sentenced by the Germans for his attempt to kidnap the Hon. Grover Cleveland Bergdollar.) The Hon. John Nance Garner, of Texas, reserved the right to object, saying that he thought such matter, if printed at all, should go into the Appendix of the *Record*. But unanimous consent was finally obtained by the Hon. Mr. Fitzgerald, and Lieutenant Griffis' letter "containing patriotic sentiments" was printed in the *Record* right in the middle of the actual House proceedings of that day.

A long extension of remarks by the Hon. Mr. Blanton aroused the Hon. Allen Towner Treadway, 33rd, of Massachusetts, one of the now popular Amherst College boys. Mr. Treadway said:

Mr. Speaker, in this morning's *Record* of yesterday's proceedings, we find the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Blanton] extended his remarks to the extent of twelve pages, five pages of which had been previously printed as committee hearings; and then again, without permission as I can find in the *Record*, fifteen pages of advertisements taken from the *Washington Star*. I maintain that that is contrary to the use of the *Record*, and it is an expense of \$1,042, estimated by the Government Printing Office. I maintain that that is an expenditure the gentleman from Texas ought not to inflict upon the House.

In reply the Hon. Mr. Blanton simply said that "the gentleman from Texas got leave to extend his remarks and he extended them." Others follow his example, and ten words spoken on the floor of the House can, by the magic of the permission to extend, become ten thousand in the *Record*.

Some of the objections recorded against requests for extension are made simply because the objectors have themselves been victims of objections. An article written by Will Rogers met temporary defeat for admission to the *Record* when the Hon. Albert Johnson, of the great State of Washington, objected to a request by the Hon. David H. Kincheloe, of Kentucky, for unanimous consent to extend his remarks by including it. But later Mr. Kincheloe succeeded in getting the article into the *Record*. The trouble was that earlier in the day he had objected to an extension of remarks asked for by Mr. Johnson. It was a case of tit for tat, and the *Record* faithfully recorded the details as follows:

MR. KINCHELOE: Mr. Speaker, I want to renew the request to extend the remarks that I made today by inserting a piece from a paper on the scrapping of the battleship *Washington* by Will Rogers. The gentleman who objected has withdrawn his objection and therefore I prefer my request.

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Kentucky asks unanimous consent to extend his remarks in the *Record* by inserting an article from a newspaper about the scrapping of the battleship *Washington*. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

MR. KINCHELOE: Mr. Speaker, I objected this morning to the extension of remarks by the gentleman from Washington [Mr. Johnson.] I desire to withdraw that objection and, if necessary, to prefer the request that he be permitted to extend his remarks made this morning.

Champ Clark faced the extension of remarks problem in a practical manner. He said in his book, "My Quarter Century in American Politics," that "for a long time I was opposed to members putting in the *Record* words, editorials, articles and speeches not delivered in the House; but I finally changed my mind upon that subject. I concluded that it was preferable to let them be printed rather than be compelled to listen to them." In this book Mr. Clark told of a Wyoming congressman many years ago who "inflicted on the House a two hours' speech in blank verse, and it appeared in the *Record* next morning with the legend, 'Copyright—All Rights Reserved.'"

IV

The *Record* is spattered throughout with essays, short stories, true confessions and success secrets. A list of the treatises printed during the last session includes one that sounds like a dime novel, "The Farmer's Reward," by the Hon. John M. Evans, LL.B., a Sigma Nu, of Missoula, Montana; a historical study, "The Battle of Lexington and Concord," by the Hon. Otis Wingo, of Arkansas, a former student at Bethel College and McFerrin College; a success secret, "The Making of a Representative," by the Hon. William W. Hastings, a Cherokee Indian by blood from Tahlequah, Oklahoma; an Irish portrait, "Eamon de Valera, a Champion of Liberty," by the ex-aviator, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, of New York; a revelation, "Propaganda," by the Hon. John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut, a Yale graduate and a second lieutenant in the Spanish-American war; a dream, "What I Will Do With the Million Dollars in West Virginia," by the Hon. R. E. L. Allen, of that State; a "poor but pure girl" subject, "No Compromise," by the senior Senator from Arizona, Mr. Ashurst; a discussion of an agricultural bill under the title, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" by the Hon. Hatton W. Sumner, of Dallas, Texas; and Foolish Question No. 1,897, "What's the Matter with Con-

gress?" by a Brooklyn representative, the Hon. Loring M. Black, Jr., M.A.

All these speeches and scores of others were contained in a volume of the *Record* covering a period of only 12 days, but requiring 11,832 pages! This volume, No. 12 of the first session of the Sixty-eighth Congress, was held open several days after adjournment in order that members might insert speeches under previously obtained permissions to revise and extend their remarks.

It is common practice for members to speak upon subjects no more concerned with the legislation at hand than a traveling evangelist is concerned with his own virtue. The *Record* faithfully records all, however, germane or irrelevant. Recently the Hon. and Rev. William D. Upshaw, of Atlanta, editor of a volume of "inspirational, educational and religious sketches and poems" entitled "Echoes from a Recluse," took ten minutes from a debate on a naval bill to praise the gaudy eulogy of Woodrow Wilson delivered before Congress by Dr. E. A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia. The Rev. Mr. Upshaw wound up his shouts and hosannas by saying that any man who could make such a great speech as that should be nominated for President of the United States. I quote:

As this marvelous masterpiece shall go into our permanent literature and be proclaimed in shining segments by ambitious young Americans in many a mimic contest, I rejoice that its glorious evangel of uplifting reverence will flow like a veritable Gulf Stream of spiritual enrichment, fructifying the character, the ideals and the aspirations of every plastic youth that it shall touch "through God's restless tide of years." Verily, it was a throne of sceptered truth and that scepter was waved [the *Record* spelled it "waived"] by such a master hand that I felt myself involuntarily coveting such a master man for the White House of my country. I kept saying in my soul: Why not make that man President of the United States? Fellow Americans in Congress, I propose that master American, the present President of the University of Virginia, for President of the United States! [*Applause.*]

Applause and laughter are recorded in detail by the painstaking *Record*. Cries of "Vote!" "Louder!" and "Order!" are also

recorded as they occur. When a member makes a speech that he wants to send back to his district, he tips some friendly colleague, asking him to applaud at certain places. The *Record* tells just when this applause comes in. If someone laughs, alas, the laughter also is recorded,—but the speaker may strike it out of his remarks if it is not favorable to him. Laughter is prohibited in the galleries, and the poor spectators are, under the rules, forced to sit in awe and silence while the magnificent force of lawmakers at work and at play is enacted before them at their expense. The penalty for a gallery demonstration is the clearing of the galleries by the sergeant at arms. An instance is reported by the *Record* as follows:

THE PRESIDENT *pro tempore* [*Rapping for order.*]: Senators will be in order.

MR. HEFLIN: I am doing my best to pour oil on troubled waters. [*Manifestations of laughter and applause in the galleries.*]

THE PRESIDENT *pro tempore*: At the next manifestation of pleasure or displeasure in the galleries the Chair will order the galleries cleared. The Chair desires that this shall be impressed upon the minds of those who occupy the galleries. If there are any more such demonstrations in the galleries, the Chair will direct the Sergeant at Arms to clear the galleries.

MR. HEFLIN: Oh, Mr. President, I think the occupants of the galleries ought to be permitted to laugh at some of the very amusing things that transpire here.

THE PRESIDENT *pro tempore*: The Senator from Alabama knows that manifestations are prohibited by the rules of the Senate, and it is the business of the Presiding Officer to enforce the rules of the Senate.

MR. HEFLIN: I understand that. I meant that they might be permitted to indulge in a low laugh. [*Laughter.*]

V

References to the flag, tributes to mother, and high-voiced defenses of the farmer are the best applause-getters. There are certain occasions when applause is withheld, even though the sentiment expressed is secretly dear to the heart of the congressman. For instance, when the Hon. Victor Berger, the Socialist, made a speech on the Volstead Act, concluding with the plea, "Gentlemen, pass a bill repealing the law and give us back light wines and beer," not a

ripple of applause was recorded. Perhaps the Hon. John Philip Hill was in Baltimore at the time.

An excellent idea of what brings applause in Congress may be obtained from this completely quoted nine-sentence paragraph extracted from a noble Democratic speech made by a Republican from Tennessee, the Hon. Mr. J. Will Taylor, about Muscle Shoals:

Gentlemen of the House, this is a great national issue—yea, it is a great national emergency. [*Applause.*] The Republican party is, in fact or in theory, in control of this body and is responsible for legislation. If this measure is defeated or its efficacy destroyed or impaired by unfriendly amendments, its blood will be upon our hands. The gentleman from Kansas a few minutes ago called attention to the "few Republicans" collaborating with the Democrats in the passage of this bill. I am delighted to be among those few Republicans referred to by the distinguished Kansan. [*Applause.*] I am a Republican of the old-fashioned and stand-pat variety and I am proud of the fact. I have the honor to represent a district that has not sent a Democrat to Congress since the great Civil War, and I suspect that this is a boast that very few members on this side of the chamber can make, be they from the great rolling West or even from Yankee Doodle herself. [*Applause.*] I have no apologies to offer for associating with Democrats in the passage of this legislation. This is a meritorious measure that rises above the plane of sordid politics and it is to be regretted and deplored that some gentlemen cannot divorce their politics and feelings of sectionalism long enough to give sober and patriotic consideration to a measure that means so much to our national defense and to our most vital and essential industry—agriculture. [*Applause.*]

Wet and dry jokes are to be found in almost every copy of the *Record*. A sample wet one, rather dry at that, was solemnly reported by the \$6,000 a year stenographers as follows:

MR. DYER: How much time does the gentleman need?

MR. HILL, *of Maryland*: The gentleman needs only a quarter of a minute.

MR. LANGLEY: Some of us on this side of the House did not quite understand whether the gentleman said he wanted a quart for a minute or a quarter of a minute.

MR. HILL, *of Maryland*: I am glad the gentleman asked that question. In the House of Representatives and in the House Office Building, I treat only in quarters of minutes, but at my home I deal in quarts, and I shall be glad to see the gentleman there at any time.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CIGARETTE

BY CARL AVERY WERNER

Do you remember when they called it the coffin nail, and it was a common practice for austere gentlemen of Christian principles to snatch it from the fingers of young smokers and trample it underfoot, and all the moral States began passing laws against it, and the highest medico-ethical opinion held it to be a sure forerunner of heart disease, tuberculosis, dipsomania and sin? What a change today! By the most conservative estimate, nine out of ten American men of voting age now smoke cigarettes as regularly as they brush their teeth, and at least five in every hundred of the females of the nation, past adolescence, do precisely the same thing.

Eighteen years ago there were consumed in this country, in round numbers, 7,000,000,000 cigars a year and 7,000,000,000 cigarettes. This year, 1925, the number of cigars smoked will still be only 7,000,000,000, but the number of cigarettes consumed will run to 75,000,000,000. This onward march of the cigarette has proceeded in the face of remarkably heavy taxation by the Government and continued and determined opposition by social reformers. Taking no account of the high customs duties on the imported tobaccos that are used to some extent in cigarettes, the internal revenue collections from this source, in the fiscal year ended last June, amounted to over \$225,000,000. The rate of taxation is \$3 a thousand. The commonest price to the smoker is fifteen cents for twenty cigarettes. Thus about six cents is government revenue and the devotee pays almost as much for the privilege of smoking as for the smoke itself.

The use of tobacco originated in America. In November, 1492, Columbus saw the natives of San Salvador blowing clouds of smoke from their nostrils. Curiously enough, it was in cigarette form that these pioneers used the weed. In the words of Bartholomio de Las Casas, who edited the journal of Columbus, "they did wrap the tobacco in a certain leaf in the manner of a musket formed of paper"; and "having lighted one end of it," "by the other they sucked, absorbed or received that smoke inside with their breath." By other chroniclers we are told that the wrapper leaves described by Bartholomio were those of maize or corn.

The voyages of adventurers after Columbus took tobacco around the world. But so far as the cigarette was concerned, there followed a hiatus of several centuries. No one, in fact, seems to know, precisely, by what race of people, or in what country, the aboriginal cigarette was taken up and improved. The English pioneered in the pipe; and the Spaniards in the cigar. Whether, as some believe, the latter derives its name from the Spanish *cigarrel*, meaning orchard, or from *cigarar*, meaning to roll, does not matter much. But the diminutive employed in *cigarette* suggests a French influence, and we know that in 1843 the French made cigarettes a government monopoly. During the Crimean War the use of them spread through the French, Italian, Turkish and Russian armies, and returning British officers brought them to England. America followed, thus completing the cycle and bringing the cigarette back to the scene of its beginning.

Up to this time it had been almost en-

tirely a home-made affair. But in 1865 and 1866 British and American tobacconists began producing cigarettes for the market. They were made entirely by hand, of specially manufactured paper and Turkish tobacco. They were somewhat larger than the cigarettes of today and considerably more expensive.

II

About ten years before this there had been developed in Caswell county, North Carolina, and in Pittsylvania county, Virginia, a new type of tobacco of unusually delicate flavor and fine texture. It was originally designed for pipe mixtures, and for the wrappers of plug tobacco, and was called "bright Virginia." In the late sixties, when the Turkish or so-called Egyptian cigarettes, some imported and some of domestic manufacture, had begun to get a foothold and gave promise of increasing demand, American manufacturers turned to this "bright Virginia," and were soon making purely American cigarettes. The relative cheapness of the new tobacco at once opened a wide market; the younger and less affluent members of the populace took to cigarettes. Also about this time, with characteristic American ingenuity, a machine for making them was perfected. The result was quickly reflected in the official figures of production, which show that in 1869 the number of cigarettes manufactured in the United States was but 1,751,495, but that in the following year, 1870, it rose to 13,881,417. In 1880 it had reached 408,708,366; in 1890, 2,233,254,680, and twenty years later, in 1910, 7,874,239,863. Now it is 75,000,000,000.

Making cigarettes by hand is now almost a lost art, because the machines not only produce them more rapidly and more economically, but really better. The old class distinction between the Turkish, or Egyptian cigarette, on one hand, and the domestic, or blended cigarette, on the other, has been almost obliterated, and the price of one's favorite brand is no longer an indication of the means at one's

command or the circle in which one moves. More often than otherwise, the banker and his bootblack agree in their preferences. The cigarette, in truth, has become the most democratic commodity in common use. Probably it was the World War which did the levelling. Since 1916 the more expensive Turkish variety has lost rather than gained in favor, while the cheaper Virginia and blended types have increased in demand more than two hundred per cent. Of the 75,000,000,000 we consumed in the last fiscal year, only about 3,500,000,000 were of the Turkish type.

The term "Egyptian" cigarette is a misnomer. There was never much tobacco grown in Egypt, and absolutely none has been produced during the past thirty-four years, for in 1891 its cultivation was prohibited in order to protect the revenue from the high import taxes on leaf raised elsewhere. Of course, there are still cigarette factories in Egypt, and some of their cigarettes, which are made of so-called Turkish tobaccos, reach this country, but they come only in small quantities. The term "Turkish" cigarette also lacks precision. By it we mean a cigarette made of Turkish tobacco. The fact is that "Turkish" tobacco comes only in part from the Turkey of today. The rest is grown in the former Turkish provinces of Thrace, Macedonia and Thessaly, and in Greece. Turkey lost nearly one-half of her tobacco-growing territory in the Balkan War of 1912.

Transplanted from the Occident though it was, time, climate and soil have made radical changes in the tobacco that now comes from the Levant. The leaves resemble in appearance the leaves of our own elm tree. They are rarely more than three or four inches from stem to tip, whereas the domestic cigarette tobaccos from Virginia, Kentucky and the Carolinas are from twelve to eighteen inches long. The smoke from Turkish tobacco is much more aromatic than that from American tobacco. The scent of it is so pungent and so peculiar that even a non-smoker can distinguish it.

Since only four per cent of the present

generation of devotees favor the Turkish variety, it is the domestic article that we commonly vision when we speak of cigarettes. These are made either entirely of the bright tobaccos of Virginia and the nearby States, or of those tobaccos in combination with the merest sprinkling of oriental leaf. Differences in the taste and quality of different brands are due almost entirely to discrimination in the selection of crops or to slight variations in the manipulation of the leaf.

Cigarettes are simply chopped up tobacco rolled in paper by machinery. The tobacco seed, in America, is planted during February and March in beds covered with cheesecloth, and the seedlings are transplanted to the fields in April or May. The plants require infinite care throughout the growing season. Insect pests are fought from sunrise to sundown, and the grower is eternally busy with certain essential details of cultivation. Chief among these are "priming," "topping" and "suckering." Priming is removing superfluous leaves from the bottom of the stalk; topping is detaching them from the top, and suckering is ridding the entire length of the stalk of little tendrils. All these processes are necessary to conserve the full vitality of the plant and the flavor of the leaf.

Harvesting begins in early Autumn. The work can be prosecuted only when the weather is dry. The stalk is split from the top down, and cut off just below the bottom leaf. Each stalk is then hung on a lath—six or eight to a lath—and then hauled to the curing barn and strung upon poles, with distances of from six to twelve inches between the laths. When the barn is full, the doors are closed and the curing begins. These barns are practically air tight, but are scientifically ventilated and artificially heated. The color change from green to yellow is accomplished in about thirty hours, the barn being heated to from ninety to one hundred degrees. Then comes the fixing of the color, the first curing of the leaf, and the first curing of

the stem and stalk. These are accomplished by changes of temperature. Following this first curing, the grower anxiously awaits the arrival of damp weather in combination with warmth,—a combination necessary to the safe taking down of the tobacco. Without just the right degree of humidity and temperature, this cannot be done without breaking the leaves. The farmer takes the plants from the laths on which they have been suspended and strips the leaves from the stalks. The tobacco is now in what is known as "farmer's order." After being stripped, the leaves are sorted according to length, quality and color and tied into bundles, or "hands," which weigh about half a pound each. These are placed in piles and are covered with oil-cloth to prevent them drying out.

The tobacco now goes to the auction warehouse. Here it is placed in piles and the auctioneer, accompanied by buyers for the factories, goes from pile to pile, selling each to the highest bidder. After it is sold the leaf is conveyed in flat baskets, holding from 100 to 400 pounds each, to the "prizing" houses, or redrying plants. Prizing is pressing the tobacco into hogsheads, after which it is taken to the storage warehouses to be "aged." The redrying is done by means of a huge machine having a number of heated chambers through which the tobacco passes on an endless belt. When it comes out of these chambers it is bone dry. It then passes through a cooling chamber and the operation is concluded by a stemming process. The packing in hogsheads is accomplished by a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch.

In the hogsheads the ageing process is continued. No artificial heat is employed. The leaf undergoes two sweats each year, one in the Spring and one in the Fall. Technically, the age of tobacco means the number of natural sweats through which it has gone. Always there are from three to five crops, from three to five years old, undergoing this ageing process. When the desired ageing has been accomplished the

tobacco is removed from the hogsheads and reconditioned, and the stem, or midrib, removed from the leaf. From twenty-five to thirty per cent in weight of the tobacco is lost by stemming. Next it is put through a cleansing by which all traces of sand and grit are eliminated.

There follows the very important process of blending. This is the operation that gives individuality to each brand of cigarettes. Different sections produce tobaccos of different character, although of the same type; furthermore, the crop of one season differs from that of another season in the same locality. Each manufacturer blends his leaves in accordance with his own ideas and resources. After the blending the tobacco is repacked in hogsheads and taken to the factory. Here it is again reassorted and reconditioned, after which it is ready for manufacturing.

III

First comes the cutting, which is done by a great machine equipped with a knife that can be adjusted to cut the tobacco to any degree of fineness required. After passing through, the shredded and blended leaf is discharged upon a moving belt that carries it to a cylindrical drier heated to about 150 degrees. Emerging from the drier, it passes through a cooling cylinder, after which it falls into portable boxes, where it remains twenty-four hours or more.

It now goes to the cigarette-making machines, except in cases where a dressing is applied. In some kinds of cigarettes no dressing is used. In others a solution of pure glycerine or some other such simple sweetener is sprayed on the leaf for the double purpose of making the smoke smoother to the tongue and causing the cigarette to retain its moisture longer, and so show less susceptibility to changes of climate and weather.

The cigarette machine is a marvel of cleanliness, accuracy, speed and mechanical ingenuity. It makes the cigarettes com-

plete and prints the trademarks on them at the rate of 400 a minute, or 190,000 to the working day.

The shredded tobacco is fed into a large hopper at the top of the machine. It travels from the hopper into a slit between two drums, having thousands of small curved teeth, and is then picked up by a small-toothed cylinder and drawn by a fan to a slowly traveling canvas belt, where it lies in a flat layer less than a half inch thick. From the belt it is thrown into a hopper and from there it is deposited on the cigarette paper, which is being unwound like a ribbon from an inch-wide spool. Revolving dies print the name of the cigarette in exactly the right spot, while the paper is yet flat. If part of the design is to be bronzed, the bronze dust is flapped on the sizing by velvet daubers, and a revolving brush dusts off the superfluous powder.

The ribbon-like paper continues to travel on until it is under the metal hopper, where the tobacco lodges upon it. It then encounters a thick canvas belt with which it is carried through a "tongue." This tongue is a sort of funnel, gradually tapering so that at its extreme end the paper is rolled about the tobacco in the form of a cigarette. One edge of the paper, however, is left protruding and a vegetable paste is spread upon it by a laterally revolving wheel. The edge of the paper is pressed down and pasted as the now perfectly formed but endless cigarette slips through the small end of the funnel. Next the long tobacco-filled paper tube encounters the cutting attachment, a circular knife which turns at a speed of 4,000 revolutions a minute, and cuts the cigarette rod, as it is called, into the desired cigarette length. The completed cigarettes are then automatically deposited on a stationery flat plate at the rate of 400 a minute. The machine is attended only by a girl. One mechanic looks after several machines.

The cigarettes, gathered and inspected, are carried in trays to the packing department, where ingenious machines, attended

also by girls, pack them in the little paper packets in which they go to the smoker. The cork that tips some cigarettes is put on by a machine. The cork is in strips and is fed from a reel. The machine wraps the strip around the end of the cigarette, cuts it and pastes it, and drops the cigarettes into hoppers ready for the packing-room.

Cigarette paper is made exclusively of clean hemp, flax and linen in combination. It comes from France, Austria and Germany. Oval cigarettes, which include nearly all of the pure Turkish variety, are packed by hand. A good worker packs them at the rate of 3,000 an hour—300 boxes of ten each. The cork for tips comes from factories in Spain and Germany in the form of sheets about the size of an ordinary hand blotter, but no thicker than tissue paper. In the cigarette factories the sheets are backed with tissue paper of the same color as the cork. These sheets in turn are cut into strips, each the width of a cigarette tip, after which they are ready for the tipping machine.

And that is how cigarettes are made.

IV

The business is profitable, of course, as the financial reports of the big tobacco corporations show, but only when vast quantity production is achieved. This is indicated by the records of the Internal Revenue Department. Eighteen years ago, when only six billions of cigarettes were being produced annually, there were 451 factories in operation in the United States; today, with a production of seventy-five billions, there are only 164. Probably ninety per cent of the total production is the output of four manufacturers. A few years ago, when a certain brand was at the zenith of its popularity, it alone was being produced at the rate of approximately fifty per cent of the total national output.

The remarkable increase in cigarette smoking, both absolutely and relative to cigar smoking, in spite of not only heavy taxation, but persistent, organized opposi-

tion on the grounds of health and morals, is not easy to explain. Thirty years ago it had, so to speak, got off to a bad start. The mildness of cigarettes, their low price—then ten for a nickel—and the convenience and attractiveness of the packings, were features of course, that quickly made them attractive to young men and boys. But their use almost instantly aroused the alarm of parents, the church, the business world, and various moral organizations and reform leaders, both amateur and professional. Propaganda was persistent and melodramatic. Lecturers would blow cigarette smoke through a handkerchief and point to the brown stain as evidence of the quantity of nicotine in a single puff. From platform and pulpit and by pamphlets and tracts the campaign of horrors was prosecuted. It was pointed out that nicotine was a poison so deadly that a single drop on a dog's tongue would kill the animal instantly. Also, it was argued that the tobacco in cigarettes was doped,—that they contained opium. Cigarette paper was denounced as poisonous; arsenic was used in its fabrication. Continued cigarette smoking caused pulmonary weaknesses, heart trouble, drunkenness, nervous disorders, fits, insanity, and crime.

At first—speaking in terms of decades—the public reaction to this propaganda was country-wide horror and revulsion. Then came, in turn, doubts and indifference; and lastly and recently, discovery and disillusionment. The agitators had agitated, not wisely, but too well. Colleges, hospitals and medical journals began to investigate; tests, experiments and analyses followed. An investigator connected with the Johns Hopkins University disposed of the nicotine-on-the-tongue-of-a-dog test by arguing that it would be interesting only if eating cigarettes was a general custom; since they were not eaten, but burned, and only the smoke taken into the mouth, he dismissed the “proof” of the moralists as buncombe.

Then the *Lancet*, England's leading

medical journal, conducted a series of tests of both tobacco and its smoke for nicotine content. It revealed that the Turkish cigarette contained only from 1.38 to 1.74 per cent. and the Virginia cigarette only from 1.40 to 1.60. As to the smoke, the analyses revealed that the pipe yielded the most nicotine, and "the cigarette, whether Turkish or American, yielded the least."

It was the same with the arsenic-in-the-paper yarn. Chemists became interested, and analyses followed. Here is the report of Dr. James F. Babcock, professor of chemistry at Boston University:

Analysis of the paper wrappers demonstrates the absence of any trace of arsenic, white lead or any other poison. The papers are of excellent quality. They contain such elements as are always found in the plant producing the fibre from which they are made, and no other.

Again, the *Lancet* sought to find any possible foundation for the charge that cigarettes were "doped" with opium and other deleterious substances, and analyzed samples of all available British and American brands, only to report that it "failed to elicit any evidences of this kind."

In this country, for the past half century, all cigar, tobacco and cigarette factories have been under constant government inspection, and books have to be kept by every manufacturer showing all materials going into his factory. As the Bureau of Internal Revenue wrote to an inquiring congressman, on May 10, 1912:

With respect to the use of any poisonous or deleterious ingredients in tobacco, legislation might be proper if there was any reasonable belief that such legislation is needed. . . . The manufacturer is at present under complete government supervision. Accurate records are kept not only of the tobacco, but of every other material that is used in its manufacture. . . . The Internal Revenue Bureau keeps complete records of these matters.

And no "dope" was found. The handkerchief myth died hard, but it finally succumbed to the torch of science along with the others; for any ordinary pharmacist could testify that nicotine is absolutely colorless and that the flaunted brown

stain was nothing but coal-tar, exactly the same substance that one would get from the smoke of a hickory log burning in one's fireplace.

The investigators went beyond the laboratory and conducted—and are still conducting—complicated experiments on the effects of smoking on the human body; on the lungs, heart, brain and nervous organization. This soon carried them out of the confines of exact science, so it is not surprising that the results were not and are not in entire agreement. All, however, have failed to find evidence for the appalling charges made against smoking in those early days. A dispassionate review of the findings compels the conclusion that the cigarette is tobacco in its mildest form, and that tobacco, used moderately by people in normal health, does not appreciably impair either the mental efficiency or the physical condition.

V

Bit by bit all these facts were picked up by the man in the street, and slowly and thoroughly, if sub-consciously, digested. Then came the war of 1917. Five million men, physically the flower of American manhood, were hurled into a maelstrom of hardship, deprivation, danger and destruction. Smokers and non-smokers alike were collected and thrown haphazard into the field. Sound young non-smokers witnessed husky, healthy and hard-boiled cigarette-smokers. Cigar and pipe smokers with a grudge against the "fags" found their prejudice slipping away. The general tendency was aided by the exigencies of the new and strange existence. The bulk and fragility and frequently the unavailability of cigars, pipe tobaccos and pipes, on the one hand, and the convenience, plentitude and general adaptability of cigarettes on the other, were circumstances that favored the latter. And so the last vestiges of opprobrium that public understanding had not already removed were dissolved in the training camps and trenches.

Just how much the immense increase in cigarette consumption owes to women nobody knows. Ordinary observation, however, convinces one that cigarette smoking by women is becoming more prevalent with every passing year. The slender, delicately formed lady's cigarettes, are no longer affected by the girls of today. The vast majority of the women smokers are going in for the common or garden variety of cigarettes—the popular brands that retail at twenty for fifteen cents, and are sold in the familiar cup package. In the early days the few women of good character who smoked did so as they would lead a dog or wear a comb—because it seemed to be the smart thing to do. The present-day woman smoker simply likes tobacco. She smokes just as a man smokes, and her preferences run in about the same direction. Observers in the trade believe that every twentieth American woman above the age of twenty now smokes either occasionally or regularly.

The production for 1925, over 75,000,000,000 is about ten per cent above that for 1924. The figures are for tax-paid ciga-

rettes, which excludes exportations—and tobacco products are not stamped in advance of the market demand. For these the consumers paid about \$560,000,000, and of this sum, Uncle Sam collected in excise taxes over \$225,000,000. With one exception—the income tax—the tax on tobacco was the largest revenue producer of all.

The chief cigarette manufacturing towns are New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Richmond, and Durham and Winston-Salem, in North Carolina. Cigarettes of the ordinary size weigh about three pounds to the thousand. Over 228,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco was consumed in their manufacture during the past year; and the capital invested in the factories was \$515,000,000.

Such are the net effects of sixty years of crusading against the cigarette. The more violently it has been attacked, the more popular it has become. Recently a new crusade against it was announced. Optimistic manufacturers, made confident by agreeable experience, now look forward to an annual production of 100,000,000,000.

EDITORIAL

IN six months it will be a century and a half since the Yankee brat performed the heroic feat of cutting its own umbilical cord; nevertheless, it remains at nurse, and under constant tutelage and admonition. The fount of honor is still at St. James's: the writ of that court runs both in the country clubs of Pittsburgh and Minneapolis and in the cloisters of Harvard and Yale. And the fount of American *haut politique*, especially of the *extérieure* variety, is in the same place. One recalls the Solemn Referendum of November 2, 1920—and one observes the persistent and even lusty prosperity of the League of Nations propaganda today. There are plenty of Walter Hines Pages left: the pilgrimage of the Bar Association last Summer made a whole herd of them. And if all of them perished overnight there would still be the weekly swarms of visiting English novelists, shipping magnates, vaudeville hoofers, princes of the blood, itinerant ecclesiastics, exchange professors, note shavers, lecturers, spiritualists, horse trainers, bootleggers. These men are illuminated by diverse and sometimes antagonistic Visions. They bring various Messages. But upon one subject they all agree, in public and in private, on the Long Island links and in the Broadway supper clubs, in Wall Street and along the remotest back-stretches of Chautauqua. They agree upon the Moral Duty of the United States. It is the Moral Duty of the United States, it appears, to join the League of Nations, and if not the League of Nations, then the World Court. In other words, it is the Moral Duty of the United States to get ready to help England put down France.

That this putting down must be somehow achieved, soon or late, I do not offer

to deny. It is obvious that the current manoeuvres—and, what is worse, the evident plans for the future—of the late paladin of liberty and righteousness are of such sort that they can have the sole effect of reducing Europe to anarchy. The French not only handle the Russian question, the German question, the Moroccan question, the Syrian question and all the other questions that legitimately confront them in a reckless and idiotic manner; they also address themselves to the manufacture of a host of new questions, all of them vexatious and most of them full of dynamite. Their transactions with Poland, in the long run, will bring many hundreds of thousands of Poles to messy deaths on the battle-field; in Czecho-Slovakia and elsewhere they set up whole hordes of tin-pot Metternichs, and prepare them for heroic rôles in a melodrama that will cost more blood and is wholly devoid of sense. The lust for glory, in brief, is once more in full tide in Gaul, and with it goes a lust for loot. Even so hard-headed a Frenchman as M. Caillaux was lately talking darkly of another and grander raid beyond the Rhine. The rank and file look forward confidently to easy years, with the black brother doing the heavy fighting and a long series of bankrupt and yet highly productive enemies paying the freight.

All this delays the rehabilitation of Europe, and so causes business in England to be bad—in fact, abominable. Worse, it presents a continuous and double-headed menace to the British *raj*. There is, first of all, the bald and unpleasant fact that France, tackled *a cappella*, might be a very tough bullet to chew: there is the air to think of, and the black forces scattered here and there, many of them in very inconvenient places. There is, second, the

weakness at home. British labor, uneasy under the dole, has begun to figure out what it got out of the last war. Would it plunge gallantly into another—and without allies? The answer is by no means certainly aye. The French obviously think it is nay. They display, indeed, no perceptible fear of mighty Albion. Germany and Russia seem to worry them far more. Some of them, you may be sure, can read the English papers, and what they read there, of ærial unpreparedness and industrial unrest, gives them a great assurance. So they proceed with their combinations without asking English consent, and gradually acquire that dominance on the Continent which has been the single aim of French policy since the days of Richelieu.

The League of Nations was designed to prevent all this. A typically English scheme, conceived in enlightened self-interest and born to the music of pious harps and hosannas, its purpose was to run the Continent in the English interest—above all, to act as a curb upon the pernicious activity of the French. The plan, in brief, was to make a sort of packed jury of it. There was the British Empire as Juror No. 1. There was the United States as Juror No. 2—a safe friend, highly responsive to moral suggestions. There was Germany as a potential Juror No. 3. There were, finally, the self-governing dominions as possible recruits later on, once they got their growth and “demanded” promotion from the Assembly to the Council. The scheme had great merit. It was subtly imagined. The trouble with it was that it overlooked certain imponderables. The worst of them was the congenital suspiciousness of a few wilful Americans—immoral men, and lacking Vision, but strangely influential at home. They kept the United States out of the League, and so left England on a burning deck.

Life there is uncomfortable, and it is no wonder that the victim tries to escape. Two plans to that end have been unfolded of late to a candid world. The first has involved the premature and somewhat

pressing admission of Germany—a matter that was to have been postponed for a happier season. The second involves another heroic attempt to rope in the United States. That attempt is now in full blast. It is carried on, in part, by direct action—that is, by the loud and unashamed exhorting of Englishmen, all of them specialists in the Moral Duty of the United States. It is carried on, for the rest, by a motley pack of volunteer Pages, many of them of high puissance and pretension, and all of them, like Page himself, full of a glowing colonial spirit.

II

Such is the substance of the current demand that the United States repudiate the Solemn Referendum of 1920, and enter the League—or some antechamber of it. It is no more spontaneous than the Anglomania of 1915. There are actually not 100,000 people in the United States who show any sign of an honest yearning to put the country into the League, and of these not a thousand have ever offered a rational reason for it—that is, a reason based upon national self-interest. The rest is mere wind music—a preposterous gabble about Moral Duty, issuing from England and here echoed mainly by palpable Anglomaniacs. The old propaganda machine is at work again, with the bearings red-hot. It failed in 1920, but it did the trick in 1917, and now there are obvious hopes that it will do the trick again. So every incoming ship brings recruits for its crew, and Lady Diana Maudlin works the resorts of fashion as the Dean of Mayfair works the resorts of piety, and judges are hauled off the bench and college presidents from the feasts of Rotary to keep it going.

I do not argue here that there are no respectable reasons, resident in uncontaminated self-interest, for the United States to go to England's aid. On the contrary, it seems to me that there are plenty of them. French hegemony in Europe, pushed to its logical conclusion, is bound to do us immense harm—more harm, indeed, than

German hegemony could ever have done. It will set in motion an endless series of idiotic wars; it will destroy credits and cost us most of the money that is even now so hard to collect; it will pull us into the mess willy-nilly, and at a great disadvantage. The English hate us, but the French hate us far more; they are already scaring their children with the awful name of Uncle Sam. Their view of the world differs enormously from ours; if we are not actually Anglo-Saxon in blood, then we are at least Anglo-Saxon in our basic fraudulences and hypocrisies, which is to say, in our essential national characteristics. It would pay the United States to put down the French nuisance, even at the risk of restoring England to her old power. That power, with Canada at our doors, we can always deal with; the French power, if it keeps on growing, will eventually get beyond us, even in belated combination with England.

Here is a sound reason for going into the League—that is, for taking the English side at once. But it is precisely the reason that is never heard from the propagandists who now moan and blubber through the land. It is our Moral Duty, it appears, not to look after our own obvious interests, but to plunge into the mess in a mystical and highfalutin fashion, without regard to where we are heading. In other words, it is our Moral Duty to go to England's aid on England's terms—to serve her as a reservoir of money and cannon-fodder as we did the last time—and to fight our way out of her clutches when it is over. We are to act, ostensibly, as mediator, and to stand above the turmoil. Our moral superiority is to make them all sit up and purse their lips. Plainly, all this is poppycock. Has anyone heard of French propagandists in the land, urging us to

come in? Or Italians? Or Japanese? No, they are all Britishers, and what they want of us is not moral light and leading at all, but active help on the day of Armageddon. They want us to be in the Council, and voting as they vote, when the solemn business begins of shoving the godless Frog back into his pond. And they want our money and our men against the very excellent chance that he will resist.

III

It is a useful thing, in such situations, to look at the plain facts. They are (*a*) that the American people, in overwhelming majority, have decided against going into the League of Nations, and that they show no sign of changing their position. They are (*b*) that the reasons now being offered to make them change are disingenuous and without sense—that they come, in the main, from persons who are not at all concerned about the interests and welfare of the United States, but only about the interests and welfare of England. What we need, beyond everything, is to get clear of such propaganda, and thresh the thing out anew, in the light of what has happened in Europe since the French crawled out of their dugouts and began their gaudy *Totentanz*. What we need is freedom from outside advice and interference.

It may turn out, on investigation, that it is to the advantage of the United States to go to England's aid, and so bolster up one country which detests us at the expense of another which detests us more. If so, let us keep that advantage clearly in mind. It is not to be confused with any historic obligation or Moral Duty. It is not to be mistaken for the obeisance which American bounders owe to English boors.

H. L. M.

MEN OF ART: AMERICAN STYLE

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

THE significance of the year 1913 in American painting has already become historic. To refresh the memory of those who may have forgotten that extraordinary season, let me say that during the Winter of 1913 the new, or modernist art, was officially introduced to the American public. The show was adroitly advertised, and a unique *furor* arose. One picture, a very mediocre specimen of French Cubism, mysteriously labelled "Nude Descending a Staircase," carried the issue from æsthetic circles into the field of popular ridicule, and at one stroke lifted the exhibition into national prominence. The reverend dotards, the dealers, the antiquarians, and all professing to love the beautiful cried out for shame, and the academic scribes, trembling for the security of their jobs, screamed with indignation: not in the annals of our art had such a crime been perpetrated; it was immigrant stuff, senseless and degenerate, a problem for the psychiatrist. But there was one underlying comfort: the scandal was a piece of chicanery on the part of a few mercenary cosmopolitans, and after the initial fulmination would never be heard of again.

The more sanguine critics, however—I happened to be one of them—were elated, and prophesied, if not a renaissance, at least an efflorescence of native genius such as had never before appeared in the Western Hemisphere. Retaliating vigorously, they reminded the public that practically all the Americans endorsed by the angry obscurantists—home-grown painters like Thayer, Cox, Duvneck, Dewing and Innes—had also been trained in Paris,

Rome or Munich, and had been thoroughly contaminated by the culture of the Continent. The difference between the old and the new schools was simply this: the modernists came back from France with the conviction that art, to grow and flourish in American soil, must be liberated from the conventions of the academy, that it must be bold and venturesome, controlled not by obsolete rules but by the dictates of reason and imagination; the old fellows had learned the stupid draughtsmanship of Gérôme, Carolus Duran, Bouguereau, Lefebvre, and Bonnat, or the chromatic photography of Monet, and returned to the States to practice their foreign trade with a profitable admixture of native solemnity. Since that memorable uprising of 1913 much has happened. Its sensational issues are dead and buried; the zest for battle has run out; and the creative stream flows not at all. What then has been the net result?

First, let us consider the immediate effect upon the contemporary situation. Incredible as it may seem, the spirit of art was alive again, and under the stress of French ideas an inspiring burst of vitality shot forth. Galleries devoted exclusively to the modern idiom were founded, eccentric magazines containing hectic manifestoes and bewildering illustrations sprang up, and Greenwich Village emerged as the locale of the new movement, the Bohemia where starving painters, the addled and sincere together with the charlatan, contrived to exist—not, unfortunately, by art, but by catering to the romantic appetites of up-town idlers. Another exhibition was hung, this time a specifically American

affair organized by five experts who made bold to guarantee that the assembled art was not only genuine and ennobling but the selected product of men eminently capable of sustaining the new impetus.

What good American names greeted the spectator searching for native art! Wright, Benton and Hartley, and possibly Marin, might have originated in any one of the forty-eight commonwealths. (But what of Bluemner, Benn, Dasburg, Walkowitz, Of, and Zorach?) With this exhibition the modernist forces were consolidated and the individual painters hurried forward with hope in their hearts: a little sympathy from the public, the coöperation of the dealers, the proper exploitation in the press, and they should soon be on their way to fame and fortune. The ranks were augmented by other good Americans—Weber, Stella, Pascin, Kuhn and Sterne, and later on by Bouché, Dickinson, Demuth, Yarrow and Burchfield. In these men reposed the future of American art. There were, of course, other painters—Henri, Bellows, Luks and Sloan, for example—but they were of the old order, skilful technicians with a large muscular enthusiasm for pigment, but devoid of imagination. Such was the muster-roll of the new army, but what of its ammunition, its marksmanship, and its objective?

II

It is commonly supposed that the modernists had never learned to draw, that is to say, to draw according to the precepts of the American and European academies, and that they resorted to psychology and dialectics to conceal organic deficiencies and to justify clumsy ineptitudes in line and color. That they have been and are guilty of ineptitudes I cheerfully concede; that they have unloaded upon the public experimental trash and abortive nonsense I also concede; but investigation discloses the fact that almost all of them were prize-winners at the art schools.

Indeed, it was precisely because of their successes that they repudiated the academy.

No man possessed of an atom of artistry can go on copying the model forever. Instead of a spurious, taken-for-granted, lifeless method of rendering the visible world, they labored to substitute independence of vision, reality and strength—in short, to charge their vehicle with intelligence and meaning. To this end they were ravenously inspired by the curious genius of Paul Cézanne. Volumes have been written about the old master of Provence, and it is not my purpose to treat of him further than to point out his remarkable bearing on the direction of American art. Cézanne was a painter pure and simple: there is no literature in his canvases, no anecdote, no sentimentality—only masses of “organized form.” His ambition was to achieve an order as solid and satisfying as that of the Renaissance giants, and being an Impressionist by training, to compass his aims by means of pure and brilliant color.

But he was neurasthenic and illiberal, thin-skinned, obtuse in matters calling for the exercise of ordinary judgment, and pietistically shrinking in his contacts with life—qualities scarcely compatible with greatness, in art or anything else. Compared with Rembrandt he was a sullen recluse; with Leonardo da Vinci, a dunce. He visualized the world in terms of still-life, and the greater part of his fumbling energy was absorbed in technical processes and in analysing the structure of objects. I must, however, correct the impression that he could not handle his medium: in the superficies of his craft he was among the best of his time, and the inert character of his figures is the result of incomplete conception rather than poor painting; and I must advise those who insist on the non-representative aspect of his work that his pictures are faithful records of French landscape and peasantry. Despite his limitations, he stands out as one of the most interesting painters since Rembrandt, certainly the most influential. He brought to art unprecedented integrity and at his best a strangely original form of beauty, harsh and rigid but of permanent

value, and his method of painting—to enhance the palpability of objects he resolved them into their component planes instead of employing the traditional chiaroscuro, the only feasible course, it seems, for modelling in pure color—opened the door to infinite technical possibilities.

America was suddenly pestilent with bastard Cézannes. Painters with pretensions to maturity aped the uncouth master in all his posthumous glory, and callow students exhibited inebecile distortions as a short-cut to notoriety. One saw crazy skyscrapers, disjointed figures, petrified landscapes, and most frequently, still-lives. The still-life became a curse—it is still a curse. The tilted table and the stiff, flowered cloth, the lopsided vase with its artificial flowers, the phallic banana and the ponderous bowl—how can one be patient of such performances, and how can one hope for a healthy revival of painting while able-bodied young men continue to paint such trumpery?

In conjunction with the Cézanne mania appeared another European influence, a transcendental insurrection known as Cubism. The founder of Cubism I cannot name—the question to this day is acrimoniously debated among the café-philosophers of Paris—but the leader of the school is that amazing Spaniard, Pablo Picasso. Undoubtedly the idea had its genesis in Cézanne: the master made a cryptic statement to the effect that all form could be resolved into cubes and cylinders, and set out to prove his contention in paint. It remained for Picasso to carry this development to its logical absurdity, to reduce nature to its nearest geometrical equivalent, and to strip objects of every vestige of representative meaning. Hence arose “abstraction” in painting, the cult of purification and its attendant theoretic prattle.

As a transitional measure Cubism had much in its favor: it impelled painters toward pictorial rather than sentimental interests and emphasized the importance of design. But to advocate it as an isolated phenomenon, an art complete in itself, is

frankly ridiculous, and Picasso's recent defence of his cubes is obvious rationalization. Cubism erroneously presupposes that design is an end and not a means, and that scenic attributes are cumbrous and irrelevant. All art, to be sure, implies a certain amount of selection—one cannot include everything—but normally the purpose of this selection is to set down one's experience in forms objectively valuable. Such is its biological function—a means to an end. Why then should we carry the process to its second stage, to abstract forms until nothing remains but dry bones?

Art without teleology, if sufficiently pursued, leads to insanity. When the means, let us say, of sexual gratification are removed from actual experience, the victim wanders in a world of extravagant fantasies and ineffectual visions; when art is removed from experience and intelligible meaning, the deluded painter begins to read arbitrary and subjective values into his work, denies objective achievement, and in the end suffers a complete drying-up of creative energy. The parallel in literature is to be found in the hapless poetasters who filch the prose of James Joyce and distribute it in perpendicular patterns over the pages of transatlantic journals.

Two additional foreign influences remain to be considered, the retrogression to primitive sources, and the Italian heresy called Futurism. For the first of these Gauguin and Matisse must be held culpable. Gauguin, a malcontent and a barbarian, urged Americans to the South Seas and the aboriginals of New Mexico; Matisse begat a school of Negromaniacs and would-be Persians. A wave of infantile draughtsmanship ensued, and artists and critics alike raised a pæan to Congo sculpture, the descriptive scratches of the Bushmen, Peruvian pottery, and everything else that was savage and undisciplined.

Now, it is undeniable that the Neolithic culture offers a certain archeological appeal; one is surprised, not that cannibals should have carved with skill, but that they should have carved at all. But to compare pre-

historic grotesques with the art of the great periods of China, Greece and Italy is simply a confession of stupidity. As well compare the beating of a tom-tom with the Ninth Symphony. Some of the shouting came from collectors who had bought heavily of the Negro stuff—the genuine Gold Coast toys and the German imitations—but most of it was the sincere approbation of artists in their reaction against the standardized tricks of the academy, and in their phrenetic efforts to acquire a naïve vision by an act of will.

As for Futurism, it was, on its theoretical side, a derivative of Croce's Expressionism; practically it was propaganda, astutely concerted and advertised in a characteristically modern style. The idea behind the movement was captivating both to the beginner and to the defeated professional: to break with the past, to abolish tradition, to step out into a new world with the eyes of a child, to invest life with fresh symbols, to feel and express—thus to create art. Everything was art so long as it was motivated by true feeling. In so far as it insisted on a natural instead of a forced interest in subject-matter, Futurism was a salutary reform, but in postulating the validity of "true feeling," it provided an æsthetic niche for freaks, half-wits, and insuppressible children.

III

Of such elements was the new art compounded. For a while the majority of our young zealots, eager for recognition, adhered pretty closely to one faction or another, but to-day there are not many who would relish a Continental stigma. The French influence is predominant, but in a highly diluted stream, and the annual crop of exhibitions reveals little more than a soulless, brainless mummery.

The reason is not far to seek. However necessary the new movement may have been to the creative life of the foreign artist, in America it soon became a question of technique. It is an old superstition

that the artist is a peculiar individual with a God-given talent in his fingers, that he draws "naturally," and that to bring his talent to fruition must imbibe the superior Bohemian atmosphere of Paris. As a matter of fact, anyone can learn to paint. I have seen in the Southern States dozens of maiden ladies who, without training of any sort, and without having once looked at a decent work in oil, have expressed their starved libido in pigment. Artistically their conceptions were fulsome; technically they painted with surprising competence. Whistler, America's most celebrated painter, attained international fame by reason of his exquisite tact in the manipulation of the styles of past masters; Sargent, America's best-seller, amassed a fortune through his virtuosity in capturing the likenesses of duchesses; Ryder, our greatest painter, was far from clever, in curious of the mechanics of his art, and independent of all Europeans, dead or alive.

The trouble with painting in the modern world, and particularly in America, is that it has lost its spiritual office; it has ceased to function as a medium for communicating with intelligence and power the experiences of mankind and has degenerated into a study of physical processes. Visit the galleries of New York and you will find, on the one hand, the canvases of the older men, Henri, Bellows, Luks, Murphy and Hassam—exercises in technique; on the other, the inchoate efforts of the modernists—technical exercises again. But round the latter has accreted as imposing a mass of critical lore as has ever gathered in the history of painting.

In periods barren of creative ability it is customary to dignify unimportant sensational flurries with an impressive nomenclature, and to invent elaborate philosophies to conceal spiritual emptiness. The literature accompanying the new movement has been ingenious, bigoted, and unconvincing. With the Cézanne contagion came the rage for "form." This good old word has been turned into an odious hack. Form, which

essentially denotes any intelligent expression, was made synonymous with solidity, and later on with the non-representative factors of art, the abstract skeleton. Plastic form, tri-dimensional form, dynamic form, significant form—who has not wearied of them? The “æsthetic emotion” was discovered: to appreciate art one must be endowed with a unique emotional apparatus, one must be highly *sensitive* and receptive only to the abstract harmonics of lines, colors and volumes. The German theory of *Einfühlung* came into fashion; books were written to prove that painting was an art midway between architecture and music; books were written to prove that preposterous technical pastimes were revelations of the human soul.

It is unnecessary to analyze the various attitudes: most of them were founded on the shifting tenets of psychology and were abetted by personal conceit. The critical wisecracks, initiated into the mysteries of technique—tactility, emotive color, organized planes, and the rest of the esoteric hokum—promptly proceeded to throw out of art all human values, and to restrict appreciation to a knowledge of materials. The inarticulate artist looked on with admiration, memorized scraps of the pompous chatter, and made himself obnoxious wherever he went. At last he had discovered what he was doing!

The American painter of today faces an appalling sterility: the new movement is already old and savorless, and he is left with no programme and no market. He persists in hanging his dehumanized wares, but the praise is scant, the buyers few. If art, as Taine insisted, is a racial reflection, then what of the most advanced American product? In the aggregate it has only a laboratory value. Penetrate, if you can, these bloodless abstractions, these misbegotten offspring of Cubism and Expressionism, and behold the commentary on American life—base cleverness, cheap generalization, shabby thinking, extraordinary imitative facility. A few of our more in-

telligent artists have realized the fatuity of sacrificing their lives to cubes and cones, and have drifted back into sensible issues; the majority are vainly struggling to hang their reputations on the latest Parisian fads and at the same time to preserve their own individuality.

John Marin, the doyen of the American fraternity and one of the finest water-colorists in the history of this or any other country, has added nothing to his stature in the last decade. By nature he is a poet and Impressionist, and his efforts at symbolism have terminated in antic nonsense. S. MacDonald Wright, a phenomenal colorist with two European exhibitions to his credit before the age of twenty-five, “is tired,” so he told me, “of chasing art up the back alleys of New York,” and is living in California, where he is experimenting with mobile color. Thomas H. Benton is waging a terrific battle to find a background for his historical decorations. Benton is the only mural painter alive, and, once the architects give him a chance, will show the public that art has some excuse for existence. Abraham Walkowitz nears fifty; he has painted all his life; he has done superior work; nobody is interested. Charles Demuth once made remarkable illustrations; of recent years his talent has paled and now he washes flowers in water-color. Louis Bouché, the outstanding comic spirit of the American Left, is in charge of a gallery, and has little time for painting; Preston Dickinson reconstructs bridges, landscapes, and still-life into architectural patterns; Charles Burchfield satirizes Main Street; Marsden Hartley, Jules Pascin, and Maurice Sterne are living abroad; Henry McFee is a teacher; Joseph Stella’s exuberant vitality pursues no definite course; Max Weber, a brilliant technician, has no voice of his own; the Zorachs follow the crafts, and William Yarrow, gifted and ambitious of Renaissance ideals, is working out his salvation in Florence.

The list is representative. These men

constitute the main body of progressive American painters; they are devoting their lives to art—yet I doubt if their combined attack had made a perceptible impression on the public west of the Hudson River—or east, north or south.

IV

If there is any one less necessary in America than a painter, it is a sculptor. The lot of the sculptor has always been hard; it is far from easy in Europe; in the United States it is hellish. We have a number of local celebrities, Ward, Saint Gaudens, Mac Monnies, French, Bartlett and Borglum, but how lifeless and unedifying are their effigies of generals, politicians and redskins! Victorian England with its scourge of imperial tombstones cannot match the static solemnity of the bronzes and marbles one encounters in our squares, parks and museums; and it is worth noting that most of our sculpture, though executed on a monumental scale, is positively inconspicuous, and as devoid of meaning as decayed trees or soot-besmirched death-masks of huge proportions. As yet no man has succeeded in giving emotional significance to the frock coat and the pantaloons. Even so superlative a craftsman as Saint Gaudens could find no means of idealizing the official garb of his Lincoln.

One remembers Rodin's Balzac. The desire to immortalize the Southern Confederacy in a Georgian mountain is only a colossal piece of sentimental advertising, and Borglum's designs, if carried out, can result only in a conventional frieze. Among the older men George Grey Barnard alone possesses the sculptor's vision. Barnard has had the wisdom to concentrate on the nude, and while his figures somehow fall short of greatness, they are never without nobility and distinction. Paulanship is a successful artificer. He is suave, superficial and cunning, and his pretty figures, held together in impossible attitudes by the strength of the hidden armature, are for the boudoirs of parvenus. The influence

of European modernism has been secondary, and with the exception of Epstein, who prefers the contumely of London, there are no native radicals worth mentioning. Elie Nadelman came to New York from the Old World, talented and fired with ideals, but after a sharp struggle succumbed to the dealers. By far the most eminent of the new school is Gaston Lachaise, an American by adoption because, as he puts it, "he has found here the most fertile soil for the continuity of art." Precisely why he should feel so enthusiastic I cannot say. For years he has done consistently beautiful things and has received practically no rewards in fame or money, and his heroic figure intended for the Telephone and Telegraph Building in Broadway has advanced no further than the plaster model.

The effect of modernism on current illustration has been negligible. Editors of fashionable magazines catering to a jaded intelligentsia have published covers and drawings displaying the mannerisms of the new schools, and once in a while one sees an abstract design emblazoned on the jacket of a novel, but on the whole nothing beneficial has come to light. Our smarter humorists in black-and-white have recently employed a style which, at first glance, seems to be in line with the æsthetic quest for "form," but which, on closer scrutiny, proves to be only the natural inclination of the artist to follow literally the modern female in her march toward nakedness. Some years ago one could reasonably hope for a new era in illustration: Sloan, Bellows, Luks and Glackens were in the field with a number of promising youngsters, but for one cause or another—the hidebound art editor or the desire to paint—these men are no longer in evidence. Illustration today is at low tide, so low, in fact, that the popular magazines are filled with hideous drawings made directly from enlarged photographs. A signal blessing, however, has arisen from this condition: the illustrated novel is rapidly becoming extinct.

I recall that Howard Chandler Christy once "illustrated" Jack London.

During the days when the *Masses* was alive and kicking America could boast of the most capable and persuasive cartoonists in the world. Sloan, Bellows, Robinson, Minor, Coleman, Glinten Kamp, Becker—belligerent draughtsmen with an abundance of satire, and modern withal, and thoroughly conversant with the ills and cruelties of a great nation. But the *Masses*, alas, is gone, and its artists are scattered! Most of them are painting, or trying to paint. I doubt if there is a newspaper in America that would hire any one of them now. Boardman Robinson once worked for the *Tribune*, and Robert Minor for the *World*, but that is history—and not very pleasant history.

The political cartoon is in its decline; it has lost its sting and it is not often funny. The newspapers have surrendered to the jazz-mongers, the creators of the comic strip. It is the Dorgans, Herrimans, Briggses, Goldbergs, and Fishers who pull down the big plums. These men are low comedians, cynical, mud-throwing buffoons with a shrewd appreciation of the vulgarity of the American scene, and the attempt of our young highbrows to educe æsthetic values from the comic strip is too transparent in its psychology to fool anybody. The critic who praises the artistry of Krazy Kat differs little from the Expressionist who raves over the drawings of children. The word æsthetic has come to be just so much cant. Anatole France denied the existence of the science of æsthetics in an essay which should be read by all critics, if only for its cathartic value.

The modern American artist may be compared to the author who has no publisher. Now that the new movement has so swiftly disintegrated, he has not even the temporary advantage of sensational exploitation. He has put forth a desperate struggle to do good work—make no mistake about that—and the general public has remained in chronic immobility. Apparently nothing can shake the apathy of

the Americans: they do not want art; they do not need it; they will not, except in isolated cases, buy it on speculation; they have no place for it. The architect makes no provision for decorations, the gregarious, homeless city dwellers have no rooms for precious objects, and the inhabitants of small towns spend their lives in rapid transit.

Denied a public, the artist is at the mercy of the critic, the collector, and the dealer. The critic's sole concern is in his own position, and he will do anything to maintain it. Should he happen to lose his job he will seldom bother to look at pictures again. The collector is the self-made millionaire who hoards masterpieces to symbolize his vanity. Generally he invests in the carefully authenticated treasures of the past, but he has been known to buy even modern pictures—so long as they are not by Americans. When surrounded by his costly plunder he fancies that he too has something of the artist in his soul, thus exalting himself above his kind. Every artist lives in the hope of acquiring a collector.

The dealer is the most mischievous obstacle of all. He is an unscrupulous intermediary whose love for his wares is far less genuine and forthright than that of the merchant of silk underwear. Not that I expect him to keep an almshouse, but since his gallery is first and last a salesroom, why in the name of common sense doesn't he conduct it on a decent business basis? Why doesn't he advertise his artists in the splendid American fashion instead of inserting formal announcements in the Sunday papers and relying on the gratuitous verbiage of ignorant critics? He is afraid to advertise: fostering the sanctity of art, he cannot afford to cheapen his commodity by placing it in the open market. It is he more than any one else who is responsible for the egregious prices of the masters; it is his aim to attach a legendary valuation to all pictures; his practice is to sacrifice the living upon the easels of the dead, and rather than create

a legitimate market for contemporary art in the manner of the publisher with reference to the author he holds out stealthily for fancy prices.

He deceives and starves the worthy painter, and the painter, having no comeback and no other outlet for his product, consoles himself in the belief that eventually his dealer will sell something to the gullible rich for an exorbitant sum. If, perchance, a sale is made, the artist has but one choice: he must supply the entrepreneur with similar pictures, and his name henceforth must be associated with one type of canvas.

V

In view of the foregoing conditions it ought to be plain to the Americans that they cannot create a viable native art by copying Frenchmen. Cézanne, with all his sterling qualities, has proved an impossible god to follow, and his Western proselytes have ended in cynical confusion. I do not condemn modernism on this account—it has taught our artists many valuable lessons—I only wish to emphasize that the movement has shown indisputably that American soil cannot at present nourish a metaphysical imported culture. Nor do I believe that the creative spirit is dead, but it will never flourish to any extent until a strong native impulse binds our artists together in a community of intelligent purpose. Many of our students leave the art schools with serious ambitions, but their ardor is quickly crushed and they wander into the lucrative departments of art—snobbish portraiture, advertising, “interior decorating.” A few—very few—stick by their convictions and suffer; the dealer has them under his thumb; they paint pictures for which there is no market; and the French whom they worship regard them as outcasts.

Granted that in the United States there is no homogeneous background, no philosophy, no religion—only a shallow, pseudo-scientific approach to life—I still

believe that the artist himself is largely to blame for the neglect that surrounds him. His conception of a plastic scheme is paltry, timid, and aloof from actualities. He is an effeminate creature who paints still-life, tepid landscapes, and incomprehensible abstractions purporting to express the æsthetic states of his wounded soul. No doubt the increasing effeminacy of the American environment has much to do with the shaping of his conceptions, but if he possesses no masculine virtues to begin with, let him bob his hair and design Futurist lingerie or sets for the movies.

Painting is essentially a man’s art, and all great painters have been coarse, earthy and intolerable. In the entire range of art there is not a single picture entitled to a moment’s consideration that has been done by a woman. The notion that painting is something “to be lived with” is a modern sophistry born of that innocuous ornament called the easel-picture. As well “live with” the symphony or the theatre; it is only when art is emasculated that it can be lived with. Painting, on the one hand, is dramatic decoration to be seen occasionally and enjoyed intensely; on the other, it is graphic commentary, in recent times best exemplified by Daumier. Most of our artists should be drafted into educational pursuits and scattered over the land to supplant the numbsculls of the high-schools and academies; the Cubists should be driven into the crafts where they belong; the remaining few with sense and a talent for living should be expelled from their studios, made to observe American civilization for ten years, and then to record the results in the form of murals for public buildings or drawings for newspapers and magazines.

One of these days a reckless, unrefined Yankee will come forth, a man like Mark Twain or Walt Whitman, with brains, energy and original vision, who will convert the vast panorama of American life into living form. Such a painter will inspire more followers than the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

LAW ENFORCEMENT note from the eminent *Montgomery Journal*:

Incensed at the action of the State enforcement officers who seized and destroyed about 400 bottles of beer and also broke up a craps game at their annual barbecue on the Narrow Lane road, members of the Montgomery Post of the American Legion are to hold a special meeting to determine whether a protest shall be made to Governor W. W. Brandon, according to Bert Fitzpatrick, post commander. The legionnaires feel they were unjustly discriminated against because of the action of the dry agents, they say.

ARIZONA

PATRIOTIC dictum of the Rev. O. L. Martin, a visiting evangelist at Peoria:

If I had my way there would be no language taught in the United States except English, and any foreigner coming here would be immediately sent back if he could not speak our language. I am a 100% American.

ARKANSAS

News note from El Dorado, in the Ku Klux and *Necator Americanus* Belt:

Despite the fact that he has been an invalid and unable to walk for 22 years, Charlie Smith had gained a very profitable livelihood in the manufacture of moonshine whisky, it was brought out in the Circuit Court Saturday. Three children whom Smith cared for told the court that he, their uncle, had compelled them to make the liquor and had for more than four years directed the operation of the still from his invalid chair.

CALIFORNIA

THE art of the movies as described by the distinguished B. P. Schulberg, president of Schulberg Productions, Inc., producers of "The Plastic Age," by Percy Marks:

We have absolutely denatured the story and have removed any possibly offensive element, or development, so that it stands today as an inspiring story of college life, which is bound to help any college boy, or girl, who sees it.

FROM a report of divorce proceedings in the Los Angeles *Examiner*:

"I had a yellow dress that I liked very much," she told Judge Hollzer. "But Mr. Seaman was unreasonably prejudiced against it.

"Only wild women wear yellow dresses," he said. It hurt my feelings terribly."

"This court does not presume to rule on matters of taste," observed Judge Hollzer. "But it can well see that such a remark would give rise to mental anguish of that degree contemplated by the code as cause for divorce. Decree granted."

TRIUMPH of therapeutics over Christian morality in Berkeley:

Regardless of prudish neighbors, two-year-old Rolf Ellefson is going to have his fifteen minutes of sun daily in the nude in his own back-yard. This is the ultimatum of his mother, Lillian Ellefson, 2338 Roosevelt avenue. . . . The family physician prescribed the sun's rays. But neighbors complained to the police. One delicate husband said the nude two-year-old "embarrassed his wife frightfully."

INVITATION received by the eminent artists resident at Hollywood:

We cordially invite you to attend the opening of the

FAITH MATERNITY HOSPITAL

1739 MORTON AVENUE

Opening program under the personal supervision of

MR. SID GRAUMAN

An evening of pleasure from 8:30 p. m. to 1 a. m.

MELLOW meditation of the talented John Steven McGroarty in the Los Angeles *Times*:

William Jennings Bryan's welcome at the Jasper Gates of God must have been very great. The walls and the parapets of the High Heavens were crowded with countless hosts to see him come. . . .

QUESTIONS and answers recorded by the Hon. Carl V. King, secretary of the Civil Service Commission of Los Angeles:

Question. If you found a man with a severe cut on the head that was bleeding freely, what would you do?

- Answer.* I would put a tourniquet on his neck.
Q. If you found a man with a dislocated hip, what would you do?
A. I would give him an emetic.
Q. What is a morgue?
A. A piece of paper held against property for borrowed money.
Q. What does habeas corpus mean?
A. The red corpuscles in the blood.
Q. What does urban mean?
A. A knowledge of herbs.
Q. What is a kleptomaniac?
A. A person with a mania causing him to lie unnecessarily.
Q. What is arson?
A. The act of trying to poison a person with arsenic.
Q. What is a moron?
A. A man who has more than one wife.

SPECIMEN of music criticism from the distinguished *Pacific Defender*, the leading Aframerican journal of Los Angeles:

Softly as the gentlest zephyrs in the beautiful floating splendor of the mellow sunshine of a nobler life, tenderly as the bewitching, caressing, natural canary bird, then, at times, increasingly strong and stronger with the greater challenging power of the pure, babbling, singing brook that runs merrily over the rocky pathways from its high mountain cradle, a humanly beautiful nightingale, an unforgettable, entrancing thrush, the best specimen of a glorious singer the downtrodden Ethiopian race could produce; by the power of her voice as important a liberator of her people as Frederick Douglass was by his oratorical form, gifted beyond the finest praise with a voice so rare, so sweet, so clear and so hypnotizing as we can hardly find in any other singer that we have heard. This was Madame Florence Cole-Talbert.

COLORADO

THE Hon. Wayne C. Williams, LL.B., former attorney general of Colorado, before the Denver Civitan Club, according to the Denver *Express*:

Future outstanding Americans will be members of organizations such as the Civitan Club, and the future policies of nations will be directed by such organizations.

CONNECTICUT

PRESS dispatch from Stamford:

Arnold Kurth, dog warden, has in his kennels a mongrel found guilty of repeated attacks on the American flag. The dog was caught as a result of complaints that flags over the graves of soldiers and sailors in Woodland cemetery had been chewed to rags. Kurth passed several days watching at the cemetery, and caught the mongrel after it had chewed a flag. The animal will be killed.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE recreation of public servants in their hours of ease, as set forth in the advertising columns of the eminent Washington *Post*:

CLAIRVOYANTS

LICENSED BY DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

MRS. SUTT holds seance Tuesdays, Fridays, 8:30; 25 cents; private readings by appointment. 1414 Quincy st. nw. Adams 6985-J.

MADAM CEOLA: LADY FROM INDIA

Since a child she has been gifted with strange and mysterious powers. She guarantees to bring about every desire and ambition of your entire life; tells past, present and future. Her race stands foremost in the world for clairvoyants and mediums. Do not pass the opportunity of your life, but call to see the lady who knows all, sees all and tells all. Satisfaction or no charge. Courteous treatment to all. 407 11th st. nw., opp. Star bldg.

MME. JEANETTE

Guarantees to read your entire life, past, present and future. She asks no questions, but will tell you what you want to know, giving names, dates and facts on business matters, love, health and family affairs.

Tells the name of whom you will marry and when. If the one you love is true or false, what part of the country is luckiest for you and just what to do to be successful in life. Brings the separated together, removes troubles of all natures so you can win and hold the one you love. 1207 E st. nw.

PROF. BELMONT

1223 New York ave. nw., bet. 12th and 13th., NOTED CLAIRVOYANT AND PALMIST, can read your life by the lines in your palm, which are the record of your life. Being a graduate of two colleges of palmistry, his wonderful gift of second sight enables him to lift the veil of mystery and reveal to you important matters of your future life. Gives advice on business matters, love, health and family affairs. Tells the names of your future husband or wife; what part of the country is luckiest to you; what to do to be successful in life; removes troubles of all natures; brings the separated together; tells the secret of having personal influence with your associates. Prof. Belmont is a psychologist of world renown. Readings, \$1.

FLORIDA

SOUTHERN chivalry in Jacksonville, as described in an Associated Press dispatch:

Local police today were investigating the tarring and feathering of two young women by a mob of 150 men here Saturday night. The women were taken to a secluded spot, police said, where tar and feathers were applied, then brought back to the city and released on a downtown street clad only in gunny sacks.

ILLINOIS

PROFOUND comment upon civilization in Chicago, credited to the late Victor F. Lawson, publisher of the *Daily News*, by a contributor to the *Editor and Publisher*:

I regard the horoscope as the most valuable single feature in my paper.

THE Rev. Howard S. Williams, D.D., speaking before the Chicago Rotarians:

Jesus Christ is the greatest Rotarian.

IOWA

PASSING of a Red Oak æsthete, as noted by the eminent Des Moines *Register*:

Miss Lillian Snygg, 20, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Snygg, is dead. She was a charter member of the Y. W. C. A. and was active in young people's work in the Presbyterian church. During her vacation last Summer she experimented in the art of making a string of beads from the vertebrae of a snake. She captured a large snake, boiled the flesh from the bones, put the bones through a process to brighten them, and strung the bones into an artistic string of beads.

KANSAS

OBITUARY notice from the Wellington correspondent of the eminent Topeka *Daily Capital*:

Henry Cook, prominent farmer from near Mayfield, this county, who accidentally fell beneath a tractor last week, underwent an operation this week for the removal of the left leg, just below the hip. While he was coming out from under the influence of the anesthetics the amputated member was being prepared for burial. Relatives of the injured man were of the belief that should the leg not be properly prepared for burial, he would suffer from the amputation the remainder of his days; therefore a fine copper casket, 3 feet long, 14 inches wide and 10 inches deep, lined with silk and having every appearance of a standard-size casket was prepared by a local tinner for the limb. After being deposited in the casket it was sealed airtight and will be properly disposed of by his relatives.

MORAL progress in the Christian town of Burr Oak, as brought to light by a dispatch to the *Daily Capital* of Topeka:

Burr Oak High-school at the recent school meeting voted . . . that the uniforms of the basket-ball players be such as not to expose their nakedness, that the trousers of the boys come to the knee and that the hose likewise come to the knee.

KENTUCKY

CAMPAIGN circular of the Hon. George Bright, candidate for constable in Knox county:

George Bright has not been indicted for stealing chickens; he has not been indicted for tying his horse on the railroad track to obtain money under false pretense; he has not been indicted for being out with street or woods women; he has not been indicted for selling whiskey; he has never been in jail; nor has my father had to go crazy and to the asylum to keep me from the penitentiary.

I have never asked my opponent to join the K. K. K. and help me run the Negroes out of their homes, so we could get us some homes give to us. I have never run around telling lies, and I have never stolen Mrs. Grindstaff's cow.

So, men and women, don't vote for my opponent. He is not fit to be in jail, much less in office.

I am not like my opponent. I have a good character and every day I am the same man. So give me a vote. I am the people's friend.

GEORGE BRIGHT

MARYLAND

FROM a go-getting booklet issued by the Baltimore Association of Commerce:

It is wonderful to see a man enthuse. It is more wonderful still to see a city of 796,000 persons enthuse. . . . Baltimoreans should all enthuse.

CONTRIBUTION to medical science by the Baltimore *Sunpaper*:

A NEW DISCOVERY

A PLEASANT REDUCING CHEWING GUM

Through a most marvelous recent discovery scientists have been able to incorporate the extract of sea plants known for years as wonderful reducers into a delicious, refreshing chewing gum, called "Sylph." . . .

The moment you start chewing Sylph you feel a wonderful change in your system—stomach and intestine troubles vanish—no more pains or aches . . .

CHEW SYLPH AND BE SYLPH-LIKE

MASSACHUSETTS

PROGRESS of religious toleration in Worcester, as revealed by the esteemed *Jewish Advocate*, of Boston:

Attorney B. Larz Newton of Worcester has been appointed counsel for the Jamesville Baptist Church. Mr. Newton is president of the Graduate Menorah Society of that city.

MINNESOTA

ADVANCE notice from a distinguished Biblical scholar in the St. Paul *Daily News*:

Jesus will come April 10, 1927, exactly at sunset.

UBERT A. WALLRAFF

MISSISSIPPI

ANNOUNCEMENT of a fair sorceress of the Pearl river country, lifted from the *Journal* of the American Medical Association:

DEAR SIR: I am a Dr. of rheumatism; and I can cure this disease; I call my self a magnetic, while by other Dr's I have been called the miracle woman; & by some a divine healer. I will say I am a natural born treater; my farther was also like me, also my mother, and my ancestors on both sides back almost 150 years. I am the 7th birth of the family; my father the 7th, my mother the 7th, so you can see that I have a natural gift in this work. I can rub and take away all pains, no matter how long standing, if the parties have had them for 40 years. I am sending you an advertising sheet which I hand out when traveling, so you can see my line of work. I sur can cure the diseases printed on this sheet. I not only say this but am actually making such cures over different parts of the State. I have taken people out of bed where the best medical Dr's of the state have given up and said there were no hope of recovery. My work has been tested through the courts in this country and the head Dr's at Jackson had to acknowledge through their attorneys that they could not do the things that I were doing. I have a lineament that has the worlds record, also a salve that leads the work in the cure of all kind of old sores. I had a man to come to me a few days ago and insisted on me putting my medicines in the laboratory at Washington. My whole souls desire is to cure the suffering people, of the world; but not being able financially I am not able to extend my work very far. I hunger to relieve suffering humanity; while God has given me this gift; I feel it my duty to do His bidding. now I ask the government to help me that I may extend my great work throughout this country, for the sake of suffering humanity.

My lineament when applied on the body goes direct to the bone, it has been tested in Jackson with the ex-ray, and received congrat-ulations as having the worl's record in lineament; I also have a rose cansor receipt for which rose cansors, can be burnt out an cured. This also came from my fore-fathers; but I do not try to use this, I would sell this.

I was asked to write you, concerning this business; so will only await an early reply, hoping that this letter may meet with an early reply and that i may be of service to the Gou-vernment.

Yours sincerely
MRS. F. V. HAWKINS
Pelabatchie, Miss.

MISSOURI

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning in Kansas City:

Become Bachelor of Physical Culture or Master of Weight Lifting. Wonderful field. Peoples College, Kansas City, Mo.

ARRIVAL of a high-pressure, ink-burning go-getter in the Kansas City pulpit, as announced by the eminent *Journal-Post*:

Publicity is the most important requisite for a successful ministry, the Rev. William L. Stidger, new pastor of Linwood Boulevard M. E. Church, said today in an address before the Advertising Club. . . . Mr. Stidger said he challenged any Kansas City theatre to produce as entertaining a programme as he intends to arrange for his church this Winter. He said Sinclair Lewis, Edwin Markham and Eddie Guest would be three of the leading attractions.

NEW YORK

LETTER from a Utica clergyman to the Elliot Addressing Machine Company:

In going about His Father's Business the Lord would have used an Elliott Addressing Machine if He could have gotten one. Then too, imagine, if you can, the numbers of letters of St. Paul, if the Elliott Addressing System had been at his command.

Yours, for Better Business in the Father's Business,

(Signed) ARNOLD F. KELLER

COUNTER offensive against the Eddyian heresy in marvelous Manhattan, announced by an advertisement in the eminent *Times*:

JEWISH SCIENCE

RABBI MORRIS LICHTENSTEIN

Leader and Founder

AUTHORIZED JEWISH SCIENCE services will be resumed with the High Holidays at the HOTEL ASTOR (North Ballroom), Broadway at 44th st.

ROSH HASHANAH SERVICES

Friday Evening at 8 Saturday Morning at 10

SEATS ARE FREE—ALL ARE WELCOME

NO CARD OF ADMISSION REQUIRED

We also wish to announce the publication of the Jewish Science Text-book: "JEWISH SCIENCE AND HEALTH," by Rabbi Morris Lichtenstein. Obtainable at Jewish Science Headquarters: 166 West 73d st.

THE Hon. Thomas P. Jackson, of Syracuse, in the *New York World*:

I met a man on the train yesterday who was not interested in the game of baseball at all. I asked him if he had never played ball when a boy. He said he had not. I then asked him if he was born and raised in the United States. He said he was. I moved away from him as quietly as possible because any man who was born and raised in this country and grew up to be a man and never played ball certainly is not right in the head.

NORTH CAROLINA

DREADFUL effects of sin along the Cape Fear river, as reported by the Christian chief editorial writer of the *Wilmington Morning Star*:

As in the case of Needleman, so was this second fiendish crime enacted upon a Sabbath. As in the Needleman case, so did these wolves betray the cowardice that is their birthright by the methods used and the manner of their vengeance. Can there be wonder or dismay that the prayers of a God-fearing people for the relieving rain went virtually unanswered, when the quiet and calm of the Lord's day was polluted by such a revolting offense? Can a day even be called holy, the sun of which rises upon such a sin-steeped drama?

OHIO

WANT AD in the *Cleveland Press*:

Will board child and room mother; no objection to husband. Glenville 979W.

ENCOMIUM upon a Man of Vision credited to Captain George H. Playfold, of Zanesville:

No man lives that can tell the story of the flag and Betsy Ross like Attorney A. A. George. Mr. George has won more heavy lawsuits than any other attorney in the State of Ohio.

PROGRESS of the Lucy Stone movement in Cleveland, as disclosed by the learned *Press*:

On Sept. 8, Mrs. H. J. Kelley, formerly Miss Mary Jane Clark, presented herself with a small son.

OKLAHOMA

ÆSTHETIC note from the *Daily Oklahoman* of Oklahoma City:

The State Fair will give a prize of \$25 to the boy whose red hair comes nearest to matching the hair of a Duroc-Jersey hog.

OREGON

REPORT of an extraordinary biological phenomenon in the Burns *Times-Herald*:

We wish to thank the many kind friends for the flowers and kind expressions of sympathy at the death of our little son.

MR. AND MRS. GLEN CLEMENS
MR. AND MRS. CAL CLEMENS
MR. AND MRS. CLAY CLEMENS
MRS. CHAS. CRONIN
MR. AND MRS. RAY SMITH

CRIMINO-THEOLOGICAL note from the Rev. C. H. Bryan, Methodist prison chaplain, as reported in the *Oregon Journal*:

I used to try to hold religious services at the prison on Sunday afternoon, but found that the ball games were too much competition for me.

APOTHEGM credited to the Right Rev. William P. Remington, B.S., B.D., D.D., Protestant Episcopal bishop of Eastern Oregon, by a writer in the eminent *Country Gentleman*:

A bishop is just a high-class consecrated traveling salesman.

PENNSYLVANIA

ADVERTISEMENT of the Hon. P. J. Flannigan, candidate for the council of Connellsville, in the *Daily News* of that rising town:

Everybody in the town and all the country folks are asking, "Where is the toilets?" Is there no lavatories? It is a crime and a shame against the wants of nature. Everybody demands those necessities. Have you got no council? No, you have not. All they want is your taxes and they will spend it in the back alleys, and you have to run home and there is no place of obscurity to hide you from public view. I say I am a citizen of this town and I carry \$5500 valuation and I demand toilets. If I am elected to council I will see that Connellsville has them. . . . I will erect one for men on Pittsburgh street at the P. R. station, West side of the street. I will also erect one lavatory for women opposite the post office, on the West hand side of the street on city grounds, and if the city does not do it, I will do it out of my own pocket and let them be memorials to Connellsville in my name.

P. J. FLANNIGAN

New world's champion discovered in intellectual Philadelphia:

CHAMPION COOK OF THE WORLD

IN FAMOUS DEMONSTRATION

Catch, kill, pick, wash, drip, dip in egg batter and cracker dust, and cook and eat a two pound and a quarter chicken in less than five minutes by your watch.

AT

LIBERTY HALL

13th and South streets

UNIVERSAL NEGRO IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

An Exhibition Seen Only Once in a Lifetime

SOUTH CAROLINA

SIGN hanging in the window of a shop in the fair town of Seneca:

TRIPE, CIGARETTES AND FIDDLES

MORAL reflections of the Christian editor of the *Baptist Visitor*, published at Spartanburg:

However unpopular this may be, we yet feel duty bound to say a word on the subject of "all day singings" that infest this section of the country. Singing is all right, and a splendid way to voice our praise, but when it turns into an all day frolic, with dinner served, with the dashing to and fro of autos, the customary number of courting couples parked around the grounds, the presence of some singing agent of a song publisher advertising the latest book, and all that goes with a gathering of that kind, we are compelled to protest and say that it is turning God's Sabbath into a day of fun and frolic. . . .

Another kindred evil is that of birthday dinners on the Sabbath. Too many people arrange their birthdays so as to have them come on Sunday and then send out a call to neighbors and friends to join in having a feast with the revelry that usually accompanies such occasions. It is all right to celebrate an anniversary, especially if that milestone can be made to record the fact that you are one year nearer eternal rest. However, we note the fact that oftentimes people are called from their customary places of worship in order to attend an all day affair of this character. Have we the right to ask our friends and kindred to forsake the house of the Lord in order to eat a big dinner in our honor? Let these occasions be on other days.

SOUTH DAKOTA

RECREATIONS of the he-men of the up-and-coming town of Faith, as reported in the *Gazette* of the same metropolis:

The Fords must be open cars and must be cranked by hand. They line up on the track with engines running. At the signal the contestants race one lap around the track, coming to a stop and shutting off the engine. The driver then climbs the fence, grabs a pig from one of the pens placed beside the judges' stand and runs back to his machine. He must then crank it and once more drive around the track keeping hold of the pig all the time. If the pig gets away the driver must stop and catch it before proceeding with the race. When the contestant arrives at the wire the second time, he stops, returns the pig to its pen and climbs back into his machine. The first contestant to accomplish this is acclaimed the winner and gets the money.

TENNESSEE

MARVEL reported from Knoxville, in the Jennings-Genesis Belt:

Three months ago the false teeth of Mrs. A. J. Mays disappeared from a chair beside her bed on the first floor of her home, while she was sleeping. Today, plumbers, while taking up the bathroom floor on the second story of her home, found the teeth in a rat's nest.

TEXAS

THE Hon. Alex Duguid, of El Paso, an eminent student of theology:

The Bible . . . was written in the most superstitious age of the world, yet not a trace of superstition, or scientific error, can be found in the Bible.

ADVERTISEMENT in the El Paso Post:

MONKEY FOR SALE

Very gentle pet. Study evolution at home. East 558. 4009 Pershing Drive.

UTAH

MELANCHOLY notice in the distinguished Salt Lake City *Tribune*:

NOTICE

My wife and I have divided our possessions. My wife gets all of the real estate and personal property and I get two bits per day, board, and sleep in the smokehouse. On and after this date, each one of us pays our own bills.

(Signed) DR. CHARLES E. TOLHURST
284 Vine Street

PROOF of a thirst for knowledge in Salt Lake City, as revealed by the question-box department of the *Tribune*:

No man can take knowledge from you. It is the passport to the door of success. It is life's greatest treasure.

Knowledge may be acquired by the simple effort of using the free information service that the Tribune maintains for the pleasure and profit of its readers. The scope of this bureau is national and international. . . .

Q. What is the name of Jackie Coogan's baby brother?—S. P.

A. His name is Robert Anthony.

VIRGINIA

WORKINGS of the higher powers in Norfolk:

When E. W. Burroughs, electrician in the United States Navy, and Henry T. Stone, a blind fisherman, are together in a darkened room queer things are likely to happen. The furniture may take a jaunt across the floor and rearrange itself. A picture is quite likely to tumble from its hangings. A bed coverlet or carpet may rise as by magic and sail about the room.

The public learned of the peculiar psychic partnership recently through friends of the pair, who called on them to take them motoring. Burroughs and Stone entered the car, which thereafter refused to respond to its self-starter. Without showing surprise, Burroughs got out. Immediately the motor started. He walked a few yards down the road, waited for the car to catch up, and jumped aboard. The motor died.

Burroughs noticed the queer power first when he was 7 years old, he says. He met Stone and they began playing in a field. Without warning, a large clod of dirt rose up and spattered their faces. Frightened, they ran into a nearby barn, when potatoes began hopping from a bin and the harness on the pegs began a jingling dance.

BOSTON TWILIGHT

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

ONCE the Athens of America, Boston now plunges downward toward the cultural level of Port au Prince and Knoxville, Tenn. Time was when the intellectual aristocracy of the Republic reigned there; now louts and fakes and rogues have overrun the town, and an idea would feel as much at home there as the Pope at a Ku Klux Konklave. Boston culture has collapsed. In literature, where it once held hegemony, it is now a Sahara; theatrically it is the paradise of the cheapest leg shows; musically it is sinking daily.

From 1825 to about 1880 Boston was the undisputed literary capital of the United States—the first and the longest-lived in our literary history. Whatever was worth reading in American letters issued almost entirely from there, and no writer considered himself arrived until he received the imprimatur of the Boston Brahmins. This period has been called the Augustan Age of the national literature, and whether one agrees with this appraisal or not, one cannot deny the eminence of the Boston literati. There were Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Whipple, Whittier, Francis Parkman, Daniel Webster. They, with such men as Agassiz and Pierce, Charles Sumner, Henry James the elder, Phillips Brooks, Wendell Phillips, Richard H. Dana, Jr., John Quincy Adams, Jeffries Wyman, Charles W. Eliot and William Ellery Channing used to meet weekly at the Saturday Club in the old Parker House, at the corner of School and Tremont streets. The club had about eighty members, all leaders in the thought of their time; while it flourished it was the cultural sanhedrin of the Republic.

It is in Boston that the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded in 1857, with James Russell Lowell as its first editor. At once it became America's leading periodical, and rightly so, for as John Macy says, "The first twenty-five volumes of the *Atlantic Monthly* are a treasure house of the richest period in American literature." In Boston, too, the old *Dial* and the *North American Review* were founded. The latter replaced the *Monthly Anthology: A Magazine of Polite Literature*, and for a large portion of the Nineteenth Century expressed the best in American thought. Connected with the *Monthly Anthology* was the Anthology Club, which was in many respects the forerunner of the Saturday Club. The *Dial* was the leading philosophical journal of its time, the chief organ of the Transcendentalists. Then there was the *Harbinger*, which had for its contributors such men as Horace Greeley, Parke Godwin, Lowell and Charles A. Dana. There were many others. Some of them specialized in poetry.

In brief, the Boston of that period was teeming with literary activity. Literature was the town's chief product—not Ponzis and Pelletiers and Curleys, as is the case now. The usual morning greeting on the Common then used to be, "How is your book coming on?" Boston was then, in fact, the center of ideas in America, and one can well sympathize with Emerson when he said, "I do not speak with any fondness but in the language of coldest history when I say that Boston commands attention as the town which was appointed in the destiny of nations to lead the civilization of North America."

II

What was then true of literary Boston was equally true of theatrical Boston. The city's early glory in the field of the drama has been clouded by the legend of Puritanism, which seems to have got hold of the popular mind and persists in staying there despite a mountain of evidence against it. It is true that acting was once held to be immoral in Boston, and that it was fought by Puritans as late as 1840. It is true that when "The School for Scandal" was presented in Boston's first theatre in 1792 the county sheriff burst into the hall and arrested the cast and charged them with a "serious crime." But it is also true that when the sheriff tried to do the same thing in another theatre not many years later he was assaulted with hisses and boos from the audience and that the house rang with "Shame! Shame on you! Let them continue! Shame!" Once Boston had burst the bonds of the Puritanical laws inflicted upon it by its Jonathan Edwardses, it was quickly on the way to becoming the dramatic capital of the country. This, indeed, is just what it was for the greater part of the second half of the Nineteenth Century.

There was the Boston Museum, ranked as one of the two best American theatres of its day—the other was the Boston Theatre. It was established in 1846, when the Bostonians were still somewhat under the influence of the "House of Satan" laws. They were still uneasy about going to the theatre, so they stuffed dead cats and roosters with sawdust and called the building a museum and thus made sure that they were not going to hell. But they *did* go to the theatre—and they saw the best actors of the day play in the world's best dramas. Edwin Booth made his début in 1849 at the Boston Museum. In the same theatre played Charlotte Cushman. So did Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Adams, William Warren, George Vandenhoff, James W. Wallack, Eliza Logan, Agnes Robertson, Mrs. John Drew—all the top-rankers of the time. In 1878 Gilbert and Sullivan's

"Pinafore" was presented at the Boston Museum for the first time in America, with the celebrated Marie Wainwright in the part of Josephine. Says one historian of the Boston Museum, "Never before or since has such a coterie at once graced an American stage."

Then there was the Boston Theatre—during the third quarter of the last century, the best and most elegant theatre in the United States. "No other theatre in the world has presented so many notables to the public, from tragedians to grand opera stars." Also, there were many other theatres—smaller, but of the first rank: the Globe, the National, the Howard. Actors flocked to Boston. Indeed, there was scarcely a world-famous dramatic artist who did not play there.

In music Boston's progress was for many years held down to the tom-tom stage of psalmody by the barbaric religion of her theological overlords. Hymns were regarded as the highest reaches of man's musical genius, and all else was held to be un-Christian. But, curiously enough, it was in a church—and the Park Street Church at that, where belief in the whole Bible, fly-specks and all, was taken to be indispensable to salvation—that Boston music showed the first signs of civilization. Here, in 1815, the Handel and Haydn Society, which in time became a first-rate choral organization, was founded. As a result, famous vocal artists began to come to Boston, more and more frequently, and soon the town became their first stop in America.

Instrumentally, however, it was not until well into the middle of the century that there was any headway. In the early forties there was the Germania Society. Its music was, of course, far ahead of the yawping of the hymn singers, but it could hardly be called even a fifth rate orchestra. This fact was observed by a wealthy but intelligent banker, Henry Lee Higginson by name, and in 1881 he founded the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Its rapid rise to national and international fame is well

known. Georg Henschel and Wilhelm Gericke, the first two conductors, at once made of it a national institution. Then came Arthur Nikisch and Karl Muck, under whose batons it took rank with the Vienna and Berlin orchestras. To add to the town's musical dignity there came into being in 1867 the New England Conservatory of Music, which to this day is one of the two or three best training-schools of its kind in the country.

Even in the dyspeptic realm of religion the Boston of the Nineteenth Century held preëminence. Every now and then, by God's grace, there arises a clergyman with sense in him and a streak of dignity in him—and Boston, in those days, had many such. For example, Theodore Parker. He poked fun at miracles and hinted in no ambiguous terms that the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection were purely mythological. Unlike the Fosdicks and Grants of today, he didn't monkey with interpretative sophistries and so draw pretty sums from the Babbitts of his time. He threw overboard the whole hocus-pocus. Consider, again, William Ellery Channing, who didn't go as far in his heresies as Parker, but who nevertheless was a man of learning. And then there was Phillips Brooks. And, of course, Emerson.

III

But where is Boston now? In literature it is as dead as the Hittite Empire. Nothing respectable in *belles lettres* has come from it in a generation. There is hardly a class of Bostonians left that is unquestionably literate. An investigation was recently made of what the town reads, the demand for books at the public library being used as an index. It was found that cowboy and detective stories are most called for, and that those who read them are not merely the common people but also the so-called cream of the population: doctors, lawyers, teachers, big business men, nice old ladies. Books on typewriting, will-power, salesmanship and character-analysis head the list of non-fiction books. Next come the vol-

umes dealing with the memoirs of royalty and anything at all in the way of confessions. The waiting list for these literary delicacies is always miles long. "The Confessions of the Czarina" and Princess Radziwill's "Memoirs of Forty Years" are three times as popular as Gamaliel Bradford's "Portraits of American Women." So are "Uncensored Recollections" and "Things I Shouldn't Tell." The books of travel in greatest demand are those dealing with the "wildest parts of Africa, the cannibals of New Guinea or accounts of dangerous expeditions to shoot big game." Christopher Morley and Robert Cortes Holliday head the list of essayists. The volumes of Ambrose Bierce, Max Beerbohm and other such good-for-nothings are thick with dust. Thomas Hardy is almost unknown. Robert Service and Alfred Noyes are read to shreds.

The New England News Company which distributes all the magazines in Boston and vicinity, reports that *True Stories*, *True Romance*, *Physical Culture*, et al. are the best sellers in the town. The *Atlantic Monthly*, which was born in Boston and is still published there, sells about as many copies per thousand of population as in Dayton, Tenn. Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Dreiser and Cabell are apparently unheard of by most Bostonians. First, I suppose, the population of the town is too illiterate to understand them. Secondly, there is the unceasing activity of that famous organization of smut hounds, the New England Watch and Ward Society, which is led by the redoubtable Rev. J. Frank Chase and has among its boosters many Boston editors and educators, including no less a personage than Professor Bliss Perry, Litt.D., L.H.D., once editor of the *Atlantic* and now safely put away in the faculty of English literature at Harvard. These smellers see to it that Boston is kept in the gutter.

Aiding them in their noble work are the newspapers of the town. Oswald Garrison Villard, in his excellent book, "Some Newspapers and Newspapermen," calls

Boston the poor farm of American journalism. This is being rather polite. It would be harsher but truer to call it the garbage-can of American journalism. Is there any other paper in the country that caters so consistently to the mob as the *Boston Post*, or its close rival, the *Boston Telegram*? Both reek with the sweat of the Irish-Catholic proletariat, whose every craving they religiously satisfy. Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jackie Coogan, Rudolph Valentino, Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth and other such *eminentissimos* are their chief sources of news. Add murders and divorces, and you have almost all that is given to their readers. The *Boston Advertiser*, once a dignified conservative journal, was a few years ago bought out by Hearst, who turned it into a tabloid—his first. It is apparently not doing very well, the reason being that there is so much more bilge in the *Post* and *Telegram*. There is another Hearst paper—the *American*. It is the usual yellow rag.

The *Transcript* is like the *New York Times*—only worse. One can never be sure of the veracity of its news columns, especially when they deal with labor matters or the so-called radicals. It will print almost anything adverse to labor or to any critics of the status quo, however preposterous it may be. Recently it published a series of articles on the alleged Bolshevik propaganda in this country, by the chairman of the National Security League, that for imbecility was truly astounding. The *Transcript* is the darling of the surviving Nordic Blonds of Boston—the pitiable remains of the Lowells, Otises, Phillipses and Eliots of the middle of the last century. All that issues from Dr. Coolidge's golden lips is wisdom to it and anyone who doubts that God's in His Heaven and all's well with the best of all possible republics is in the pay of the Third Internationale and ought to be deported at once. The *Transcript* does, however, publish good book reviews and feature articles. Its music criticism, by H. T. Parker, is the best in the country.

The *Globe* runs a close second to the *Post*.

In fact, it was the founder of the *Globe*, the late General Charles Taylor, who led the Boston press down to its present disgraceful state. To the *Globe* anything outside a radius of thirty miles of Boston is foreign and had better not appear in the paper—unless it is a divorce or a murder or the twenty-fifth annual whist party of the ladies' auxiliary to the local post of the American Legion. Its physical appearance could hardly be worse. Its Uncle Dudley editorials, I believe, have received much praise, but most of it is undeserved. At best they are no more than somewhat intelligent sermons; more often they are what one might expect from a high-school teacher.

The *Herald* is the *Transcript* in lower case. It is 100% for the Constitution—and hotly in favor of almost everything that is directly opposed to the spirit of that document. Its news columns are better than the *Post's* or the *Globe's*, but they are still very meager. It occupies a place of its own in Boston journalism due to the fact that it has the worst book reviews in the country. There remains the *Christian Science Monitor*—a paper almost universally overestimated. Its code of ethics is very low: its lies of omission are flagrant.

IV

The fate that has befallen Boston theatrically is hardly less disgraceful than what has hit it journalistically. In all booking offices it is known as a jay town. No good play can make money there; most producers of such plays are lucky if they leave town with their shirts on. Shaw's "St. Joan" played there for four weeks to empty houses. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" ditto. Even Franz Molnar's "Lilium" had to close after six weeks. For a number of years the Castle Square Theatre presented plays of a better sort—"Abie's Irish Rose" is playing there now. The Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre are now taking its place, but they manage to cover expenses only by sandwiching in a piece

of rubbish every now and then. The St. James Stock Company, which dared to present a good thing every so often, is now dead and its theatre will soon be occupied by the Keith-Albee hoofers and sword-swallowers. The Bostonians of today simply don't want good plays. They want dramatic garbage. They want cheap musical comedies. They want leg shows. Whenever such a work of art comes to town men, women and children are trampled under foot in the frenzied rush for seats, and the show stays on for months.

As for the movies, the Bostonians can never get too much of them. In fact, the demand for them is so great that the Boston Symphony Hall is now very frequently being used to satisfy it. The Boston Theatre and the Globe Theatre, where America's greatest dramatic artists once played, are now cinema houses. Where Edwin Booth and Charlotte Chapman were, Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri now are. And the Howard Theatre, which ranked with the old Globe Theatre—Annette Kellerman and Bozo Snyder and their like do their tricks there now.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which once ranked an undisputed first among American orchestras, is now third or fourth. The decline began with the ejection of Conductor Karl Muck by professional patriots during the late crusade for democracy, and the dismissal of some of the orchestra's best players as enemy aliens. The orchestra took another drop in 1920, when Concertmaster Frederick Fradkin and forty-three other musicians went out on strike, demanding that the Symphony Hall trustees recognize their union, increase their wages, and hire henceforth only American citizens. Their demands were refused and they were not reinstated. They started an orchestra of their own, the People's Symphony, which plays at popular prices on Sunday afternoons during the Winter. The Symphony Hall trustees, meanwhile, could not replace the striking players with others equally good, so they hired third-raters, mostly students,

some of whom are still there. The conductors since Muck—Rabaud, Monteux and, now, Koussevitzky—have been far below that master. As a result, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, once an organization of international fame, is now on the level of the Damrosch band in New York.

The Boston pulpit, once in the very forefront of the religious life of the country, renowned for its scholarship and dignity, is now, perhaps, the least influential in America. Its ministers seem to command no more public respect than so many dry congressmen or truck drivers. The stimulating clash of metaphysical and theological ideas which so stirred the Boston of the last century is gone. The religious atmosphere is now foul with the bawling of Fundamentalists, theosophists, metaphysical healers and other such quacks. The Rev. J. C. Massee, D.D., pastor of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church, preaches every Sunday against petting and necking and dancing. The Rev. A. Z. Conrad, Ph.D., D.D., pastor of the Park Street Congregational Church, speaks in behalf of the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and long dresses. The Rev. Dr. William van Allen of the Adventist Church, located right at the foot of Beacon Hill, adds his lusty voice to the general din. Then there is His Eminence, William, Cardinal O'Connell, who rushes off one pastoral letter after another, railing against rolled stockings, low necks, immoral dancing and other such works of the devil. All this in the former home of Theodore Parker and William Ellery Channing! All this in the city which Emerson thought was "appointed in the destiny of nations to lead the civilization of North America"!

V

But what is most depressing about the town is its complete lack of what might be called a civilized minority. In New York one can find an intelligent person once in a while—if one looks hard enough. But in Boston—*non est*. Boston has only a

Russian-Jewish intelligentzia and a handful of advanced Rotarians. The first, comprising the same pathetic posturers who infest the East Side cafés of New York, gather every Sunday evening during the Winter in Ford Hall, opposite the State House, and listen to some hollow Liberal rant against capitalism or outline some new Utopia. The long-haired young revolutionaries, during the question period, no matter what the topic of the lecture may have been, invariably probe him on his views of Marx, Lenin and Bolshevik Russia, and if he shows the slightest doubt he is booed and hissed by all present. On Summer afternoons these same profound thinkers swarm to the Charles Street Mall of the Common and listen to some volunteer expound Socialism, Syndicalism, the Single Tax or some other such rubbish.

The advanced Rotarians, composed mainly of Nordics but including a few Americanized Jewish jewelers and textile salesmen, belong to the Twentieth Century Club, the Boston Ethical Culture Society or the Boston Community Church. They meet on Sunday mornings during the Winter and discuss the Uplift in a scientific manner—How to Spread Respect for Law and Order, and How to Inculcate the Motive of Service into All. The Ethical Culturists look upon Dr. Felix Adler as a Jesus and are absolutely certain that the world can be saved only by his gospel. When the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes comes to town, all the "rationalist" sons of Jewish tailors flock to hear him. They regard him as a combination of Demosthenes and Aristotle. That other eminent man of God, the Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, is ranked even higher.

The Irish-Catholic anthropoids don't belong even to these two pitiable classes. They have no more interest in ideas than a guinea-pig has in Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" or a donkey in Goethe's "Faust." Until about 1840 Boston was free of them. But in 1846-1847, during the famine in Ireland, they began to come in, and now they number about half the popu-

lation. It is said that there are now more Irish in Boston than in any other city in the world, not excluding Dublin.

Many reasons have been given for the collapse of Boston culture: the dwindling of its commercial prosperity, the transfer of the center of national interest to the West, the decay of Harvard. But it seems to me that a far more obvious reason is the invasion of the town by such immigrant morons. Umbrella-watchers, garbage-wagon drivers and policemen all, these Gaels reduce the town to their own level. They spread everywhere, multiplying like rabbits. Very early they drove out the aristocrats who made Boston the charming town it once was, and soon the harsh smell of cabbage radiated from all the beautiful homes on Beacon Hill. Beacon Hill—where Presidents and ambassadors would gather; where Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, renowned for her beauty and her wit, used to entertain her hosts of admirers; where the famous Radical Club used to meet at 13 Chestnut street—this Beacon Hill was now full of teamsters, street cleaners, bricklayers and door-openers!

The more astute among this horde, entering politics, soon wormed their way into the aldermanic chamber, and in 1884 captured the city when they elected Hugh O'Brien mayor—the first Irish mayor in the town. Boston died that day. The city government has been in the hands of the Irish almost continuously ever since. The office of mayor used to be an honorable one. Josiah Quincy, a president of Harvard, occupied it, and so did John Phillips, a man of learning and the father of Wendell Phillips. What have the Irish produced to compare to such as these? Only a few cheap rogues and demagogues.

Outside of servants, traffic cops and low politicians the Irish Catholics have given Boston nothing. Perhaps the old Boston culture was doomed to collapse anyhow. But one thing is certain: the invasion of these barbarians made its further growth impossible, and its renaissance will not take place until they are exterminated.

GENTLEMEN OF THE BEACH

BY K. C. McINTOSH

WHEN the fortune which was to be picked up on the tropical beach fails to materialize and the initial stake has been lost or spent, the dominant races revert to type. The Frenchman opens a small hotel or restaurant and becomes an integral feature of the local landscape. His prosperity thereafter is in direct ratio to his ability to make profits faster than he can drink them up. He never goes home, and when he dies at last he leaves a saddle-colored strain of descendants to the beach of his adoption. The Briton, contrariwise, retreats further and further into the stockade of his own austere personality. His khaki, stained and ragged, acquires a sharper crease. His malacca stick is replaced by a shark's bone. He remains a personage and becomes an expert and condescending cadger of drinks. The German grows sour, and his business morality decreases with the cleanliness of his linen. After a German in the tropics ceases to use a razor and clips his beard close with scissors, place no trust in him.

The American who does not die at once of the effects of cocoanut milk and Demerara rum becomes a far more picturesque and startling figure. Since no job has come his way, he makes one. No Yankee peddler of the Oregon Trail was ever a more whimsical judge of circumstances, no Lord Nelson quicker to seize the opportunity. He has no racial reserve, no tribal inhibitions. He will do anything, and he does it with a histrionic flourish. Most spectacular, among the beachcombers I have known, have been the military adventurers. The immortal Walker, of course, was a crusader, and his troops were romantic ex-

triaters, unreconstructed wreckage of the Confederacy. But the warlike men of later years have all been mere opportunists, with a bright eye to the main chance and an uncanny ability to capitalize their very failings.

In the days of the long revolution against President Marroquin of Colombia, there arose down there an American later known from Mazatlan to Bogotá as the General. He started out as a prospector who found no prospects. His first military employment was with the Colombian loyalists, and he obtained a colonel's commission through his loud voice and domineering personality. He was in command of a tattered regiment of the garrison of Panama when I first saw him in 1901, noisily drunk in the lobby of the old Central, telling the world that no man, devil or disease could make headway against him "when my dander's up!"

He left Colombia before he was called upon to demonstrate his prowess. His self-confidence, so loudly expressed, impressed an exile of a northern republic and he departed to take supreme command of the rebel troops in another place. This campaign was a dismal failure; but it made the General comfortable for a long life. When the rebellion collapsed at the close of a really bloody battle, in which the government troops outmaneuvered and outfought the General and his forces, an American cruiser was warned that the rebel chiefs were in full flight for the coast, pursued by loyal cavalry. The American consul felt sure that they would call upon him for protection which he was in no position to give them; so it was arranged that the

cruiser should keep an armed boat at the pier to afford asylum to the refugees until the hot blood of the chase had cooled and they could receive a fair trial and an orderly execution. Foreign residents were apprehensive. If the fleeing insurgents were caught in the town itself bullets would fly through the flimsy wooden houses and there would undoubtedly be looting and burning.

Late in the afternoon shutters and doors began to slam and people hurried into their tightly closed houses. At the far end of the deserted street the crew of the waiting American boat saw a horse at a laboring gallop bearing a ragged, dust-caked rider, headed for the wharf—only one—the sole survivor, apparently, of the rebel army. But the horse stopped short of the wharf, and the rider, jerking a large bundle from his saddle-bow, half fell to the ground and staggered into the telegraph office. Out through the door burst the operator, propelled by a muddy boot. Then for a quarter of an hour, silence.

The loyal cavalry in pursuit were already at the upper end of the town when the door opened again. Out into the astounded sunshine stepped the General, washed and shaved, a shine on his boots, a speckless, gaudy, glittering uniform on his back, a jaunty feathered shako on his head, a jingling, gleaming saber at his hip. Again he mounted his jaded horse, and rode erect at a slow walk to the wharf.

"Come into the boat, man!" called the excited lieutenant in charge. "Can't you see the soldiers?" And he pointed to the cavalry men whirling down the street, yelling at sight of their quarry. But the General only grinned under his waxed mustache, turned his horse to face his pursuers, and waited, gloved hand on hip. Whether those pursuers were halted by the background of Yankee bluejackets or by the surprise of seeing the hunted, broken General serene, clean and magnificent before them, I don't know, but they did not fire. Instead, they slackened pace, and surrounded the General, staring. His nasal

voice broke the ludicrous silence. In his abominable Spanish he pointed out that his horse had proved its superiority over any of theirs, that he was going aboard ship where horses were not welcome, and that he was willing to sell his mount to any cavalryman who had twenty dollars. After a stunned moment the horse was actually bought by a captain, and the General, with a bow and a sweep of his plumed cap, got into the boat and was hilariously rowed aboard the cruiser!

The story flew over the Five Republics, ending always with an admiring "*Valga me dios, un hombre, ese varon!*" Realizing that thenceforward his name alone would raise an army, the government he had lately attacked, and by which he had been soundly beaten, offered him command of the loyal army at a large salary. Never again did the General join a revolution, and never again did he lead troops in battle. He drew his princely salary in the capital. Whenever his pay fell into arrears, the president of each of the other four republics received a courteous message that General Jeffers, being now at liberty, would on July first, "accept command of your army at a salary of \$600 U. S. gold per month." Never did these tactics fail. The arrears were always paid and a bonus added—or the General bade his command a dignified adieu and crossed the border to another command at larger salary. Once a year he spent a few weeks and a great many dollars on leave in the States, his headquarters being that haven of Central American bravos, the Cosmopolitan Hotel in New Orleans.

II

The same Colombian revolution which guided General Jeffers into the paths of military glory also made an admiral. He had been a gunner's mate in our navy and had broken his liberty once too often. A brief attempt at a career in the merchant marine left him stranded in Panama, then three years under siege. Business was at a standstill, employment was lacking. In

order to eat without violence, the ex-blue-jacket—his name was Rose—enlisted in the local army at twenty depreciated centavos a month and three much appreciated meals a day. In return for this wage, he had nothing to do.

His old French chassepot rifle occupied him for a while; but when that could be cleaned no longer he began to rummage around the barracks, and there he found his career. The seven-faggotted barrels of an ancient gatling lay rusting in a corner. Rose began a painstaking hunt for parts. He found a hammer here, a firing-pin there. Each part was carefully cleaned and oiled. When his officers disdainfully grunted that the gun had been useless for twenty years, Rose made the proud reply, "She never had a gunner's mate to take care of her before!" Slowly the relic grew into the likeness of a deadly weapon. After enough had been assembled for his trained eye to figure out the rest, Rose made the missing parts in a nearby blacksmith shop. One great day he found a case of moldy, corroded ammunition. By this time his officers had begun to take notice, and when he finally demonstrated that his tottering pet would really spatter minie-balls approximately where it was aimed, they made him a sergeant and gave him a gun's crew of eight gaping Indians.

One night a terrific rifle fire broke out on the north side of the city, and the loyal garrison hurried to repel the expected assault. Sergeant Rose and his gun were then guarding a bridge on the southwest extremity of the defenses, nearly three miles from the apparent trouble. The attack was a feint. Hardly had the bulk of the defenders been drawn toward the fire when the rebels in force came out of the hills to rush Rose's bridge. His eight innocents commended themselves to their various patron saints and departed, leaving him alone.

Serene in his bluejacket knowledge that "no spig can hurt a white man that's looking at him," Rose stuck by his gun. His position on the inner end of the bridge did

not suit him—the stone coping masked his fire; so he trundled his pet across to the far side and began to "make her talk." Panting and apprehensive, the defending generals, Hucfas and Alban, arrived after a three-mile sprint across the city. Sergeant Rose, a dobie cigarette in his mouth, sat calmly on the bridge coping and turned the crank of his gun. Here and there, between the trees in front of him, the moonlight showed a huddled heap, testimony of an attempted rush by the rebel troops. A rebel shot occasionally cracked from behind a tree, whining harmlessly overhead. The old gatling crashed a sevenfold reply in the general direction of the flash. Rose had kept the bridge.

Alban, the commander-in-chief, then and there brevetted him a general and told him he was in command of all the loyal artillery—all four pieces. Replied Rose, scratching his jaw: "I don't know anything about being a general. But if you'll gimme that tug out there and let me mount my gun on it, I'll make you the best admiral you ever had!" And Admiral Rose he became, in supreme command of the naval forces in the Pacific. His tug and his clattering gatling later drove the rebel raider *Padilla* onto Toboga Shoal, where her bones lie today, for he was not one to rest on his laurels.

But not always do these roving handy men persist in gold lace. One, after a conspicuous, brief day of martial glory, used it only to lift himself from the beach to the status of an established resident. He also was a prospector. He was stranded, a likable, red-haired youngster, in the most backward and hopeless of the Five Republics. His name was Mackenzie, but everyone called him Mac—he was that sort.

The republic to the north had a navy, and so did the republic to the south. One day the commandant of the port received word that his government, in between, had also bought a navy—at the enormous expense of twelve thousand dollars, delivered complete except for the crew. As the southern neighbor's navy mounted a four-inch

gun, the specifications called for a craft able to mount one of equal caliber. The commandant was ordered to appoint an inspector upon whose decision would rest the acceptance or rejection of the new man-of-war. Unversed in nautical matters, the commandant needed to find an expert. At once he thought of his genial friend Mac, who seemed to know something about everything.

Mac succeeded in keeping a straight face when the commission was offered him. When he privately hinted that a good four-inch gun alone was worth the entire price, the commandant shrugged. "The ship is politics," he said. "She is not meant to fight. Since the government has bought her, rest assured there is a commission. You had better accept her, no matter what she is. You may get something out of it. If you don't, you may make an enemy."

Two days later a large gentleman landed from the fruit steamer and sought out the newly appointed naval inspector. His story jibed with that of the commandant. "She'll be here in a few days," he said. "She's able to come under her own steam, see? We aren't out to do the spigs entirely, see? But hell, whadda they need with a real warship and whadda they expect for twelve grand? Old Manuel's getting his; that's all he wants, see? And it don't say what *kind* of a four-inch gun, see? Mebbe there's a coupla hundred loose somewhere, too, see?"

Mac saw. He found an ancient silver-bronze Spanish gun in the decaying fort. It was of approximately four-inch bore. When a forlorn white tug—immediately christened the *Tin Tumbler* by the gentlemen of the beach—arrived next day, Mac ran a tapeline over her fore-castle, certified that she was "able to mount a four-inch gun," pocketed his fee, and considered the incident happily closed. In this decision he omitted one important element—his own conscience.

The president who purchased the *Tin Tumbler* went the way of most presidents in that part of the world, barely escaping

with his life to Paris. He was succeeded by a fire-eater who soon provoked the southern neighbor to declare war. Orders now came down from the capital for the navy to proceed to sea and do battle with the approaching navy of the enemy—with the navy which owned a supposedly real four-inch gun. Mac's conscience flared into action. His friend the commandant tried to dissuade him, but he was determined.

"Don Juan," he said. "I wished that dam' scow on this country. If she goes out with just those peons aboard, I'll have murdered 'em. Till this war's over, I'm admiral, captain, chief engineer and gunner! Get me?"

The commandant got him and provided him with the only serviceable gun in the province, a six-pounder of Civil War date on a field artillery mount which Mac secured with chocks and ropes to his fore-castle. His limited fuel capacity forbade his meeting the enemy far out at sea, so the entire beach witnessed his "battle." The hostile navy was an old tramp steamer of about two thousand tons, a veritable Leviathan towering above the *Tin Tumbler*. The redoubtable four-inch gun was in the eyes of the ship pointing rigidly forward. None of the enemy had ever seen the *Tin Tumbler*, so Mac had no difficulty in gaining a position astern of his quarry before he was suspected.

Once there the day was his. He broke out his battle-flag and his bugler blared defiance at the tramp's high, black stern. Abandoning the wheel to a Carib fisherman, Mac cast loose his gun and the battle was on. When the first ball smashed through the stern cabin of the tramp, she tried to turn, but her size and age worked against her. For ten minutes she steamed frantically in a circle, trying to bring her solitary gun to bear, and for ten minutes the *Tin Tumbler* hung gleefully in her wake, pumping cast-iron balls into her helpless stern. After the fifth shot the enemy turned out to sea and ran, never to return. The invasion failed, the war died aborning.

Unlike Rose, Mac refused a commission;

but he worked his new status as the nation's savior to its capacity. The government admired his moderation, for concessions are cheaper than the salaries which foreign officers demand. Mac is no longer a beachcomber. His plantation is one of the best on the coast.

III

There also is the beachcomber who turns *politico*. Practically everyone who visited a certain Honduranian port in the old days knew Major Burke. His story, as men told it, was a tragic one: a kindly old gentleman of easy temperament betrayed by his friends, and now longing for home. He wanted to go back and stand trial, but to do so would have involved men of spotless reputation upon whose bounty he had to depend. Condemned thus to a life of exile, he threw himself into local affairs. British investors had built the Honduranian railroads, but only the Major kept the clattering trains running approximately to time. Peons doffed their hats to his white mustache, and even the local military government stood in awe of him. Without money, sometimes almost without knowing where his next meal would come from, the Major fought a thirty year battle against political larceny and graft, his only weapon a fearless and uncompromising determination that his trains should run.

But few of the *politico* type work as openly as Major Burke. Rather do they efface themselves, allowing their activities to be known only to a selected few, after it is too late for blabbing to matter. An ingenious young man whose voluble conversation was all of copper and mahogany and bananas used to exist beautifully and simply at the hotel in Bluefields during the closing days of Zelaya's administration. He called himself Malcolmson, and as he had the same name years later in the States, it was probably his by right. General Manuel Estrada was governor of the province and Don Salvador Castrillo, later minister to Washington, was his friend.

All the country was seething with discontent under the iron rule of Zelaya.

One night General Estrada gave a supper party, attended by several prominent Nicaraguans, four or five young American naval officers—and Malcolmson. There were no edible viands, but many potable ones, so as the evening progressed the toasts and speeches became more and more flowery. Toward midnight, Don Salvador's turn arrived. His dreamy, scholar's face was set; his usually soft black eyes flashed. In a low voice that rang like a soft-toned gong, he recounted the miseries of his beloved land. For five minutes he spoke and the hilarious company, grown silent, listened with strained attention. The senior American officer began to gather his company with his eyes—something was in the wind and it behooved Yankee officers to be sober and ready for unexpected events.

"Nicaragua is sick!" cried Don Salvador, throwing out his tapering hands. "Nicaragua is sick, but Nicaragua cannot die! With men like—"

Then something happened. There was a crash of a chair overturned and a clatter of leaping glasses as General Estrada, his fist smashing down on the table and his huge bulk towering over Don Salvador, roared out "Judas! Will you betray us?"

Malcolmson's inane, half-drunken voice broke the stunned silence. "I wish I knew Spanish!" he lamented. "Dog-gone! I'll bet that was a good speech! Don Salvador, just for that, I'll buy you a drink!" And hooking his arm through Senor Castrillo's elbow he led him toward the bar. He returned shortly alone. There were no more speeches. Evidently under tremendous excitement, General Estrada remained our gracious host, but the spirit of festivity was gone and the party soon broke up.

Hardly had I reached my room in the hotel when Malcolmson burst in. There was no hint of intoxication in his staccato half-whisper or his alert, anxious eyes. "What did the General say to you? Man, I'm worried! He won't tell me what's up—and hell's loose tonight! Six months'

work and every cent I own—didn't he tell you anything? I own up—I'm scared!" On finding out that I knew nothing, he drew back into his careless manner and left me, saying jocosely, "I'll give it two more hours. If things don't straighten out by then, I'll beat it in the cocoanut schooner for Mobile. Dog-gone! Little Malkie is a busy man tonight. G'bye!"

I would have been wondering still if I had not met him years later in New Orleans, over a platter of river-shrimp. Estrada's successful revolution was then an event of long ago and Zelaya only a hated memory. "The General is no fool!" he commented. "Castrillo and I had it fixed to declare Estrada president and start the revolution the night you fellows were there. Yeah—I was the backer and gun-runner. Well, everything was going fine and Don Salvador was just two words away from springing his surprise; but Estrada figured it wouldn't do to start a revolution with American officers right in the room. You'd be bound to pull right out and report to your minister and the news would get out before we had the jump. Besides, you'd be sore at being dragged into an embarrassing situation, and Estrada wanted your friendship. He's no diplomat, but he thinks quick. He had to shut Don Salvador up, and I'll say he did! Scared us out of a year's growth! But all's well that ends well! Now I've got every dam' cent tied up with the Reyes outfit in Mexico. If we can't kick old Diaz out I'm busted! Here's luck! We need it!"

IV

Oftenest of all, the American beachcomber lives and dies an unanswered question. He does not work like the Frenchman, nor sponge like the Briton, nor fleece like the German. He exists, whimsical, smiling, effortless, and no man can reply with certainty when someone asks "Where does he get his liquor?" He never works for it, he seldom begs it, he is never without it. There was a man named Ruth who spent his days in a smiling fog of Tete de Negre rum at the Roosevelt Hotel in San Pedro Sula. In stammering hiccoughs he would intone pages of the Iliad, or argue at length, pointing his moral with paragraphs from Blackstone or Fishback, and capping his jokes with tags from Terence or Plautus. Only once did I see Ruth perspiring from muscular effort. His horse had run away while he slumbered out in the jungle, and a six-mile walk into town carrying a McClellan saddle had brought him perilously near to sobriety. He staggered panting into the Roosevelt bar and took half a pint of rum at a gulp. "Thass better!" he smiled as he coughed over the fiery stuff. "Mus'n't break my record. Thirty-eight awful years in Honduras an' only drunk twice!"

"Only twice in thirty-eight years? That's remarkable!" said the consul skeptically.

"Yessir, twice! Thass *all*!" asserted Ruth, and then added with a chuckle, "an' sober once—for nearly six hours!"

THE FATHER OF THEM ALL

BY ERNEST BOYD

WALT WHITMAN was the first of the literary exhibitionists whose cacophonous incongruities and general echolalia are the distinguishing marks of what is regarded as poetry in æsthetic circles today. He was the herald and forerunner of that ultra-violet literature, in prose and verse, which sprawls its eccentric typography and linguistic barbarisms over the pages of reviews that make "no compromise with the public taste." In his own day he was charged with immoralities which now make us smile, but we, in our turn, must charge him with a responsibility which neither his friends nor his enemies could have foreseen. They either bewailed or rejoiced at the fact that the Poet of Democracy found no audience with the plain people of his affections. How could they have seen in him the father of the Higher Illiteracy, destined to engender a horrid progeny of cénacle versifiers, who do not differ from him in any excess of naïveté, save, perhaps, in his belief in the masses?

Here is a monthly magazine which modestly described itself as addressed to "those few intelligent people who, after glancing through a single copy, . . . are capable of immediately recognizing that this journal remains upon the North American continent, and indeed upon this whole Americanized planet, absolutely *sui generis*." Already, in this, the ear catches a note of bastard Whitmania which prepares the reader for the following:

I should here like to expose certain literary fragments, torn jaggedly from the hard context, fragments which, being felt out with the hammer of our intelligence, return the consistency of rock-crystal, fragments which, being thrown upon the

hearth of our sympathetic understanding, betray the immense, the salt-veined, the profoundly pre-meditated chromatization of enkindled driftwood:

It is a far cry from the "queen full of jewels"
and the beau with the muff,
from the gilt coach shaped like a perfume bottle,
to the conjunction of the Monongahela
and the Allegheny,
and the scholastic philosophy of the wilderness
to combat which one must stand outside and laugh
since to go in is to be lost.

Whitman's contempt for Tennyson, "the bard of ennui and the aristocracy," is carried a step farther by those whom he might have called his "British and American *élèves* (sic)"—to quote a Whitmanesque touch of mangled and unnecessary French which is still quite the thing in advanced literary circles. Thus Francis Bacon is set in the perspective of Gongorist criticism:

One may sit a long time in the mullioned and leaded and Tudor embrasures of that Lord Keeper of the Great Seal before one makes out a "beau with the muff" or a "gilt coach shaped like a perfume bottle." Nor if you do espy such, will you likely espy them in the predicament of a confrontation with "the conjunction of the Monongahela and the Allegheny." In other words, you will not generally uncover in those deeply spaded Essays wild images of the imagination, images that have been culled abroad, and encompassed here for their own sweet-smelling sakes; still less will you find such intricately juxtaposed to one another, with the odd, quizzical, poet's appetite for the showering criss-cross of quite inextricable and quite soul-dissolving overtones. Miss Marianne Moore and Sir Francis Bacon alike possess the analytical mind: Miss Marianne Moore possesses an analytical nose also, and is (as a woman should be) inclined to follow it. And her analyses, inordinately ordinate as they so victoriously are, subserve an end beyond analysis; their admirable elbows admirably *ad hoc*, their high rearings and higher boltings, their altogether porcupinity impeccable—these are just

Miss Moore's private ways of delivering Miss Moore's æsthetic fact. "By their fruits ye shall know them"; and by their poetical end are these wanderingly suspended periods constituted a poetical technique as legitimate as the traditionally ordained verbal complication of a Provençal sestina.

Here, then, is the barbaric yawp, modern style, with overtones of Harvard, Henry James and the Café du Dôme. The "simple, separate person" is now the cosmopolitan provincial, butchering several languages more deliberately than the master, but at liberty to print because the way had been prepared for literary illiteracy. As that opening line,

One's-self I sing . . .

sets the teeth on edge by its ghastly pronominal clash, and the poet, for reasons best known to himself, utters "the word En-Masse," apparently in the belief that it is a synonym of crown, so our moderns make play with barbarous discords of sense, syntax and sound:

Having purposed that these pages might again serve merely by way of a back-stoop *éloge*.

Did the unicorn desire, in general, advertisement of itself, did the unicorn desiderate, in particular, such thoughtless and promiscuous promulgation of what . . . remains a to-date quite ludicrously unsubstantiated *faiblesse*.

Now the Man of Feeling, *l'homme sensible*, will, upon reading this pertinent note, be æsthetically *bouleversé*.

Such sentences, taken at random from a modern review, reveal certain fundamental defects which will be noted in Whitman. The dominant element is obscurity. Pleonasm and tautology, the introduction of affectations aiming at literary effect, combined with the stereotyped ugliness of the commercial letter-writer—"to-date," "desiderate"—, and the superfluous and usually inaccurate use of foreign words—every fault in this style has its counterpart in Whitman. That graceless, banal English of his, dog-eared from constant use in those writings which Lamb classified as *Biblia abiblia*, indicates a man without feeling for words, who would not shrink to-day from the horrible jargon of the follow-up

letter of the in-reply-to-your-favor-will-say school of English composition.

The occasional felicities in his verse gain an extrinsic charm by contrast with the pedestrian quality of his prose, which becomes, at its best, competent journalese, but falls, more often than not, far below even that low level. For example:

Of late I have two or three times occupied spells of an hour or two hours by running over with best and alertest sense, and mellowed and ripened by five years, your 1885 book (biographical and critical) about me and L. of G.—and my very deliberate and serious mind to you is that you *let it stand just as it is*—and if you have anything farther to write or print, book shape, you do so in an *additional* or further annex (of say 100 pages to its present 236 ones), leaving the present 1883 vol. intact, as it is, any verbal errors excepted and the further pages as (mainly) reference to and furthermore etc. of the *original* vol.—the text, O'C.'s letters, the appendix—every page of the 236 left as now—this is my spinal and deliberate request—the *conviction* the main thing—the details and reasons not put down.

II

This extract from his letters is typical in its revelation of all the faults peculiar to the style of illiterates, that is, of persons unable to use their own language in a cogent and pleasant manner—the choppy, inconsecutive style, the ugly, unnecessary abbreviations, and the obscure syntax, obviously aim at brevity and clarity, but actually achieve the opposite effect. Stylistically, this is the kind of letter which comes in each morning with the circulars and invoices and is thrown unread into the waste-basket. It bears all the earmarks of vague recollections of night-school classes in "business English." The Whitmanesque inventions, which merely enhance the incongruity of the whole, are such things as "best and alertest sense" and "spinal and deliberate request." Characteristic of the tawdriness of such writing are "my very deliberate and serious mind to you," and "verbal errors excepted," an obvious professional *cliché*.

With all this straining after succinctness, there is the inevitable predilection

for tautologous and redundant expressions: "236 ones," "mellowed and ripened," "deliberate and serious," "write or print, book shape," "additional or further annex," "intact, as it is." When Whitman's letters are compared with those of his correspondents, such as Dowden, Tennyson, Symonds, Emerson or Rossetti, they read like the communications of a farm hand to the lord of the manor, not in tone, but in the contrast of styles. They are, in other words, the letters of an uneducated and untrained writer to men who, whatever their demerits, at least possessed a sense of dignified, comely English. Ring Lardner has deftly captured the peculiar qualities of this semi-literate English in such stories as "Some Like Them Cold." But what were the ingenuous weaknesses of the unlettered Walt are now the acquired and laborious mannerisms of his followers. To use the jargon of the schools, Whitman's tapeinosis has degenerated into cacozelon, and parenthyron and periergia take the place of sense and poetry. He said himself:

What to such as you, anyhow, such a poet as I?
Therefore leave my works,
And go lull yourself with what you can understand,
and with piano tunes,
For I lull nobody, and you will never understand me!

His own practice in accordance with this precept is too familiar to need much illustration:

As from tall peaks the modern overlooking,
Successive fiats absolute issuing.

or,

Thou Mother with thy equal brood,
Thou varied chain of different States, yet one identity only,
A special song before I go I'd sing o'er all the rest,
For thee the future.

or,

Bluff'd not a bit by drain-pipe, gasometers, artificial fertilizers,

or,

Now here and these and hence in peace, all thine,
O Flag!
And here and hence for thee, O Universal Muse!
and Thou for them!

or the charming "piano tune" of

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring.

The "Song of the Exposition," "Salut au Monde," the "Song of the Broad-Axe," the "Song of the Redwood Tree," "Our Old Feuillage" and "A Song for Occupations" contain all the evidence that is needed to convict Whitman of being the beginning of that great deluge of Futurism, Dadaism, Ultraism and Super-realism beneath which modern literature is now submerged. From such poetic fancies as:

Maybe seeming to me what they are (as doubtless they indeed but seem) as from my present point of view, and might prove (as of course they would) nought of what they appear, or nought anyhow, from entirely changed points of view;

the transition is inevitable to lines like these:

Those
various sounds consistently indistinct,
like intermingled echoes struck from thin glasses successively at random—the inflection disguised;
your hair, the tails of two fighting-cocks head to head in stone-like sculptures scimitars repeating the curve of your ears in reverse order: your eyes, flowers of ice

and
snow sown by tearing winds on the cordage of disabled ships: your raised hand
an ambiguous signature: your checks, those rosettes of blood on the stone floors of French châteaux with regard to which the guides are so affirmative: your other hand

a
bundle of lances all alike, partly hid by emeralds from Persia and the fractional magnificence of Florentine goldwork—a collection of half a dozen little objects made fine with enamel in gray, yellow, and dragon-fly blue; a lemon, a

pear
and three bunches of grapes, tied with silver; your dress, a magnificent square

cathedral of uniform
and at the same time, diverse ap-
pearance—a species of vertical
vineyard rustling in the storm
of conventional opinion. Are
they weapons or scalpels?
Whetted

to
brilliance by the hard majesty of
that sophistication which is su-
perior to opportunity, these
things are rich instruments with
which to experiment, but sur-
gery is not tentative. Why dis-
sect destiny with instruments
which
are more highly specialized than
the tissues of destiny itself?

until finally the lowest level is reached
with:

Vast cheek enclose me.

a gigantic uvula with imperceptible gesticula-
tions threatens the tubular downward blackness
occasionally from which detaching itself bumps
clumsily into the throat A meticulous vulgarity:

a sodden fastidious normal explosion; a square
murmur, a winsome flatulence—

In the soft midst of the tongue sits the Woolworth
building, a serene pastile-shaped insipid kinesis
of frail swooping lozenge, a ruglike sentinence
whose papillae expertly drink the docile perpen-
dicular taste of this squirming cube of undimin-
ished silence, supports while devouring the firm
tumult of exquisitely insecure sharp algebraic
music. For the first time in sorting from this vast
nonchalant inward walk of volume the flat minute
gallop of careful hugeness i am conjugated by the
sensual mysticism of entire vertical being, i am
skilfully construed by a delicately experimenting
colossus whose irrefutable spiral antics involve
me with the soothings of plastic hypnotism.

III

When such elucidations are discussed to-
day literary history repeats itself. There is
the same overemphasis upon what are con-
ceived to be indecencies as there was in
Whitman's case, but the fundamental as-
sumption of this sort of writing is hardly
challenged. Contemporary criticism of
"Leaves of Grass," when not engaged in
ranking the author with Socrates, Con-
fucius and Lao Tse, was chiefly taken up
with references to "hexameters bubbling
through sewage" and variations upon that
theme. Even Swinburne could not forbear
from his famous comparisons of Whitman's

Eve to "a drunken apple-woman, inde-
cently sprawling in the slush and garbage
of the gutter," and his Venus to "a Hot-
tentot wench under the influence of can-
tharides and adulterated rum." He was on
surer ground when he said that Whitman
was "a writer of something occasionally
like English, and a man of something occa-
sionally like genius." The first clause in
this sentence very aptly describes the lit-
erature which nowadays invokes the name
of Whitman to justify its dubious existence.

Henry James saw in "Drum Taps" the
effort of "an essentially prosaic mind to
lift itself by prolonged muscular strain
into poetry"—a statement which is more
appropriate to the Whitmaniac succession.
Whitman himself showed rather the efforts
of an essentially illiterate mind to lift itself
by prolonged verbal gymnastics into litera-
ture. His perpetual sneers at "genteel per-
sons, travelled, college-learned," at the
"tea-drinking poet," at the "confectioners
and upholsterers of verse," have been inter-
preted as sound patriotic reflections upon
the pale imitative literature of his time by
an authentic and independent American
genius. They are obviously inspired by less
objective reasons, for Dowden, Symonds
and Emerson were certainly "used to be
served by servants," and they were accus-
tomed to "conversing without heat or vul-
garity, supported on chairs, or walking
through handsomely carpeted parlors, or
along shelves bearing well-bound vol-
umes." These "genteel persons" were for-
given only because they had the good sense
to place "Leaves of Grass" on those
shelves which Whitman unwittingly pic-
tures as the scene of an unusual species of
tight-rope performance.

The typographical eccentrics of the pres-
ent time profess an analogous contempt for
accurate scholarship and learning, while
making a vast parade of otiose erudition
which sometimes seeps over into appen-
dices as lengthy as the work they are
supposed to elucidate. The fate of the
pseudo-literary is ironical. Whitman picked
up all his vague rumors of ideas from Eu-

rope and fancied he was the first autochthonous poet of These States. The cosmopolitan provincials make a great show of internationalism—even their solecisms are allusive—but they remain incomprehensible outside their coterie. They become entangled in French reflexive verbs as Whitman involved himself in catalogues of things American. T. S. Eliot remains unmistakably a native son of Saint Louis, Mo., as the comic-strip, burlesque humor of "The Waste Land" testifies. Whitman, with his dream of representing "the ouvrier class" of America, remained as remote from it as that bilingual phrase.

The notes for the lectures which he once proposed to give reveal the sources of his ideas in magazine articles and popular handbooks. He dealt in the grandiose platitudes which do honor to man's capacity for self-illusion, and exercise an irresistible fascination over unfledged mystics, but which cannot be regarded as claims to the title of philosopher. Like all dealers in generalities of a sentimental but honorable kind, he offers to the faithful innumerable opportunities for diverse interpretation. Anarchists claim him as a brother, and fervid Christians have cherished him as a thirteenth Apostle. Metaphysicians find in him Hegelianism reduced to its most elementary terms, and mystics compare his teaching to that of the sacred books of the East. But the newspaper titbits he so carefully collected sufficiently explain his actual mental equipment. As a thinker he need hardly detain us. Out of all that monstrous rubble of Whitman exegesis which has piled up since he wrote the first book about himself in 1867 over the name of John Burroughs, no coherent doctrine has emerged upon which devotees can agree. Faith without works is an essential feature of the Whitman cult. Emerson best described what has baffled the commentators when he said that "Leaves of Grass" was a combination of the Bhagavad Gita and the New York *Herald*. He could smile as he said this; the faithful cannot do so. Hence their books on Whitman.

IV

In his strenuous effort to produce poetry by and for the unlettered, Whitman was caught in a dilemma of his own seeking. Declaring war on "literary" literature, he actually became himself the complete literary man, subordinating everything else to the process and result of his creative impulse. His brother's testimony as to his mode of life when at home, his refusal to form any domestic ties, his concern for the physical appearance of his books, and his complete, fanatical, at times almost selfless devotion to the fortunes of his poems, apart from himself—these are assuredly the marks of the professional man of letters, the characteristics of the self-conscious artist who believes in his mission, if nobody else does. Yet he has succeeded in deflecting criticism from his work by the ingenuous appeal of all literary gentlemen who resent objective analysis:

Camerado, this is no book,
Who touches this touches a man.

During his lifetime, and while the memory of direct personal contact persisted, a literature grew up about him which testifies to his power of evoking in his hearers the mood which dictated these lines. But his true literary significance must be sought in his writings and in those of his literary descendants. Whitmaniacs have followed him, but no Whitmans. His wish, "that there be no theory or school founded out of me," has been defeated. To interpose the personality of the man between the modern reader and his work is to comply with his own obvious wishes, but not with the demands of criticism. How effectively that has been done, however, many volumes of insignificant tributes and dreary, commonplace conversations with him stand as witnesses. Allowing for a characteristic lack of measure and taste in certain disciples, and for the emotional enthusiasm of others, there remains of it all merely the record of "a simple, separate person," finally engulfed in amiable garrulities,

thanks to listeners of unequalled complacency.

The exuberance of Whitman's immediate friends and disciples is of less consequence than the literary succession for which they undoubtedly prepared the way. Literature was safe so long as he wore his frock coat and high hat, carried a cane, had a flower in the lapel of his coat, and wrote conventional articles and stories for the New York periodicals. The author of "Wild Frank's Return" and "Franklin Evans; or, The Inebriate" did not frequent omnibus conductors, although then his intellectual labors were such as might have appealed to them. But as soon as he put on the flannel shirt and slouch hat of self-conscious democracy he could freely associate with simple, unlettered folk who did not read him. The effect upon less ingenuous minds was disastrous. He was bound to become the centre of a cult. His imitators, with some modifications of costume, still haunt the purlieus of Greenwich Village.

The endless loquacity of his first disciples has left us in no doubt as to the hollowness of the illusion which provoked them to see in him a great thinker and teacher. Critics as sceptical as Sir Edmund Gosse admit the fascination of his personality; the attitude of the avowed enthusiasts was a foregone conclusion. It excluded all sense of critical values. Moreover, the stupidity of the attacks upon him rallied supporters who had otherwise little in common with those vague yearnings and intuitions of his which are dignified by the name of a philosophy.

If one looks over the Whitmanite group in this country, one notices that most of its members were stronger in the qualities of the heart than in those of the head. Horace Traubel, the beloved disciple, has assuredly no claim to consideration either as a poet or as a biographer—a pseudo-Whitman and a pseudo-Boswell. Dr. Bucke's excursions into the haze of a mysticism that was Transcendentalism run to seed come well up to the requirements of the

so-called New Thought of to-day. Emerson's position was always the better defined for being rather uncertain, after his first salute to an undoubtedly original character. John Burroughs, having served as a convenient pseudonym for Whitman, turned to birds and nature study for his real interests. The English admirers had the enchantment of distance to aid them in their demand for something in American literature appropriately uncouth and exotic; they still show a preference for James Oliver Curwood and Zane Grey over James Branch Cabell and Sherwood Anderson. It is also overlooked, as a rule, that W. M. Rossetti coaxed them with a volume so carefully selected that even Mr. Harlan would not have demurred.

As soon, therefore, as the frock-coated, top-hatted Whitman ceased to write what the man in the street admired, he became the unread camerado of the toilers and the venerated idol of a minority of mystical and humanitarian intellectuals, mostly of an obscurity from which only Whitman's name still saves them. Peter Doyle, street-car conductor and railroad man, is reported as saying: "Yes, Walt often spoke to me of his works. I would tell him, 'I don't know what you are trying to get at!'" Yet, this poetry, "consistent with American, modern and democratic institutions" at once aroused the emotions of such "Americanos" as the British conservatives, Edward Dowden and John Addington Symonds. Moreover, the foreigners were actually closer to the mark at which Whitman aimed than the Americanos, for they could discern an obvious rawness and strangeness which fitted in with their conception of America. The American initiated, on the other hand, seem to have been attracted, not by the Americanism, but by the universality of the alleged philosophy of "Leaves of Grass."

At the same time, the American as well as the foreign champions never quite made up their minds as to the precise nature of Whitman's claim upon their attention. It has been argued simultaneously that he

was a profound teacher and that he was incapable of systematic thought; that he was a great, instinctive personality unspoiled by theories, and that he was a supremely conscientious artist with a definite mission to give America a national poet, to lay the foundations of a literature wholly emancipated from European traditions. His own expositions of his work, the book which he practically wrote about himself and which John Burroughs signed, his own anonymous reviews of "Leaves of Grass," and his scattered notes all point to a conception of himself and his writings which lacked no conviction of the deliberate nature of his purpose or of the conscious importance of his literary significance. It is little wonder that, while his personal spell seemed sufficiently to explain his influence and *raison d'être*, his works demanded a more intellectual appreciation of his aim.

V

Great poetry has been written in poverty, misery, and dirt. Poets are not measured assuredly by their wines or by the splendor of their country houses. Whitman, however, differs from the poor scholars and poets honorably known to literary history. His choice of the vulgar, the ugly, the hideous, was as deliberate as his make-up for the rôle of the Poet of Democracy. The money at his disposal would have bought him an agreeable, if simple house in a pleasant neighborhood; he chose Mickle street, the horrors of which even the imagination of the most incurable romanticists could not render picturesque. The various editions of his works, on which he expended, as we know, the utmost care, are simply dreadful examples of bad taste and bad workmanship. The edition *de luxe* of 1889 is even worse than the others, in its cheap black leather binding, with its end papers in the approved ledger style, and its pocket, making it look like an engineer's note book or a bill-collector's wallet—yet, in his seventieth year he gazed upon it with pride, and signed

it beneath a superscription written in the manner of a communication from a mail-order house.

The premeditation of Whitman's attitude is as well proven as his lack of taste. It is neither an assumption nor a deduction, but a fact to which his own statements and actions testify. Writing his first anonymous article "Leaves of Grass" he said "very devilish to some and very divine to some will appear the poet of these new poems." Yet they are supposed to be the attempt of "a naïve, masculine, affectionate, contemplative, sensual, imperious person" to express himself in literature! Nothing would be less "naïve"—except on paper—than this self-consciousness, this excessive awareness of all the elements in his work intended to produce a shock. "A rude child of the people!" he cries, and then he proves how remote he is from that condition by complacently listing all the likes and habits which are supposed to differentiate "the unconscious teaching of a fine brute" from "the artificial teaching of a fine writer." The use of the word "unconscious" here is delicious.

How consciously he likes to picture himself as "one of the roughs, large, proud, affectionate, eating, drinking and breeding, his costume manly and free, his face sunburnt and bearded"! He can never draw attention sufficiently to his costume in the new part he has decided to play. "Never dressed in black, always dressed freely and clean in strong clothes—neck open, shirt-collar flat and round, countenance tawny, transparent red, beard well-mottled with white." Such is the figure of "an American bard at last," as seen by himself, a pre-conceived, deliberately composed figure, as lacking in naïveté and spontaneity as the poetry, buttressed by theory, which he has to offer. The legendary Whitman, the unspoiled hierophant of democracy, the child of nature, the ingenuous seer, cannot be reconciled with these facts.

Nevertheless, it is his legend which has been accepted. This aloof and secretive

man succeeded in imposing upon his contemporaries and successors the notion that he was the great Camerado, the friend and brother of all mankind, irrespective of station or sex. He could denounce a Europe which he had never seen, and his grotesque conception of it no more prevents him being regarded as the leader of a humanitarian international brotherhood than his Pan-Americanism prevents him being greeted as the poet of universal peace. In a country where slavery existed, he could fulminate against "feudal" Europe, and declare its condition to be no further advanced than that of ancient Egypt,—and yet meet no challenge save on moral grounds. He could demonstrate his ignorance and be a profound thinker—but he must not "sing the body electric," or mention the "scented herbage" of his breast, or the "aroma" of his armpits.

When he had ceased to be a worker Whitman disguised himself as one, and ceased simultaneously to write for the plain people by becoming the author of "Leaves of Grass." Although he lived chiefly in New York and Brooklyn, and delighted in the city streets, he wrote constantly about green fields and the sea. He surveyed nature from the top of a Broadway omnibus. He was quintessential he-man, as the literati conceive the species, and he attracted sedentary scholars in English libraries as inevitably as romantic sea stories arouse the enthusiasm of men whose knowledge of a sailor's life has been gleaned from the swimming-pool of the *Berengaria* or the grill-room of the *Aquitania*. He is not the poet of the American people, and when he uttered the words "democratic" and "en-masse" the only ears that listened sympathetically were those not addressed.

With the lapse of time, his false position has reached the last degree of unreality. The Americano is further than ever from "the gristle and beards, and broad breasts and space, and ruggedness, and non-

chalance" which Whitman postulated. The American poet who is "no skulker or tea-drinking poet" must either have left These States or be defying the edicts of the Ku Klux and the hopes of Volstead. "The New England crowd," "the college men," whom he so despised, pay homage to him, and the best estimate of him, that of Professor Bliss Perry, has the quality which Whitman so resented, when he said: "Corson accepts me in a general way, without vehemence . . . I think Corson is judicial—probably that is what ails him." To-day, as in the beginning, it is "the scholar swells" who have done most to confirm his precarious hold upon literary history.

Amongst the unjudicial, who are by no means "without vehemence," his memory is as ill-served as his purpose. The poet with a message, a gospel, who said "I don't value the poetry in what I have written so much as the teaching," is now the idol of the unhappy few to whom we owe a literature of barren æstheticism without beauty. Where two or three are gathered together to compose nightmares for compositors and to devastate whole regions of French syntax, the shade of the innocent Walt is invoked, from Zurich to Paris and from London to New York. "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking" this strange child has come, suffering from tertiary Whitmanitis, the nemesis of a literature conceived in illiteracy and born into a world more concerned, then as now, about morals than about art. If Whitman had only lacked that embryonic sense of poetry, if he had not been that "expanse of crystallisable substances waiting for the structural change that never came," as the sanest of those who met him personally expresses it, how happy he and we should be! He might have expressed himself naturally in terms of Edgar Guest and Walt Mason, and our æsthetic young men would have had no more honorable ancestor than Bunthorne.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Anthropology

ANTHROPOLOGY IN THE UNITED STATES TODAY

BY PLINY E. GODDARD

ANTHROPOLOGY has been taught in America for more than a generation and the word has now appeared in print frequently enough to be somewhat familiar. There was a time when to confess a connection with the subject almost invariably called for an explanation of what it meant. These questions were embarrassing because a definition was not easy to give. The word, indeed, still has meanings abroad different from those current in America. On the continent *Anthropologie* is used for the science which deals with the physical characters of the various races of men; the study of their customs and habits is known as *Ethnologie*. But in England *ethnology* is used for physical man and *anthropology* in a wider sense. The custom in America is to use *physical anthropology* to specify the biological study of man.

In part, the confusion in terminology arose out of a supposition that man's general behavior was purely biological and that therefore there was no need for a separate study of it. It is still true that certain eminent scientists still think that it is biologically conditioned, but the main contention of the American school of anthropology is to the contrary. That school contends that a large part of human activity is not the direct and traceable result of biological inheritance, but the accumulation of habits and customs through countless generations. These habits and customs are acquired by imitation, often unconscious, but sometimes striven for with purpose and intention. The unconscious acquirements begin in infancy; the

purposeful ones we know as education.

The distinction between them may be illustrated in the field of language. Man has organs homologous with those of other animals, but sufficiently different to make articulate speech possible. He has, beside, a brain center which controls the process. But a child with perfectly normal organs of speech and a perfectly normal brain will not speak unless and until it hears and sees others speaking and imitates them. The fluid we call *water* is called by as many different words as there are languages, and in many cases there is not the faintest resemblance between them. The organs of speech are, of course, biologically inherited, but the reason why a Navajo Indian says *to* and an American *water* has not the slightest biological significance.

The same dualism is found everywhere in the scope of man's activity. He needs shelter from cold, rain, and the sun. In Nova Scotia the Micmac Indians provide it with a conical frame of poles covered with birch bark. But the Indians of Arizona build terraced houses of stone, several stories high, in which many families live. Environment, the geographically-minded man says. Yes, environment—partly. There are no large birches in Arizona. There are, however, stones in plenty in Nova Scotia. Environment—but mainly, almost solely, in fact, cultural and social environment. The Arizona Indians raise corn and like to live in close contact with each other. The Micmacs hunt and fish, and do not let others poach on their streams and hunting-grounds.

When it comes to "moral" activities, especially those involving sex relations, the biologist of the more unenlightened

type commonly says that instinct alone controls—and instincts are biologically inherited. But the well-informed ethnologist replies: yes, all people mate, beginning at a certain stage of maturity, but the person with whom an individual mates, the permanency of his mating, the number of times he mates, and many other of his sex activities are conditioned not by instinct, but by the *social* customs of his group.

The field of anthropology consists of those activities of mankind which are socially, not biologically conditioned. What does the anthropologist try to do? In the first place, he tries to find out just what man's activities and habits are. American anthropologists have been busy for nearly a century in trying to record exactly and fully what our Indians do and believe. Others have given us records of the natives of Africa, Asia and the islands of the sea. The earlier literature describing these rude peoples was full of errors, mostly unintentional, due to misunderstandings of what was seen or said, or to reading into the acts of others the motives of the observers. There now is a great deal of sound observation on record—so much, in fact, that it is almost impossible for any individual student to get a view of all of it.

When the material has been recorded, the next thing to do is to analyze it and plot its distribution. Many attempts of this sort have been made. In North America, we have laid out culture areas which are useful in the arrangement of museum material and in teaching. The South Seas have been plotted as Polynesia, Melanesia, and Micronesia. Here, however, the work has been done without a critical segregation of biological and social facts. Melanesia consists of the islands inhabited by black people, and it happens that this division to some extent coincides with cultural habits as well. But culture may be carried by a migrating race, or it may spread in other ways.

Anthropologists are now tempted to begin interpreting the ascertained distri-

bution of cultural habits. Here the American school is in opposition to a German school best known by its chief exponent, Graebner. The former says that wherever two or more traits are found associated in separate parts of the globe, there is certain evidence of a historical connection between the two areas. Elliot Smith and his followers have carried this theory to an extreme and absurd conclusion. They hold many of the cultural habits now universal in the world radiated from Egypt, and at a relatively recent date. The American school believes in this dispersion of culture, but it holds that the American continent was isolated from the Old World milleniums ago, and that American native institutions have thus grown up on a foundation common to the whole world but uninfluenced by any recent contact. They hold this, not because geographical contacts are unlikely or impossible, but because the facts indicate isolation. America has its own domestic plants and not one of Old World origin. The dog is the only domestic animal common to both worlds. Even objects like pan-pipes and practices like the *couvade*, occurring both in America and in parts of the Old World, are not accepted as convincing evidences of contact. In order to explain such resemblances, the American anthropologists resort to the possibility of independent origin. This is imaginable, however, only when the object invented or the custom observed is simple in character. One would be slow to grant that such things as the bow and the arrow had been twice and independently invented.

In one other respect the American school of anthropology has taken a stand in opposition to the earlier English school. Evolution in biology was early seen to be paralleled in the growth of human society. Marriage, it was believed, began with promiscuity and passed through successive stages to monogamy. Religion began with fetishism and developed to monotheism. Reported facts were collected from all sources and made to prove these and

similar theories. In America it has long been held that, when critically sifted and arranged, these facts do not show that there is a regular and necessary path which social change has followed. Indeed, if one consider the writings of Robert H. Lowie as representative of the American opinion, there are no evident laws controlling society, and no certainty that there is any

movement upward or toward an apparent end.

The present impression is that the facts themselves are so complicated, and the period over which customs and habits have been developing is so long and shows such extremely complicated movements in every direction, that it may never be possible to establish the underlying laws.

Medicine

THE LEPROSY PROBLEM

By H. W. WADE

LEPROSY is peculiar among diseases in many respects—most strikingly in its localization in the skin and nerves. Its effects on the skin are the most generally known: patches, often pale—whitish in light-skinned peoples, but not with the poetic “silvery scales”—but more commonly reddish or brownish; areas of diffuse infiltration or nodular localizations, often most marked on the face, where they culminate in the repulsive “leonine” countenance. Its other major expression, involvement of the main peripheral nerves, takes place early, but for long is evidenced, when at all, chiefly by sensory disturbances. It is usually years later that the nerve is rendered functionless by destruction of the fibers, after which there occurs the atrophy of bones and soft tissues that results in the fingerless stumps which Philippine lepers, from contact with American sports, call “Spaldings.” The fingers and toes are absorbed; they do not drop off, but distorted nails continue to mark their sites.

The inner organs, of course, are also affected. Certain lymph node groups are perhaps the most important, not so much because of interference with their function as because they perhaps constitute the site of latent infection in cases that have not yet developed clinical signs, and are reservoirs of the *materies morbi* for recrudescence in “negative” cases—that is, those in which

the accessible lesions have subsided and are free from the bacilli. The testicles are quite regularly affected, so that males are apt to become sterile, as females do not. Ulcers of the nasal septum and the larynx are important primarily as sources of the material of contagion.

The bacillus of leprosy, the *Mycobacterium leprae*, is very similar to that of tuberculosis in staining characteristics and morphology, but is peculiar in its extreme adaptation to man. Though it is claimed that leprotic lesions have been produced in experimental animals, nothing approaching a reproduction of the human disease has been obtained. Another outstanding peculiarity of the organism is its comparative lack of toxicity. In no other bacterial disease are such incalculable numbers of bacteria present with so little general disturbance. Even after the disease is well established the leper may for years carry on fairly normal activities. No specific diagnostic test has been developed. One handicap is the non-cultivability of the organism. Another is the chemical relationship of all the organisms of the acid-fast group to which this one belongs; for an immunological test to be practical, tuberculosis would have to be eliminated or at least differentiated.

There is no doubt that leprosy is a contagious disease. The organism is discharged chiefly from ulcers of the skin and the respiratory mucous membranes. It is probably transmitted from man to man directly, or indirectly by means of infected clothing,

and not through an obligate intermediate insect. Long intimate contact with a leper, as by living in the same house, is usually necessary to cause infection. Children are more susceptible than adults. Since ancient times the leper has been segregated—when anything whatever has been done about him. In the United States, though leprosy shows little tendency to become established, there have been some notorious instances of a barbaric harrying of lepers.

In some regions, as in India or China, general segregation may be utterly impracticable. When the disease is of comparatively low virulence and the incidence is not increasing it may be quite unnecessary in view of recent therapeutic advances. Where it is comparatively virulent the great majority of lepers sooner or later become public charges; therefore, it is considered justifiable to enforce general segregation, particularly where there is reasonable hope that by doing so the disease can be eventually eradicated.

Where segregation is practiced the type of institution used varies from hospital-like asylums, or prison-like barracks, to extensive colony towns, of which the Culion colony in the Philippines is the best example. I believe that, at least for regions like the Philippines, a dual system is best, with asylums for cases susceptible of effective treatment, for this can best be done under close control, and colonies for those that are not, in order that the patients may spend their remaining years under the most natural conditions.

The modern treatment of leprosy is based on the peculiar efficacy of chaulmoogra oil and certain of its allies. Just when or by whom attention was first called to it is not clear. Certainly, it has long been used by the natives in India. Dyer, of New Orleans, was one of the pioneers in the extension of its use. At that time it was believed that only the crude oil from *Taraktonegous kurzii* was efficacious. This tree is found chiefly in the fastnesses of Northeast India, and the supply of oil was undependable. Worse, it was unrefined, ran-

cid, and so irritating that it could not be given by injection. Even by mouth comparatively few could take the large doses for the months and years necessary to effect a cure. It is now known that the refined oil, and those from related species of trees, are quite as effective.

The next advance was made in the Philippines in the form of the Heiser-Mercado mixture of the oil with camphorated olive oil and certain other ingredients, which could be tolerated when given intramuscularly. But this preparation left much to be desired; the crude oil was still specified, and the treatment was rather heroic. A few years later Rogers, of India, developed sodium gynocardate, a soluble soap made by replacing the glycerol of the oil by sodium. Administered intravenously, this gave excellent results in his cases, and it was with this and allied preparations that the present phase of treatment in the Philippines was begun in 1920. But the Rogers method was eventually found to be impracticable, chiefly because it sooner or later caused obliteration of the veins.

Fortunately, at about the same time Hollmann and Dean, of Hawaii, began to give attention to the ethyl esters, made by replacing the glycerol by ordinary ethyl alcohol. Considerable experimentation has been done at the Culion Leper Colony and elsewhere with other forms of the oil, and with other materials, but the ethyl esters remain the principal drug employed in the colony, though in Japan and India refined unmodified oil is also being used to some extent. Less viscous than the oil, the esters are absorbed more rapidly after intramuscular injection, and with iodine added are not unduly irritating.

In test-tube experiments the chaulmoogra derivatives show a remarkably high and selective growth-inhibiting power on acid-fast bacilli. Chemically, chaulmoogra and its allied oils are peculiar in that they possess a five-atom carbon ring, whereas in other oils the carbon atoms are arranged as an open chain. The assumption is that chaulmoogra has a direct action on the

tubercle bacillus in the test-tube, and on the leprosy bacillus in the body, and that this is in some way connected with its chemical peculiarity. But laboratory and chemical observations have given little indication that the oil is beneficial in tuberculosis; indeed, it tends to aggravate it in the doses necessary in leprosy.

However this may be, the chaulmoogra derivatives now used are decidedly effective in leprosy, and the disease is no longer to be considered incurable. Of the 3120 cases now receiving regular treatment at Culion, 9 per cent are already negative, 69 per cent are improved (one third of these markedly so), 11 per cent are stationary, and 11 per cent have become worse. This group represents a selection from more than 5000 patients, treated since the middle of 1921; the balance proved unsuitable for treatment because of complications, or have died—though I hasten to add that the present death rate is one-fifth lower than before. On the other hand, the figure for negatives does not include over 200 that have already been sent home. Most of the cases under treatment are too advanced to be considered favorable clinical material. In the Manila and Cebu collecting stations, under asylum conditions, the negative rate among the earlier cases is very high. Indeed, it may be said that if it were possible to get all cases for treatment when the symptoms first appear, few would fail of cure.

Leprosy is most common in comparatively undeveloped regions, and the study of it has been carried on, in the main, under unfavorable conditions. In some places autopsies cannot be done. In others there are few cases. In no existing institution is there a sufficient number of workers, specially trained in the various necessary technical branches, to deal with all the problems that remain. The nearest ap-

proach to such a staff is to be found at Culion. But that staff cannot cover the whole field; there is a vast amount of routine, and research workers are few. Physicians who have an average of over four hundred patients each can do but little actual research. In the laboratory, when attention is concentrated on a study of one problem—it is, at present, concerned with serum changes—the other pathological and bacteriological problems are necessarily neglected. This is most unfortunate, for nowhere else is there available so much material as at Culion. A single trained chemist, responsible for the manufacture of the drugs used in treatment, can progress but slowly in his attempts to produce more effective forms and to synthesize new ones.

The disease is very slow in progress, and slow to improve under treatment, and new knowledge of it is acquired correspondingly slowly. Nevertheless, decided progress has been made at Culion. The purpose of the colony is not merely to apply effectively the known curative methods to the lepers under segregation. The purpose is, while doing this, to so improve diagnosis and treatment that the number of new infections may be minimized and segregation done away with. As knowledge of the disease, its etiology, pathology, and clinical features, becomes more complete, acceleration of the advances so far made in therapy may be expected.

If it is possible to develop a means of immunological diagnosis by which suspicious cases and latent infections among the contacts of lepers can be diagnosed, the disease may be aborted by early treatment, and it will be possible to reduce the occurrence of new cases, even with the present drugs. Progress along these lines will reduce leprosy from its present extraordinary position to that of an ordinary public health problem.

THE PEOPLE OF THE WOODS

BY LEE J. SMITS

HENRY FORD is an ingenuous and eager collector of backwoods Americana. He has restored an old road-house of the stage-coach days, even to the bar and the bottles, and he has subsidized old fiddlers and accumulated a lot of old guns and old furniture. He loves the thing that he, more than any other man, has helped to erase. But he is not alone responsible. It is the internal combustion engine—in boat and airplane as well as in flivver—that has done it.

Hardly more than twenty miles from Detroit are the St. Clair Flats, where a quarter of a century ago the duck skiff and punting paddle were the sole means of transportation for a sizeable colony of French habitants occupying an area of about a hundred square miles. They are still there, but their communal integrity is gone. The Beaver Islands, in Lake Michigan, for a time a Mormon stronghold, were—and still are—the domain of a Galway Irish group with amazing folk-ways. There are so many McCanns and Gallaghers there that the supply of Christian names has been exhausted, and one now comes across such names as Big Biddy's Tim, Little Mike, Mary's Pat and so on. The banshee and leprechaun once flourished there, and a priest who believed in them explained to me, theologically, their origin. But now magazine writers have discovered the Beavers, and the steamroller of standardization goes over them. The fishing is rapidly declining, the Summer resort business grows, and the islanders are a different people.

There is hardly a spot left in the entire Republic—not even in the remotest wilder-

ness—where one cannot hear the drone of a motor. In Northern Michigan the rising tide of Twentieth Century civilization has inundated, within fifteen years, the last land-marks of the backwoods. This very day I was shown a circular advertizing a resort on a large inland lake in the upper peninsula. In 1910 one could have had a camp site at almost any point on the lake's fifty miles of shore-line for the asking. To get there required a fourteen mile haul over corduroy roads from one railroad and a twenty-eight miles trek from another. A trip to town from there used to be an all day expedition. But now there are good macadamized roads, and one can run to town and back in an hour. There is a dance hall on the Northeast shore, there is a row of cottages, there is a public grove where candidates for State and county office address throngs, and there is a jazz palace whither flock every Saturday night flappers and sheiks from a territory lying within thirty miles of the place. This is the lake where they used to dance to a fiddle and to such tunes as "Money Musk," "The Wind Bends The Barley" and "The Devil's Dream," and where Jake Tyler was the caller.

Many of the stories I know about these folk of the backwoods I cannot relate, any more than I could tell of the oddities of the household in which I was last a guest in the city. But I don't think Jake Tyler, the lumberjack dance caller, will take it amiss if I make it known that he was also a gladiator. He was born too late, for railroad logging had already largely replaced the river driving which was his passion, but he became an expert riverman

nevertheless, and would travel hundreds of miles to places where he heard that logs were still being sent down the streams, solely to enjoy the arduous adventure of the drive. No one ever licked Jake after he was full grown and no one, so far as I know, had ever licked Big Babe. But they were both supremely good natured and they were chums. Sunday afternoons, during the Winter, when they used to drive teams in a camp near the lake, they would peel off until they were covered from the waist up only by their woolen underwear and, standing toe to toe, would flail at each other with blacksnake whips to amuse the crew. The lashes hissed and, when hits were made, cracked like pistol shots. At night they tallied the score by comparing welts, great purple ridges on back and shoulders.

Jake Tyler's father, Ed, had been a mighty man. He was married to a woman fifteen years his senior, and when he was sixty, and still hale and powerful, Mrs. Tyler was a feeble old woman, practically blind. When the snow was deep old Ed would pick her up in his arms and carry her to the sleigh for a trip to town and carry her in and out of the stores. He was reputed to have maimed several men in fights by biting off thumbs, noses and ears and by gouging, yet he was very gentle to his wife and to his horses and collie. Twice his log cabin caught fire and burned to the ground. "I ain't goin' to stand for no more of that," he grunted and proceeded forthwith to build the first concrete house in the township, fireproof throughout. After the curse of Prohibition came Ed made excellent moonshine. When he sold his homestead, with all the buildings, furniture and cattle, he received three thousand dollars. This represented the accumulation of just thirty years of toil. He moved to town, and when I saw him last he was washing dishes in a neat kitchen that the bulk of him crowded. Behind the stove a barrel of choice mash was gently bubbling and in a window by her geraniums sat Mrs. Tyler, a picture of contented old age.

II

Before the lumbering began there was a scattered population of settlers around the lake. Among the first was Mammy Hooker. She and her husband came there about forty years ago, crossing to their isolated clearing in a birch canoe. Mammy was for years a widow, living, much of the time alone, in a cabin of logs set perpendicularly, as in a stockade. Any lumberjack, sick and down on his luck, who found his way to her cabin received a hearty welcome. The jug, the venison, the potatoes—everything she had to give, in fact—were at his disposal.

I well remember my last sight of Mammy. I had brought her a quart of whiskey, costing seventy cents, and a pair of two dollar shoes from town. Not waiting for me to hitch the team to deliver her purchases, she came out at the first sound of the sleigh bells. It was early Winter and night was near. The wind blew her white hair from beneath a man's Scotch cap. She limped, having shot herself through the foot while hurrying to kill a deer in her clearing.

"I heerd the wolves afore you come up," she said. "The barstids run through me clearin' last night. Say, did you lay your eye on the Peg Leg into the Frenchman's? He toted out four skunk hides for me, and I'm yet to see the color of me cash fer um. One good black, with a teeny spot, t'others broad stripe. I forched um out from under me root cellar."

It was her boast that she had given birth to nineteen sons, and invariably she added that they were all legitimate. "One, they tell me, was hung up in Canady fer killin' a man," she once casually informed me.

An entirely different type of woman was Old Lady Reese. Her husband, crossing the lake with a friend in a skiff one stormy night, rolled out and in due time, with the friend, drifted ashore and was given a hasty burial. Old Lady Reese spent the last decade of her life working the little farm, linked with civilization by a corduroy

road she built largely by herself. A grandson lived with her, and he was the most thoroughly spoiled youth I have ever seen. His grandmother would not let him turn a hand. The few dollars she could scrape together through the sale of potatoes or a calf went to luxuries for Jim. When he killed his first deer the old lady felt that he had well repaid her for her sacrifices. He never killed another.

I came on him one day in late November. He was just leaving the cabin, gun in hand, with a great red flannel scarf wound about his hat as a protection against careless shooters. His grandmother was then hoeing potatoes and scraping them out of the earth with her bare hands.

"Jim," I said, "shake! I am glad to see that you are not the kind of a boy that pampers his grandmother. There are too many pampered grandmothers in this country. Work, hard work, lots of it is what they need . . ."

Jim, a gangling, red-faced youth, grinned and shuffled his feet without essaying a reply, but Old Lady Reese heard me and laid me out. She told me her grandson was peaked and that he had to take medicine all the time and that if I was half the man he was it would be cause for general congratulation. She did not curse me, as Mammy Hooker would have done, but I beat a sheepish retreat. Within a year her Jim died, and shortly afterward Old Lady Reese, with nothing to live for, followed him. Everyone had scorned Jim as a selfish loafer; everyone felt ashamed when he vindicated his grandmother's diagnosis, except one or two of us skeptics who held, in private, the belief that patent medicine killed him.

In Winter the Patent Medicine Man used to come around. He drove a team of ponies hitched to a sleigh with a box body, packed with remedies. He sought out each homestead and shack, however poor, however distant from the main road, and over the Northern sections of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan he knew precisely where to call at mealtimes and where to

find good beds. Rather than take any chances he would drive at night for miles, with a big reflector lantern on his sleigh, himself bundled up in a fur overcoat with a collar into which he pulled his neck like a turtle. He lived on the fat of the land. Pies made from venison mince-meat, wild cranberry sauce, smoked bear loin, brook trout yanked illegally from frozen streams, beaver tail and hot cakes afloat in native maple syrup—these were some of the delicacies spread before him.

The nearest doctor was nearly thirty miles away from these remote settlers, and he charged twenty-five dollars for a call. Backwoodsmen were strong, but exposure, decayed teeth and unbalanced rations had given the majority of them ailments, more or less vague. Many women, probably through neglect in childbirth and from overwork, were sickly, and the little store of cash in every house was divided with the Patent Medicine Man when he appeared. Tonics, pain killers, dyspepsia medicines, blood purifiers and specifics for a dozen maladies were purchased in large quantities. The Patent Medicine Man was a cheerful, sociable person and, since everyone believed in his nostrums and was confident that they worked wonders, I think he did more good than harm. Now that Civilization has come in there is no family in Minnesota, Wisconsin or Michigan that has not access to medical treatment by means of the flivver—in Winter or Summer.

III

Scandal in the backwoods flared robustly, bringing, for a while, color into the drab lives of the womenfolk. But it died quickly, and the most bizarre disregard for the conventions, if persisted in long enough, ceased to draw attention. The forty-year-old wife of a bed-ridden invalid once enlisted the aid of a husky seventeen-year-old boy to do the chores, and the lad was eventually accepted as the virtual successor of the husband by the neighbors, although the wives spluttered about it

for some time. The male school teacher boarded with a lone widow and presently assumed all the publicly visible prerogatives of a legal mate and no one snubbed the couple.

Maynie Trigg was a comedian who subsisted with the minimum of effort. He was a card shark and preyed on drunken lumberjacks in the village saloons. Having captivated the imagination of a wealthy sportsman whom he guided, Maynie was presented with a little bungalow, which in a year or so blended into the Trigg scheme of things and lost all its aspects of neat modernity. Maynie married, one at a time, a mulatto, a squaw and a white woman, and the children of all three occupied the bungalow. He was a philosopher with a racy turn of speech. His formula for keeping a wife at home was an accepted bit of philosophy in the community: make certain of a rapid succession of offspring and refrain from buying a woman shoes and you effectually check all tendencies in her to stray.

Many feuds flourished in the backwoods, usually bloodless and never, in the North woods, of fatal consequences. It was a wretched family, indeed, that did not esteem itself better than some other family—or all other families. Yet at all gatherings—funerals, weddings and dances—everyone mingled freely. When the news of a dance spread, everybody came. There were no such things as invitations.

I have said that everyone bought from the Patent Medicine Man, but I must except Bird Eye Johnson, who compounded his own nostrums from barks and roots. Bird Eye was a Scandinavian, and an old bear trapper who had become expert in looking for bird's eye maple. This freak growth, occurring usually in trees along the borders of swamps, can be detected by the shape of the bole which bulges out instead of tapering out, as is normally the case. Johnson had cruised the woods spotting material for veneer mills after lumber camps no longer needed his services in killing deer and after bears had become too

scarce to make their trapping profitable. After he told of shooting numerous bears in one night from the window of an abandoned lumbering camp, prefacing the report of each killing with, "Bye 'n bye 'nother bear come along," I openly charged him with being responsible for the dearth of bears in the woods, and he quite seriously agreed with me that he had about cleaned them out of Northern Michigan.

Bird Eye lived for many years on the lake shore in a pole cabin about ten feet long and six wide. Then a niece and her husband appeared from somewhere to keep house for him and straightway an excellent two-story log house arose, a really attractive home. But Bird Eye, soured by many years of solitary living, compelled the young pair to desert the homestead soon after the house was finished, and he lived for years in the kitchen and an adjoining bedroom with a tom cat and a horse for company. He kept his horse, Yim, in a log stable, and if ever a horse had an easy life, it was Yim. Bird Eye cut cedar railroad ties in his swamp, getting in those days about forty cents a tie. When he needed groceries he would load not more than two or three ties on a sled or wagon behind Yim and journey to the railroad. That was all the work Yim ever did, aside from assisting in the cultivation of a small garden patch. When Yim died, Bird Eye sold his place and announced that he was returning to his old home in Sweden, which he had not seen for fifty years. He was a self-centered old fellow, and no one gave any heed to his departure or ever heard of him after he left.

Across the lake from Bird Eye's place lived another Scandinavian, Erik Swenson by name. He had mysterious connections in the old country and received sums of as much as a thousand dollars at a time from abroad. Erik celebrated the arrival of one remittance by hiring a band from Sault Ste. Marie, a day's journey distant, and giving a grand party. He was a famous host. While other homesteaders wrestled single-handed with the herculean task of

clearing land, Erik drafted the services of John Barleycorn. It became known in the lumber camps that a man could work for Swenson for his board and drinks. So lumberjacks, nearing the end of their usefulness or weary of the camp grind, came to him and, instead of toiling ten hours a day for a month to finance a satisfactory drunk, worked for Swenson and received no cash, but became comfortably intoxicated each night beside getting a big ey opener before breakfast. The lake abounded with fish, and although netting was strictly illegal, Swenson operated gill nets and hauled fish out to the railroad, where they were shipped as though they had been caught in Lake Michigan where netting was not against the law. His clearing quickly expanded and he was counted one of the most prosperous men in the township.

IV

Synthetic booze, as well as moonshine, was a staple in the backwoods long before Prohibition. Formulas were current for making whiskey from alcohol and flavoring and coloring materials. Old-time saloon-keepers have solemnly assured me that fine cut chewing tobacco was an indispensable ingredient of their home-made liquor. These saloon-keepers, many of whom were also hotel proprietors, were outstanding characters of the North, and many of them founded families that were able to migrate to big cities and live in ease. Between the old time lumberjack and the hotel man there was a bond of honor. When the woodsman had a roll he would throw it on the bar and drink it up; then he would live at the hotel, on credit, until he was ready to return to camp. Sometimes he stayed all Summer without paying a cent.

This reminds me of Black Jack. His has been a great name in frontier America. Many men have given it fame, among them at least two famous bullies of the Michigan woods. The Black Jack I knew was a man who could today make a good

living as a character extra in the movie studios. He looked as though Jack London had laid out the specifications for his construction. Thick, broad, big-limbed, with a heavy-jowled, savage face, he was a born fighter and anti-social cynic. The friend through whom I met Black Jack had seen him first at Newberry, Michigan, hanging from the limb of a tree with a noose about his neck. He had so terrorized a dance that the cowed guests held a meeting and a score or more woodsmen organized a mass attack on him and did their best to lynch him. Lynching, like knife-fighting or gunplay, was entirely outside the experience and talents of lumberjacks, so instead of jerking Black Jack off the tail of a wagon, they slowly heaved him from the earth, went for a round of drinks and returned in the fond hope that he had expired. They cut him down, and, finding him still breathing, quit in disgust. Black Jack lived to smash the noses of many of them.

After he was broken down, suffering from frozen feet, which affliction beset many a convivial woodsman who had slept in a snowdrift, Black Jack lived in the White House, a hotel in a town known as The Dump, because at that point logs were transferred from the railroad into the Manistique river. One Spring afternoon he was sitting on the hotel steps when the proprietor appeared and was greeted by Black Jack with an outpouring of the vilest profanity, because the bartender had refused him liquor. He threatened to burn the hotel, strangle the bartender, and trample the landlord, standing before him, to death. The landlord merely called Black Jack a disgrace to humanity. I later learned that Black Jack was a pensioner on the hotel man's bounty and that they hated each other, but that the hotel man's ethics forbade him from ousting this veteran of the woods. Black Jack, on his part, mindful of the income from years of toil spilled out on bars, felt that he was fully entitled to be sheltered and supported by one of the men he had helped to prosper.

The most entertaining company I ever found in the woods was an ex-saloon-keeper. His wife was a big Montreal Frenchwoman who laughed almost continuously. While I was his guest on a homestead in the swamp he and I slept in one room, dousing the light before retiring. We talked for hours after we were in our beds. We had a caller one night, a solemn, heavy-set man who owned a patch of timber near by. He first told of overtaking a deer in a marsh and killing it with a knife; then he related how he had stood off a pack of wolves, numbering many score, that attacked him while he was spending the night in an old camp. After he had gone and we were in bed, Joe said: "Jerry probably tells the truth sometimes—any man is liable to if he don't watch out—but I would back him agin a green hand lyin' anytime."

V

Life was hard for some homesteaders, and blissfully easy for others. While some energetically cleared land, others would work a few weeks in the year in camps, raise a patch of potatoes and shoot a few deer, but in the main they depended for subsistence on road work. The township bordering the lake was twelve miles long and six wide. It embraced the holding of a big lumber company which paid the township about seven thousand dollars a year in taxes. Rivalry for the office of treasurer was fierce and there were many political scandals. At a brisk election as many as forty votes would be cast. The winning side would then organize road crews with teams under supervision of the road commissioner, and would even relent toward old foes for the sake of good fellowship. The road gang spent the Summer days in languid labor and in Winter made jovial visits about the township driving a snow plough. The lumber company's taxes paid the generous wages.

Road work brought out some wonderful

story telling. One man was chanting of his prowess as a fighter when my friend Joe, in his effective drawl, addressed the road commissioner. "Mac," he said, "do you think any man has really *lived* who ain't never done a murder?"

One night Joe rigged a still in his kitchen and mixed a rich mash. A neighbor, living three miles away, came to his door. This man was known as "temperance," yet he tried not to appear shocked. "Trying to get a little stock of liquor for yourself?" he asked amicably.

"We aimed to do that," answered Joe, "but we ain't makin' out so well. She runs just fast enough so's one of us can drink while the other tends her, and she ain't producin' enough to git either of us what you'd call real good an' drunk."

After a little gabble the neighbor, who had never called on Joe before, announced that his wife had died suddenly and that he needed help.

"Mrs. Emmons was a good woman," Joe said to me afterward, "but here she lived on the creek nineteen years and had to pick out that one night when I started my still to go and die."

Joe lives in town now and the porcupines amble undisturbed through his cabin. For not only has the automobile brought the outside world into the backwoods, it has also taken a great many backwoodsmen out of the brush. Backwoods farms were abandoned in Michigan at the rate of one a week about the time the installment plan for the purchase of flivvers came into existence. Sometime, when you are deer-hunting, you may find a real backwoods cabin, just as its occupants left it, with old newspapers chinking the walls, a skunk family under the floor, a broken steel trap on the lean-to roof and maybe in the clearing, now thick with wild berry bushes, a grave surrounded by a fence of split cedar pickets. No more are being built, and those remaining are deserted and decaying. All hail to Progress!

A CONFEDERATE PEPYS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

JOHN BEAUCHAMP JONES was a clerk in the War Department at Richmond during all the four years of the brief, intense, tragic struggle of the Southern Confederacy. Jones kept a diary, not quite so elaborate as that of Samuel Pepys, but still minute and extensive enough to be of profound interest. In many respects he was well fitted for this task. Born in 1810, in the South, he was fifty years old when the Confederacy began its existence. He had traveled in Europe and in other parts of the world and seen all sorts of men and all sorts and conditions of life. He was a journalist by profession and a considerable author and he had the journalist's eager curiosity as to people and events. He was a married man with a family, settled to regular ways of life and not too much distracted by his own affairs from the impersonal consideration of what went on about him.

It must be said at once that he gives the impression of being distinctly a smaller man than Pepys. It is true that Pepys had his petty sides; but there was about him a simple directness, a spontaneous energy, an originality and spiritual freshness which amounted to genius and removed him from the commonplace, for all he sometimes seemed to wallow in it. John Beauchamp Jones was a much more conventional person and looked at life constantly from the angle of the staid, respectable Philistine, doing nothing, writing nothing, and thinking nothing that the Philistine conscience would not approve. No one need expect to find in him those moral irregularities which it is to be feared make a good deal of the attrac-

tion of Pepys for the casual reader. If Jones was conscious of peccadillos, he did not go out of his way to set them down.

Nor had he Pepys's gift of expression. Pepys writes as carelessly and inadvertently as he or any man thinks; but he was a born stylist. Jones is much more correct, and he had had long practice with the pen. Yet the instinctive imaginative artist is not there. Now and then there is a touch that tells, as of Seddon, "even in the moment of aspen consternation, he was still the politician," or of Benjamin, "upon his lip there seems to bask an eternal smile; but if it be studied, it is not a smile—yet it bears no unpleasing aspect." But the usual level is that of somewhat commonplace journalism, and there are occasional outbreaks of rhetoric that are much worse than commonplace. "The wrath of the Southern chivalry will some day burst forth on the ensanguined plain, and then let the presumptuous foemen of the North beware of the fiery ordeal they have invoked." It is hard to imagine Pepys writing like that. At the same time, Jones, even as a writer, has his merits. He is at least generally brief, and his ordinary run of expression is far more simple, direct, terse, tense, and therefore Pepysian than that of Gideon Welles, whose opportunities for diary writing in Washington were even greater.

But Jones's opportunities were great enough. In fact, when you consider the immense importance of the events that were taking place about him, the picturesque and startling variety of life in Richmond during those bitter years, you feel that the material the man dealt with had

even greater possibilities than that within the grasp of Pepys. And it is interesting to note that Jones fully appreciated this and that from the beginning it was his object to make a day to day record which should have historical value for posterity. His definiteness of statement in this regard is far beyond anything in Pepys. Before even obtaining any assured position, he writes: "At fifty-one I can hardly follow the pursuit of arms; but I will write and preserve a Diary of the revolution." He explains clearly to the Secretary of War that his desire is "employment and facilities to preserve interesting facts for future publication." And the place he seeks is rather one that will be helpful to this end than one that will give him distinction at the expense of leisure: "I shall be content to obtain the necessary position to make a full and authentic Diary of the transactions of the government."

II

The first thing we look for in any diary is the character of the diarist himself, for the purpose of weighing his veracity, if for no other reason. It cannot be said that Jones reveals his inmost soul with quite the abundance or the candor of Pepys: he had neither the inclination nor the faculty to do so. Still, in the course of his eight hundred pages he tells a great deal, both intentionally and unintentionally, and the man thus shown to us, if not in all points attractive, is interesting and in the main worthy of respect.

As to those long fifty years of earlier life he gives us little, being, as Pepys was, too much occupied with immediate concerns. Still, there are enough occasional references to show that his main ambition had been that of authorship, and a perusal of his numerous books proves that that ambition was both active and to some extent justifiable. He wrote novels which had apparently a certain vogue in their day and which, when glanced over now, diffuse the dusty, smothering odor of oblivion that

always emanates from romances of the past when not the product of enduring genius. In these stories play people in fantastic garments chatter endlessly and laugh with a ghastly dreariness, and one's spirit is clouded with vague depression to think that to this even the best seller of 1925 must also come.

At the age of fifty the ambition had evidently grown somewhat pale, though it still lingered in the desire for the permanence of the Diary. If it took any political form, this was neither very sustained nor very active. And he deplores with a sigh his lack of knowledge of the arts which bring political success: "Hereafter I shall study 'Gil Blas' for the express purpose of being his antithesis. But I shall never rise until the day of doom brings us all to our feet again."

During the Diary period, at any rate, Jones's life was in the daily routine of his office, and it is clear that he performed his duties faithfully and even zealously. Being no longer young, and by no means strong, he did not generally go out of his way to find extra work. When he is offered a somewhat higher place, he declines: "I said I preferred a less conspicuous position—and less labor—but thanked him." Yet he works persistently, systematically, and with intelligence. When the city is menaced by the enemy, and the official world is getting ready to fly, he sticks to his post: "I suppose the government would go to Lynchburg. I shall remain with the army *and see that the tobacco be burnt, at all hazards, according to law.*"

The man seems to have been as devoted in domestic duties as he was in public. His wife and sons and daughters appear frequently in the Diary, and the relations between them all were amicable and helpful. For a time, especially at the beginning, difficulties of living in Richmond made it necessary for husband and wife to be separated. But during the later years, when help and comfort were most needed, they were together. What the charm of this family life was I think appears most

simply and touchingly in the references to various animal pets. When food was scarce and dear, the keeping of such creatures was a serious matter. Custis's parrot "has accompanied the family in all their flights, and, it seems, will never die." Fannie's cat departs at last and the father's mixture of feelings has an almost Pepysian quality:

My daughter's large pet cat died last night under the cherry-tree, and was buried this morning under a rose-bush. I sympathize with Fannie in the grief natural on such an occasion; but really the death of the cat in such times as these is a great relief to me, as he was maintained at the cost of not less than \$200 per annum. His death was probably occasioned by a surfeit of meat which his mistress obtained unexpectedly, seeing it fall in the street, and sending a servant for it.

As the above indicates, the stress and pressure of increasing money troubles are perhaps the features that stand out most in the personal side of the Diary. Jones seems to have had few resources outside of his salary, or what he had were wiped out in the general upheaval. That salary was never magnificent, and though several times enlarged, it was utterly inadequate to meet the strain of general inflation and war prices. Places of abode were scarce and rents were exorbitant. Furniture was hard to find and not substantial when found. In the course of time the Joneses managed to scrape together enough to get along with; but the results were somewhat incongruous: "Thank heaven! the little furniture, etc., we now have is our own—costing less to buy it than the rent we paid for that belonging to others up to the beginning of the month. . . . I think we have articles belonging in their time to twenty families."

The clothing problem was as troublesome as that of furniture. And the question of food was even more serious and perplexing than that of clothes. With salt selling at seventy cents a pound, it will not be supposed that much indulgence in luxuries was possible. Occasionally some special delicacy brightened a day; but for the most part the simplest and coarsest

foods were all that could be depended upon, and it was hardly practicable to get enough of those. "Meantime, we are in a half starving condition. I have lost twenty pounds, and my wife and children are emaciated to some extent." Yet with all this privation the diarist notes that the health of his family and on the whole that of the city generally is excellent, which seems to show that some diminution of food might be beneficial to many of us. And, as in all such crises, the habit is quickly formed of living in the present hour and taking care of it, leaving the future to take care of itself: "Although we scarcely know what we shall have to-morrow, we are merry and patriotic today."

In spite of the pressure, which was obviously great, and of the temptations, which must have been many, there is no touch in the Diary from which one might infer any sort of dishonest or irregular procedure in its author, not even those dubious transactions in which Pepys was sometimes involved in accordance with the morals of his age. Jones speaks with the utmost bitterness of the sins of speculators and extortioners, and I see no reason to suppose that he himself sinned in the slightest degree, though perhaps his own honesty might have been compatible with a little more lenience towards the merely suspected dishonesty of others.

One looks curiously to see whether in the record of all this long four years of anxiety and suffering there was any sign of relaxation or amusement. There were such things to be had in Richmond at all times; but there seems to have been precious little of them in the Jones family. The descriptions of attempts at Christmas gayety are pathetic in their bare simplicity. "We have quite a merry Christmas in the family; and a compact that no unpleasant word shall be uttered, and no *scramble* for anything." On the very last Christmas day of the war an old trunk is disinterred, the lock broken open, and family relics of dress and ornament appear which serve to rejuvenate the wardrobes

and are distributed with something of holiday merriment. When the father of the family seeks diversion, he works in his garden or fishes in the brook for minnows large enough to be eaten at a pinch. It is a curious illustration of the vicissitudes of this man's life that perhaps the best of his books is given to the account of whaling in the South Pacific. It was a striking transition, from the most ample of all forms of sport, the chasing of sperm whales in the boundless sea, to fishing for minnows with a bent pin in a threshold brook in Richmond!

As there is little indication of amusement in the history of the Jones family, so there is little record of social life. Well-to-do Richmond people managed to keep up a good deal of activity of this sort. We see from Mrs. Chesnut's Diary that there were dances and masquerades and general social gatherings. Yet the middle class, if the Joneses duly represent them, did not do much in the social line: there seems to be little paying or receiving of visits, little effort to seek comfort or oblivion in this way.

A surer form of refuge than could be found with humanity was spiritual belief and hope. Like the greatest of the Southern leaders, Lee, Jackson, Davis, and no doubt like a vast majority of the Southern people, John Beauchamp Jones was a firm and unfaltering believer in orthodox Christianity, and a constant practitioner—at least in intention—of its precepts. He even thinks it necessary to apologize for writing his Diary on Sunday. No amount of suffering or disaster seems to arouse the slightest question as to the divine dispensation of affairs. The action of Providence in special cases is accepted and asserted with a dogmatic definiteness somewhat startling to those who are accustomed to a vaguer view. Just when the financial prospect is darkest and the pressure almost unbearable, an offer of assistance turns up from an entirely unlooked-for quarter. How is it possible not to see the hand of Almighty God in such a happy coincidence? "I ac-

cepted the sum on his conditions. This is the work of a beneficent Providence, thus manifested on three different occasions,—and to doubt it would be to deserve damnation."

Yet it is quite evident that the absence of melancholy, of a disposition to question the kindly government of the universe in moments of despair, is not owing to lack of sensibility. The man's nerves, on the whole, were finely strung, quick in their response to suffering and conditions of gloom, quick also in their sensitiveness to any form of beauty or charm. This appears most attractively in his appreciation of the loveliness of the natural world. He loves trees, and resents it when the enemy cut them down: "What harm have the poor trees done? . . . I love trees anywhere." He makes himself a bit of a garden in his yard, cultivates every available spot, and spends long hours there. The product of the garden is helpful and refreshing, but even more refreshing is the quiet solace of nature's simplicity and innocence:

My beets, tomatoes, early potatoes, and lettuce look pretty well, though not so far advanced, in consequence of the late Spring, as I have seen them in Burlington. But they are a great comfort to me. I work them, water them, and look at them, and this is what the French would call a *distraction*. I have abundance of roses, this is the city of roses. And my cherries are coming on finely,—I know not yet what kind they are; but it relieves the eye to gaze on them. And then my neighbor has a pigeon-house, and the birds come into my yard and are fed by my daughters, being pretty and tame. I sit for hours watching them.

What is of greatest interest to us in the diarist is of course his intellectual grasp and ability, since upon these must depend the value of his interpretation of the great events that went on about him. It must be confessed at once that one does not get the impression of anything much above the average. Jones is well educated, he likes to read, does read, and especially has read, he handles a pen with facility, he has the journalist's quick and ready but superficial observation. Yet there is little profound or very original thinking on any subject. Perhaps a man of larger mental

range would have been less adequate to render all the phases of what went on about him. An interesting autobiographical meditation, written on the diarist's fifty-third birthday, may well close the portrayal of him as an individual:

Hitherto I have dismissed from my mind, if not with actual indifference, yet with far more unconcern than at present, the recurring birthdays which plunged me farther in the vale of years. But now I cannot conceal from myself, if so disposed, that I am getting to be an old man. My hair is gray—but nevertheless my form is still erect, and my step is brisk enough. My fancies, tastes, and enjoyments have not changed perceptibly; and I can and often do write without glasses. I desire to live after this war is over, if it be the will of God—if not, I hope to exist in a better world.

III

So, in the Diary of John Beauchamp Jones, we have the reflection of one of the great crises in the history of the United States, and the history of democracy, and the history of the world, in a fairly bright and well-polished, but rather limited mirror.

There is something so complete, so largely tragic, so finished and perfect in the rise, development, and downfall of the Southern Confederacy that it seems strange that no historian of great genius has yet made it the subject of a separate dramatic narrative. The material is there, the great events are there, the great figures are there, and there is just that embodiment of larger spiritual causes and movements, that strange, inextricable tangle of good and evil that are necessary to produce a historical tragedy of the most enthralling fascination and effectiveness. Certainly, if one regards this tragedy as a sort of Greek artistic conception, with its prologue in the confusion of pre-war controversy and the provisional government at Montgomery, its climax at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, its long drawn out fourth act in the delays of 1864, and its fearful catastrophe in the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee, the constant, picturesque comment of Jones adequately fills the part of the chorus, and though he is far from being highly poetical, the somewhat com-

monplace and average temper of his mind is not unlike that typified in the abstract choral figure of Greek tragedy.

The general application of our deductions as to his intellectual power of course finds its place all through the story. His philosophical reflections on what happens about him are not the most important part of his book. But he is often surprisingly acute and vivid in the observation and presentation of small matters. Again, he has a rather remarkable gift of making minor personages stand out. There is a pursy, puffy, officious, inefficient colonel who clings in the reader's memory almost like an office-mate of Pepys. And the same gift is applied even more impressively to figures of greater distinction and importance. Secretary Seddon, "who usually wears a sallow and cadaverous look which, coupled with his emaciation, makes him resemble an exhumed corpse after a month's interment, looks today like a galvanized corpse which had been buried two months. The circles round his eyes are absolutely black." Or there will be a scene which thrills you almost as if you saw it, a scene of horror or a scene of heroism, like that of the boy of fifteen who holds out his hand with a bullet in the wrist, and says, smiling, "I'm going to the hospital to have the ball cut out, and will then return to the battlefield. I can fight with my right hand."

As regards the general merits of the Confederate cause it is hardly necessary to say that Jones is thoroughly orthodox. Though he has lived much in the North, his loyalty to Southern principles is not in the least affected. "This is a holy cause we are embarked in," he cries, "worthy to die for." The sacred theory of States' Rights, as preached by Calhoun and Davis, the integrity of the Constitution as established by the Fathers, these must be maintained against the encroaching North with every sacrifice of blood and treasure and happiness. Slavery, too, is not only a useful institution but a necessary institution, even a divinely ordained institution. It must be clung to at any cost. At the same

time, Jones saw from the very beginning the weakness of the Confederate position. It was hopeless to try to carry on a long war, to build a vigorous military government, on such a basis of shifting sand as the theory of States' Rights. Centralization, concentration became more and more necessary. As Jones expresses it in the early months, "Many are inclined to think the safest plan will be to obliterate State lines, and merge them all into an indivisible nation or empire, else there may be incessant conflicts between the different sovereignties themselves, and between them and the general government."

As the war progressed and Jones became more assured in his position, as his steadiness and cool common-sense began to make themselves felt, it is interesting to see him quietly putting forward practical suggestions, just as Pepys did, and getting them considered and sometimes even accepted by men of far greater prominence than he. He takes it upon himself to suggest to the President directly that an appeal should be made to the people to furnish supplies of various kinds. But even in making the suggestion he realizes that it will be of no avail. Official routine is too overpowering: "Red tape will win the day, even if our cause be lost." Later he urges upon the Secretary of War the necessity of organizing non-conscripts for local defence, and to this suggestion he receives a positive response that it would be followed. But long experience makes him sceptical: "Today I received the reply saying it would be done. But will the *arms* be distributed among them?"

Situated as he is, he has of course immense advantages for judging these same superiors, for appraising not only their manifest actions, but their intimate quality and power. In the early days he is naturally full of enthusiasm. Some of the politicians, to be sure, are dubious; but he hopes that they will be quickly understood and got rid of. And what a group of distinguished men the great cause has to choose from! There are the two Johnstons.

There is Beauregard, who has "great genius and is perhaps the most dashing and brilliant officer in the country." There is Jackson, a professor and an odd one; but "I hope he will take the field himself; and if he does, I predict for him a successful career." Best of all, there is Lee, who "should have command of the largest army in the service, for his is one of the most capacious minds we have."

As to the President, whom Jones approached closely at an early stage, the progress of comment is most interesting. The first impression is decidedly favorable, though a shrewd finger is laid upon the weak point: "The features of his face are distinctly marked with character; and no one gazing at his profile would doubt for a moment that he beheld more than an ordinary man. . . . If there are no special indications of great grasp of intellectual power on his forehead and on his sharply defined nose and chin, neither is there any evidence of weakness, or that he could be easily moved from any settled purpose. . . . As a politician he attaches the utmost importance to *consistency*—and here I differ with him. I think that to be consistent as a politician, is to change with the circumstances of the case." But, whatever the weak points, the diarist affirms with entire truth, "So far, perhaps, no Executive had ever such cordial and unanimous support of the people as President Davis."

From the repeated choral touches of this sympathetic observer one gathers overwhelmingly the tragic sense of a whole people rushing with unlimited confidence and swelling enthusiasm upon their utter destruction. The war would be a mere triumphal progress, and those encroaching, tyrannous, despotic Yankees would be taught what it meant to trespass upon the liberty of a free people. With the early victories this exultant assurance reaches the point of military mania. The heroic fighting spirit of the South must necessarily carry all before it. Even with defeat, even as the difficulties and obstacles increase, the courage and the confidence are not

broken: Our enemies "ought to know that, under almost any conceivable adverse circumstances, we can maintain the war twenty years."

No doubt this note grows somewhat weaker as time goes on. The confidence has to be spurred and lashed a little to be maintained at its proper level. Yet the old fire is there, and the least breeze of successful conflict is sufficient to stir it into flame. In August, 1864, when the last real hope centred upon the defeat of Lincoln at the polls, Jones writes: "Thank God, the prospect of peace is 'bright and brightening,' and a dark cloud is above the horizon in the North. Lincoln and his party are now environed with dangers rushing upon them from every direction." And in February, 1865, little more than a month before Lee's surrender, there is still the suggestion of belief that escape is at least possible: "We have some millions in gold . . . to purchase subsistence; and it is believed Virginia alone, for *specie*, can feed the army. Then *another* army may arise in Grant's rear."

IV

Yet the element of gathering and constantly increasing tragedy is undoubtedly what prevails most in this striking and significant record. Even in the very early days we get foreshadowings and anticipations of it. When his ardent friends proclaim their certainty of triumph, Jones shakes his head. Years of experience have convinced him that all Northerners are not cowards and fools: eager partisans have "no idea that the Yankees would *dare* to enter upon such enterprises in the face of an enlightened world. But I know them better. And it will be found that they will learn how to fight, and will not be afraid to fight." In all the clamor of joy and exultation of temporary success little murmurs of distrust and uncertainty may be heard. "If we are not utterly crushed before May (an impracticable thing) we shall win our independence." And as time goes on, the expression of

doubt becomes franker: "I hope for the best, even if the worst is to come."

It is most impressive to watch the tide of distress and misery creeping gradually upward and upward through these graphic pages, to witness the inevitable oncoming of disaster and despair. Perhaps nothing makes this advance more scientifically evident than the valuable statistical tables which Jones sets down at irregular intervals, displaying the steady increase in the price of all the necessities of life. The cause of the trouble is partly the actual scarcity of food and the difficulty of distributing it, partly the extortion of the various speculators, which the diarist brands early and often, partly the constantly increasing disarrangement of the finances and immense depreciation of the currency. But whatever the cause, the poor have to suffer. If you want a concrete and vivid picture of the way the thing works, take the story of the poor woman who went to a merchant to purchase flour. When he demanded an exorbitant price, she cried in agony, "My God! how can I pay such prices? I have seven children; what shall I do?" And the merchant answered her, coolly: "I don't know, madam, unless you eat your children."

Sometimes the people tried to forget, sought oblivion in abnormal excitement. The theatres were always open and gambling reached scandalous, or if you like, pitiful proportions. Sometimes the murmurs approached the climax of actual rebellion and at one critical moment the mob broke loose and tried to help themselves to the stores which the speculators had accumulated. Jones describes the beginning of the riot with terrible, simple earnestness: "Not knowing the meaning of such a procession, I asked a pale boy where they were going. A young woman, seemingly emaciated, but yet with a smile, answered that they were going to find something to eat. I could not, for the life of me, refrain from expressing the hope that they might be successful; and I remarked they were going in the right direction to find plenty

in the hands of the extortioners." It required the presence of the President himself, with all his most persuasive eloquence, to allay the disorder. But for the most part men and women endured with grim patience, hoped when they could, bore as they must, and sustained the cause, if not the government, with an admirable and astonishing fortitude. Jones repeatedly notes that, in spite of the suffering, there were no beggars anywhere.

But it engendered a terrible bitterness, a bitterness which even yet has not wholly faded away. There was the bitterness towards the enemy. The hideous Yankees are cruel, traitorous, murderous. The world would be well rid of them, if only it might be rid of them. Even worse, at any rate more tragic and pitiable, is the bitterness towards friends, the tendency, so human in misfortune, to blame everybody, even those who are doing their best to accomplish the impossible. There is mistrust everywhere, suspicion everywhere, accusations of all sorts flying blindly. It is so vastly easier to criticize, to scold, to quarrel, than to work for the common good and keep silent. Jones reflects the universal complaints, and adds to them, and typifies them. There is complaint of measures, of the handling of passports, of the handling of conscriptions, of the handling of supplies and trade and finance. There is the cry of favoritism, so sure to arise, so likely to be well founded, so difficult to prove. There is the complaint of general incapacity, again terribly natural, since the huge task of government is beyond human power in normal times and in abnormal becomes too great for even giants.

Everywhere in the Diary there surges up the crowd of active figures, who are made the subject of analysis, criticism, and fault-finding. First it is the minor personages, whose doings come more closely within the diarist's observation and whose misdoings he can blame more freely. The military field is of course not so much within his reach, but even here his comments are frequent and suggestive. He reflects the

popular prejudice for success: "I have almost a superstitious faith in *lucky* generals, and a corresponding prejudice against unlucky ones, and their progeny." When the military men begin to operate close at hand, he has quarrel enough with them. The provost-marshal, General Winder, is an ogre simply, a monster of malice and meanness and stupidity. The commissary general, Northrop, a favorite of the President, is a creature of red tape and routine. He predicts disaster if his pet plans are not exactly followed. Disaster comes, "and when I saw him afterwards, his face was lit up with triumph, as if he had gained a victory. He *predicted* it, because they would not let him impress all the food in the country."

When it comes to the office-holders, the lesser political personages Jones saw about him every day, he does not stint his outcry against their dishonesty and inefficiency. No doubt there are exceptions, but those, alas, are not the ones who get talked of. Congress? Nobody has ever yet, that I know of, commended the Confederate Congress as a capable body, and Jones graphically displays the defect: "In future times I wonder if it will be said that we had great men in this Congress? Whatever may be *said*, the truth is, there are not a dozen with any pretensions to statesmanship." Red tape? The world seems bound up with it. Little rules, narrow regulations, stupid system, mingled with still stupider lack of system, entangle and confuse everybody and everything. Worst of all is the sense of dishonesty. The speculators and profiteers are everywhere. "Even adroit clerks are becoming wealthy. They procure exemptions, discharges, and contracts for the speculators for heavy bribes, . . . indifferent to the fate of the country, so that their own prosperity be secure. After the war the rascals and traitors will be rich, and ought to be marked and exposed."

Then gradually the criticism creeps upward from the small fry to the greater men who ought to be immune from it. And

again with the military leaders the fault-finding is less marked. Indeed, Jones often proclaims his confidence as to the army in the field, both high and low. The people will fight and work, and they would save the country, if the politicians would let them. Yet even with the generals criticism is not altogether silent. Men like Cooper and G. W. Smith may be freely accused of dereliction in duty. When things look very dark, Lee himself, though persistently admired and commended, does get a shadow of blame, at least in the minds of the undiscerning: "Even Lee's great name is dimmed somewhat in the estimation of fools. He must beat Meade before Grant comes up, or suffer in reputation."

When it is a question of the leading politicians and would-be statesmen, the blame is unsparing and often savage. Randolph and Seddon are well meaning but inefficient and always subservient to the President. Benjamin, Memminger, Mallory are not perhaps actually dishonest, but they are woefully beneath the dignity and greatness of the cause they undertake to serve, and above all they look out for their own ease and comfort and enjoyment before they think of the needs of the country and the dangers of the future. One terribly severe general indictment represents the feeling of many besides the diarist, as they grew more and more discouraged and desperate: "Never before did such little men rule such a great people. Our rulers are like children or drunken men riding docile horses, that absolutely keep the riders from falling off by swaying to the right and left and preserving an equilibrium. There is no rule for anything and no stability in any policy."

And what about the man who was the chief of all, the protagonist, you might almost say the Prometheus of this enormous drama, Jefferson Davis? We have seen that in the beginning Jones admired his chief, appreciated his powers, and really hoped that he would be equal to the great part he had to play. But as time went on, the enthusiasm waned. There was always

personal respect, always the conviction that Davis was thoroughly honest and patriotic and a man of force and genius in certain sides of his character. But—well, he was simply unequal to a task which would perhaps have been too much for any man, and Jones sums the matter up as well as any one has ever done it:

The President is considered really a man of ability, and eminently qualified to preside over the Confederate States, if independence were attained and we had peace. But he is probably not equal to the rôle he is now called upon to play. He has not the broad intellect requisite for the gigantic measures needed in such a crisis, nor the health and physique for the labors devolving upon him. Besides he is too much of a politician to discard his old prejudices, and persists in keeping aloof from him and from commanding positions all the great statesmen and patriots who contributed most in the work of preparing the minds of the people for resistance to Northern domination. . . . The disaffection is intense and widespread among the politicians of 1860, and consternation and despair are expanding among the people.

They continued to expand, until disaffection from within and disaster from without became so overwhelming that they dragged down Prometheus headlong, and with him the tremendous fabric which he and millions of others had striven so desperately to rear. The disaster was ruinous, all-involving, complete, and as a mere minor incident it wipes out forever the Diarist John Beauchamp Jones, first as a diarist and shortly after as a man. On the fifth of April, 1865, four days before the surrender of Lee, Jones writes: "Three P. M. I feel that this Diary is near its end." On the tenth, the day after the surrender, he writes: "My Diary is surely drawing to a close, and I feel as one about to take leave of some old familiar associate." And the last entry, perfectly simple and unpretentious, seems to me to conclude the choral office with tragic significance and effectiveness:

April nineteenth—Yesterday windy, today bright and calm. It appears that the day of the death of President Lincoln was appointed for illuminations and rejoicing on the surrender of Lee. There is no intelligence of the death of Mr. Seward or his son. It was a dastardly deed—surely the act of a madman.

WHAT THE FRENCH THINK OF US

BY T. S. WAUCHOPE

THE compiler of these cuttings from the French press has spent the past five years as a self-appointed propagandist for French thought and civilization among Americans. Unlike so many Americans resident in Paris, however, it has never been his opinion that an exchange of flattery and rose-colored misrepresentations between France and the United States would intensify Franco-American amity, or augment mutual comprehension in the two countries. Such comprehension, at best, encounters serious impediments, and many intelligent observers are inclined to take a pessimistic view of the possibility of overcoming them. If one except the professional agitators of the hands-across-the-sea movement, the traders in French decorations and American honorary university degrees, such observers appear to believe the propagandist's task to be a hopeless one—and most Frenchmen are more sceptical on this point than most Americans. They—the French non-professionals—sigh that the French mind is impenetrable to all but Latins, and their American counterparts, perhaps influenced by the lassitude of Anatole France, sigh with equal weariness, and repeat what their French friends say.

With all due respect for the judgment of these experts, I still believe that Frenchmen and Americans whose opinions and sentiments are worthy of consideration can and even now frequently do understand each other better than, say, Frenchmen and Danes, Englishmen, Dutchmen, and perhaps even Italians and Spaniards. However this may be—and it is no more than a personal opinion—Americans and French-

men are bound henceforth to do business together whether they like it or not, and it seems reasonable to believe that it were better for both to know more about each other under the circumstances. America has a great deal to learn from France in matters of ideology; France is far behind the United States in social organization and material comfort. The gradual Americanization of Europe is not a myth; it will be a calamity if it is not tempered at its source by the injection into American life of certain scrums drawn from the body of Old Europe.

About these cuttings: they are not, as the casual reader may assume, a mere record of French vilification, a proof of French ingratitude. Fully fifty per cent of the hysteria of which they are the result is due to action by Americans, or, as the insurance policies have it, to acts of God. Certain cuttings aroused in the compiler feelings of indignation that he was slow to throw off. They plainly showed deliberate misrepresentation by the French journalist. But on the whole, the tone of the cuttings should be readily understood. Take, for example, those devoted to the debt question. The Frenchman in the street says to himself: Is it or is it not true that America was grossly enriched by the war? Is it or is it not true that France is materially poorer as a result of the war? Was the American who fought for an ideal a hypocrite or not? Is it true that the Americans would have cancelled our debt in 1919? If so, why not today? These are pertinent questions. The average Frenchman is no more an economist than the average American. Both are taxpayers, and neither the

one nor the other has ever heard of Keynes or Moulton. Both are—God save the mark!—patriots. Neither knows the work of Kautsky, Montgelas, Fabre-Luce, Bausman, Gootch, Fay, Barnes, or any other of the delvers into the origins of the war. Nevertheless, a few of the French journalists try to comprehend the American case. It is to be regretted that most of them are economists whose writings are too technical to be included in this collection.

Consider, next, the extracts displaying what the French think of America as a country (omitting those concerning the American in Paris). Some of these pieces are extravagant examples of the absurdity of French notions about the United States. Still, when we recall that the Frenchman receives his picture of America from the cinema, and from the cabled reports of the grotesque performances of Methodists, Ku Kluxers, Spiritualists, and Prohibition agents, what can we expect him to think of us?

The American abroad? It is absurd, of course, to say that he keeps the cost of living up in France. The assertion should call up indignation; it is manifestly unfair. Yet, suppose yourself to be a French provincial come to Paris on business. You arrive at night, and go from one hotel to another to find a room. "Ah, Monsieur, everything is taken. Three big ships arrived this morning. . . . *Tenez*, I have one room at 90 francs. . . . Too dear? I'm sorry." Or, your wife goes to Patou's, to Lanvin's, to Vionnet's, for a gown: 2400 francs! A New York price, yes, but a Paris price? No. The luxury trades could not live without Americans. The money spent by us in these trades, to be sure, sifts down through the country in wages, but how can the man in the street be expected to remember this? How are editors to be persuaded to tell him? Here is work for the professional Friend of France, but that professional is too busy keeping French troops on the Rhine. . . .

And now, read, and—like Mr. Hoover—weep!

I

The Debt Question

The true nature of Uncle Sam revealed, by M. du Menil, editor of *Le Rappel*, Paris:

The English, our very good friends, are selfish, but our dear cousins the Americans are ferocious. After having drained Europe of its gold during the war, they decline to insure peace by reducing our debt by a single dollar. At bottom, they are a lot of shopkeepers, jealous of the sterling character of the great lady, France, who added to her marvellous tiara the imperishable jewel of Verdun. Their greatest preoccupation since the Armistice has been to tarnish the glory of France's victory.

A peep into the future, or the verdict of posterity as divined by the *Courrier* of Dijon:

The United States, gorged with the gold it garnered during the war, will now have a few more billions. We shall be crushed lower than we are, financially. That is the result of the debt talks. But History, which always has the last word, will record that the United States conducted itself like Shylock.

Note on the American method of making the world safe for democracy, in the authoritative *Démocratie*, of Paris:

We were out getting shot to bits while the Yankees sold the munitions with which we were shot. While we were pouring out our blood, they were making out their bills in the name of Justice, Civilization, and Liberty. . . . What the New York bankers want is a Dawes Plan for all Europe, so that the workmen of the entire Continent may, like the German workmen, sweat for the bankers after having bled for them.

American medical practise as observed by the royalist *Action Française*:

Saignare, purgare is the medicine prescribed for France by our American doctor.

A cheerful view of the future of France in the pseudo-literary Conservative *Candide*:

The scene is the Chamber of Deputies; the time, 1975.

A VOICE: Down with the Anglo-Saxon vampires!

FINANCE MINISTER: Gentlemen, I beg you to repress your indignation, legitimate though it may be. We have only thirteen years more of sacrifice, and then we shall be free. In 1987 our debt will be extinguished. But I owe it to you to acknowledge that the last years will be the

hardest. The tax on idle wealth has produced this year only 2,357 francs. There are no longer any diamonds or pearls in France. The last collection of paintings was shipped to America seven months ago. . . .

FOREIGN MINISTER (*interrupting*): Gentlemen, a deplorable incident has just taken place in the heart of Paris. American tourists have been assaulted by crowds crying "Shylock!" while they dined in the only *de luxe* restaurant left in our capital. These Americans were perhaps at fault in calling ostentatiously for a beverage no longer drunk by us, even at official banquets—I refer to champagne. It is nevertheless a fact that I am obliged to express my regrets, and apologize to the American government. Otherwise, the regrettable exuberance of our citizens may result in drawing fire from an American squadron upon our Atlantic ports. . . .

A brilliant notion from *France Militaire* which proves that army officers form, intellectually, a race apart throughout the world:

The way to pay off the American debt is simple. Every American has a certain standard of living. It costs him a certain number of dollars to live in the manner to which he is accustomed, over a certain period of time. Let him, before coming to France, deposit with the American Treasury, to the credit of France, the quantity of dollars he would spend ordinarily in America, during the period he is to be in France. This would be greatly more than the francs he would spend during his stay in France, because of the exchange. When he arrived here, the French government would pay all his living expenses, and make a considerable profit out of the transaction.

The ingratitude of the Americans as seen by the editor of *Justice*, published at Point-à-Pitre, capital of Guadeloupe and jealous guardian of French traditions and culture in the Western Hemisphere:

France, the land of LaFayette; France, to which the United States owes its independence; France, the shield of the civilized world during the great war; France, principal champion and principal victim, is treated in the same way as the enemy and aggressor of ten years ago! Who would not grow indignant over such cynicism and injustice?

Not content with having remained blindly and selfishly neutral during three-fourths of the war and growing rich while we were impoverishing ourselves; not content with selling us necessities, at exorbitant prices, whose quality was frequently inferior; not content with turning from a debtor into a creditor nation while we fought a war which was as much their concern as ours; not content with forcing upon us useless war materials; not content with refusing to sign a treaty negotiated by their President and thus withholding from us the promised security against further aggression; not content with having profited so

greatly and risked so little, the greedy Americans now present their bill. To the scandalous profits of neutrality, the Americans wish to add the advantages to be derived from our ruin!

We have had enough of the noisy manifestations of Franco-American amity which are so brutally disregarded by the facts. There are of course a few Americans living in Paris who are friends of France. Let them convert their compatriots if they can, instead of merely showering upon us their empty promises.

Why America really went to war, explained to readers of the *Action Française* by M. Jacques Bainville, whose royalist history of France has just been translated into English:

France began by thinking that the war debts existed only in theory, and that a bill would never be presented. The French were caught in the trap of fine words which they set themselves during the war—that war for justice and humanity which ended in dirty financial reckonings. If the Americans have such a violent love of justice and honor, why were they cautiously neutral for three years after "heroic Belgium"—another sample of democratic phraseology—was brutalized by Germany, and after France had long been invaded? Let us face the facts: the Americans came in when the German submarine campaign threatened the United States.

Shall we cry out at American selfishness? Not in the slightest. They were right. Business is business. LaFayette and the sister-republics are all very well for patriotic holidays. The Americans, being strong and far away, are playing politics. We, with our ten ruined departments and the threat of a new German invasion, have been playing a game of sentiment. We have been mouthing words like democracy and humanity in the hope of softening people's hearts. We thought Germany the land of Kant and Goethe, and America the home of Franklin and Washington. Cradled in our illusion, we neglected to think of our accounts. Enough of this comedy of fraternity and justice and right. *La Fayette, nous voici!*

Explaining the Germanic origins of the Republican party, which sunk the Treaty of Versailles and is conducting the debt negotiations:

There are two countries in the world which do not respect their international engagements: Germany and the United States. [Quoted from the Belgian press in *Le Journal* of Paris.]

Mr. Hoover weeps on Marianne's shoulder, as reported in the *Matin* by M. Stephane Lauzanne:

A few days ago a great American manufacturer brought to Mr. Hoover an autograph letter from M. Painlevé. In this letter, written in elevated

language, our Prime Minister brought to Mr. Hoover's mind their common memories of war days, and appealed to Mr. Hoover's friendship for France. The manufacturer told me that when Mr. Hoover had read the letter, his glance grew hazy, and tears stood in his eyes.

"Yes," sighed the Secretary of Commerce, "I love France deeply."

This simple story proves that we still have friends in America.

N. B. Telegram from Washington sent by the Radio News Agency, received in Paris on the same day as the story related by M. Lauzanne:

Three members of the American Debt Commission hold out for the extension to France of the terms accorded to Great Britain. Such terms are so preposterous that the French Delegation refuse to discuss them. The three members are Messrs. Hoover, Crisp, and Burton.

Suggestions freely offered to an American H. G. Wells by the *Democratique Nouvelle*, of Paris, a Catholic-Socialist organ:

The next war? It will come about in this way: Germany will declare war on France because of the assassination of a Chinese mandarin by a Japanese coolie. This threat to the peace of the Orient will naturally oblige Germany to cross the western frontier purely as a defensive measure. . . .

The United States will remain neutral until, as usual, the Americans have decided which side is the stronger. They will be prepared to intervene at the proper moment, which is to say, when the war is practically ended and they can save the victor the trouble of gathering up the spoils. As a result of the gases employed, they will find not a living soul, not even a cat, left in Europe. They will plant their banner on the Continent, annex it in the name of peace, and then people it with Asiatics, whom they refuse to receive in their own land. Thus France will be at peace once more, though this time as a Japanese colony of the United States.

II

Americans in General

Definition of the United States by M. Rodolphe Darzens, poet, sportsman, and producer of Shaw's "Joan of Arc":

America is the land where it is a crime to drink, make love, or be a Negro.

Influence of the cinema on the culture of Americans—and of a contributor to the *Paris Opinion*, a Catholic Conservative weekly:

People have been saying for years that the cinema would kill the publishing trade. As a matter of fact, it has stimulated reading enormously. In America, for example, after Douglas Fairbanks had appeared in "Robin Hood" with such success, there was a rush to buy the works of Alexandre Dumas. Other examples could be cited to show that the public is interested in reading the stories shown on the screen.

Illustration of the pride and self-sufficiency of the greatest people on earth, as recorded in *Paris-Soir*:

Now that they have cleared up their housing situation at home, the Americans might come over here and help us a little, since the single source of our housing troubles is the war we fought in a common cause.

From the island of Madagascar, and the columns of the *Independent* of Tannerville, arises this protest against American barbarism:

The spirit of our land, so fine, so measured, so sober in its lyricism, deep when we wish it so, yet always clear, is one of the last treasures in an age when the most respectable traditions are as dead as the moon. . . . And it is this spirit, the heritage of Athens and of Rome, that people are now trying insidiously to subject to American leadership. Our civilization is still superior to all others. That of the United States is not worth one quarter of ours, whose roots are plunged in a past composed of grace, of fame, and of radiant beauty. And we are asked to give it up in order to live like Americans, to prefer a hotel to a home, a lunch-counter to the family table! As for business methods as they are practised in the United States, we find life too short to wear it out in winning, losing, and winning again a huge fortune within a brief score of years. As Émile Boutroux once said: "The reason why so many Americans come to our universities is that they find here the flower of a civilization which they lack at home."

In which that great and constant friend of Germany, the Hon. James W. Gerard, is caught with his hand in the sack by the *Moniteur de Calvados* of Caën:

When we pour out champagne and brandy for them, they shout *vive la France*; at home, they call France a "negligible quantity." An association has now been formed under the leadership of Mr. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, for the purpose of "exposing all that is obscene and lascivious in contemporary French literature and the theatre." France is to be displayed as the home of corruption. The doughboys, who enjoyed our wine and our women while two million Frenchmen were dying for the Anglo-Saxon hegemony, will bear witness to French immorality.

Further material for a history of the strangling of France by America, lifted from the excited columns of the *Action Française*:

The American Tariff Bill prohibits the entry of most French products by the imposition of tremendous duties. There is, however, one exception to the rule. In order to profit by the favorable dollar exchange, Americans are permitted to strip France of her art objects, paintings, libraries, and antiques, and bring them free of duty into the United States. Yankee millionaires order twenty square yards of miscellaneous old books and bindings, six chairs over one hundred years old, and are accommodated on the spot.

What is worse, Article 510 of their Tariff Act authorizes American Treasury agents to come to France and poke their noses in the books of our manufacturers—a privilege certainly not accorded to our own Treasury agents. One manufacturer took exception to this intrusion and ordered the American agent out of his shop. The result is that he is not permitted to sell his wares in the United States, for the American customs inspectors have orders from Washington to hold everything up in New York that comes from him. Thus are the Americans tyrannizing over the world.

Portrait of an American co-ed by M. Daniel Mornet, lecturer in the Sorbonne, writing in the *Vie universitaire*:

Should we have co-educational schools as they have in the United States? The answer depends upon one's ideal girl or woman. Yes, if your ideal is a girl with the back of her neck shaved, a girl who plays pushing-ball (*sic*), drives a 5 or a 20 h.p. car, despises flowers, and is a pal, or a rival. No, if you prefer a different type of girl.

Ethnological note on *Homo americanus* contributed by a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Beautiful Letters and honorary doctor of laws (Columbia), writing in a Paris daily:

It is always men with mustaches who play disagreeable parts in American films. Clean-shaven men are honest, energetic, chivalrous, and charming. The villain wears a mustache, the thief's lip is adorned, so is that of the man-about-town, and that of the seducer. Beware of the captain of industry or the gambler who is mustached; he is a cheat. The mustache in America leads to debauchery, to embezzlement, to murder. And all these dangerous villains wear their mustache *à la française*. . . . But let us not condemn our American brothers. Twenty years ago we were the victims of a similar superstition. We thought every clean-shaven man a butler, an unfrocked priest or an escaped convict.

How to get money out of Americans; a recipe invented by His Grace the Duc de

Trevisé and printed in a cook-book of Paris gossip known as the *Cri de Paris*:

More and more the Americans are stripping us of our art treasures. Recently the Duc de Trevisé examined a pair of Renaissance doors in an antiquary shop. "They won't stay in France long," said the shopkeeper. "Why not?" asked the duke. "Because they are much too handsome for us; rich Americans will take them overseas."

The duke has determined to deliver a series of lectures in the United States by way of propaganda for our historical monuments. He will try to take advantage of American sentimentality by telling his hearers that they have done great things for us in the past, and should continue to help us. He will ask them to put up money for the purchase and preservation of historic places and monuments which are on the point of being lost to us. The name of the donor will be engraved on a little tablet in each instance, and it is hoped that the rich Yankees will be tempted by this bait to preserve our national beauties for us.

Samples of American news cabled from the United States to the Paris press:

The Reverend Andreas Bard proposes at Milwaukee that the Statue of Liberty be demolished and replaced by a statue of Christ.

Mr. G. H. McGraw, condemned to life imprisonment twenty years ago, demands immediate execution in the new electric chair of the District of Columbia prison.

Mr. S. R. Kimball of Los Angeles, on the point of death, orders a \$12,000 coffin equipped with a radio telephone, because he believes his soul will stay with his body and thus keep him in touch with current news.

Students of the University of Washington stay awake for 85 hours in an insomnia contest.

Quarrel at Washington, D. C., to decide whether the American flag should be draped, or simply flung free, before the presidential box at the Washington ball park.

Indignation of M. Lucien Dubech, writing in the *Action Française*:

Mascart the boxer, back from America, tells us that the Boxing Commission of the State of New York had him arrested and put into jail because he refused to meet an opponent chosen by the Commission. He tells us also that Johnny Dundee, who slipped out of Paris and aboard an ocean liner 12 hours before he was scheduled to fight a match for which tickets had been sold weeks in advance, has been pardoned and reinstated by the same Commission. And yesterday, Miss Mercedes de Acosta, said to be an American playwright, told a group of Paris reporters that America was forty years ahead of Europe intellectually and morally!

News brought home from America by M. Firmin Gemier, actor-manager, and

reported in the *Bulletin* of France-Amerique, a professional hands-across-the-sea organization:

There are no private offices in America, as in France. The managers and officers of the great business houses all work out in a common room with their employees. An atmosphere of cordiality reigns in all offices, including the tax-collector's. For this reason, Americans are happy to come and pay their taxes in person. . . .

Luis Firpo's adventures in God's country, as related by G. de La Fouchardière, in *l'Oeuvre*:

Firpo arrived in New York with the intention of boxing with a Negro. He brought with him a stenographer who knew no stenography. Doubtless she had other talents. Firpo, in any case, was not unaware that, in America, if you want to quench your thirst you have to bring your drink with you, and if you want to love you must import something to be loved. He introduced the lady to the immigration inspectors. "This is my stenographer," he said. "She types my rounds in manifold copies when I box with Negroes." The inspectors sat the young lady down before a typewriter and begged her to play them a tune. The test was conclusive. The girl was sent back to Buenos Aires to finish her education, and the boxer was fined \$1,000. Meanwhile, he had made the acquaintance of divers cells, and his stenographer also had been incarcerated. The idea of two people living together who are not of the same sex and are not married to each other is unknown in America, and never will be known there.

Truly, these Americans are the most virtuous, the most admirable, and the stupidest people on earth. Having practised slavery until recent years—a fact for which they will never forgive the Negro—they have a highly perfected sense of social tyranny, which they now exercise against the whites. I wonder how an American would have felt on Mount Ararat if he had been called upon to decide the dispute between Ham, who was a Negro, and Noah, who was a tippler. Remember that these gentlemen were the chosen of the Lord, selected by Him for exemption out of a multitude destined to be drowned.

When we send to virtuous America some old harlot charged with years and honors, enriched by the commerce of her expired charms, for whom our National Theatre or one of our music-halls provides a background, virtuous America receives the old harlot with transports of enthusiasm and admiration. Observe that the lady is always accompanied by one or two robust secretaries. But the brilliance of her diamonds blinds the inspectors, who neglect to inquire if the secretaries are able to read and write and take dictation.

America is another Garden of Eden in which only forbidden fruits are allowed to ripen, and which is guarded by a metaphysical customs inspector. Reflecting upon America, I grow sus-

picious of heavenly paradise; not because it may be filled with priests—I am not so sure of that, and anyway, one can always come to an amicable arrangement with a priest—but because it will certainly be crammed with Americans. What the deuce would I do up yonder in a heavenly land to which a man could not bring such harmless things as his bottle and his stenographer?

Why I live in Europe, by J. H. Rosny, Sr., the H. G. Wells of France, writing in *l'Oeuvre*:

The freedom of the Yankees has long since become a fairy-tale. Nowadays they spend all their time in the fabrication of tyrannical laws. There were years when anybody might enter their country. The land stolen from the Indians belonged to Europe by right of conquest. Today, when you reach New York you are asked if you have any money. "No," you reply; "I have come here to work and earn a living." "Out with you," says the Yankee; "poor people not allowed." And our wines are as unwelcome as ourselves.

It is a crime to kiss a girl in public, a crime to spread evolutionary doctrines, a crime to impugn the truth of the Bible. And their famous breach-of-promise laws are the terror of all bachelors!

More truth about the Dayton case from the *Loire Republicaine* of Saint-Étienne.

The error of many superficial Frenchmen is not to understand that religious mysticism may go hand in hand with greed. Sceptics like ourselves can only smile at such an affair as the Dayton farce, because we have reached a degree of civilization which permits us to discuss metaphysics with detachment. The Americans have not passed the scholastic age. They are several hundred years behind us in philosophical education.

Americans are not the offspring of archbishops, asserts M. Jean-Desthieux in *l'Homme Libre*:

What is grotesque about the Dayton affair is that the whole of America participated in it. Our élite is the offspring of Montaigne, Voltaire, and Renan. We observe with regret that America has no élite. It still believes in the pantheism of Walt Whitman, which bears a terrible resemblance to the philosophy of our illiterates. The worst of it is that these good Yankees believe themselves superior to the rest of the world. With the exception of Edison—and he thinks he can communicate with the dead—nobody could name a single American scientist who was not a mere bluffer. Edgar Poe was anesthetized by the American atmosphere. He was their only poet. They have no élite. It is curious that Americans, who are the grandsons of several million immigrants escaped from the slums of Europe, should be so ticklish about the question of their descent from monkeys. The men who populated the United States were after all neither the sons of archdukes nor of archbishops.

Details of an American romance as published in the fashionable *Sur la Riviera* and reprinted in the earnest trade-paper, *Mariage*:

It was at Vermont, Mass. (*sic*) that young Calvin became acquainted with a young lady who took his fancy immediately. One Sunday morning, he hitched up and drove out to her father's farm. The family had gone to church, and she was alone when he arrived.

Calvin was not the lad to beat about the bush. He spat on the ground, took off his hat, and told her what he had come for. The girl blushed, hesitated, turned her head away, and looked at him out of the corner of her eye. He was a brawny lad indeed, and his blue eyes were filled with determination. She looked toward his buggy and saw suddenly a coil of rope lying on the seat.

"What is that rope for, Calvin?" she asked.

"Oh," said Calvin coolly, "that is to truss you up with, like a hog, and carry you off by force, if you don't say 'yes.'"

"And I realized," Mrs. Coolidge concludes whenever she tells this story, "that it would be folly to say no. I got into the buggy, we drove off to the preacher, and I have never had occasion to regret that ride."

A French end-to-end layer goes to work in the United States, *Paris-Midi* reports:

M. Georges Deherme is continuing his "Anthology of Imbecility" in *la Coopération des Idées* for October. He claims the championship of the world for the United States.

"Infinity being inconceivable, we have calculated that a bullet shot at a speed of a mile a minute would take 937 trillion years to encircle the formidable mass of imbecility in the United States. Compared with American imbecility, the affliction of France is insignificant, despite the democratic stultification and the Americanization of French life."

The American as the missing link: another discovery by *l'Oeuvre*, the favorite journal of MM. Herriot and Homais:

The professors at Johns Hopkins have placed an order for several families of Himalayan monkeys. If the Americans intend to prove that they are not descended from monkeys, they are bound to fail, we may be sure. Their jazz bands are certainly monkey orchestras; their attitude toward women, and their materialistic conception of life are not above the level of the quadrupeds. Only one thing distinguished Americans from monkeys heretofore, and they have given that up: it was the ingurgitation of alcoholic drinks.

M. Paul Morand records an impression of Paris in *l'Europe galante*:

What business have we natives with our paper francs in Paris, that fair ground for Americans?

In France, I feel as if I were living in a conquered land; in Germany I am at least in a free country.

More evidence of M. Morand's acquaintance with American life and manners. From the same masterpiece:

"My name," she said, "is Iris Sidedish." . . . She made a frightful sound with her chewing-gum.

III

Americans in France

Unimpeachable evidence of the fact that American tourists spend no money in France, from a headline in the liberal, internationalist *Oeuvre*:

The transport of tourists going to Europe brings to the American government \$250,000 in passport fees. What does France get out of it?

M. Gustave Tery, supporter of the radical parties in France, of the League of Nations, of German reconciliation, of peace, and of the brotherhood of man, contributes an economic note to his paper, *l'Oeuvre*:

The American invasion has resulted in only one thing for us: increased cost of living. France is becoming an Anglo-Saxon colony. There are too many of these parasites here, eating our food, drinking our wine, going untaxed, and paying ridiculously little for everything they consume, thanks to the exchange.

Further evidence of M. Gustave Tery's international idealism, from a carefully pondered article in *l'Oeuvre*, well calculated to soothe a teeming populace:

I am going to found a Joan of Arc Society for the purpose of booting the English and the Americans out of France. We have got to teach these unwelcome visitors that they are not wanted here.

In which the chief patron of French propaganda in the United States is introduced as a German-American and expostulated with in the following terms by the widely-informed *Petit-Bleu* of Paris:

Let Mr. Kahn explain fully what he has done for France, how he has proved himself a Friend of France; let him prove that he is not trying, under cover of friendship, to do business in Morocco; and finally, let him explain his relations with Boche-American and pure Boche banking firms.

Stealthy detective service of the *Poilu du Centre*, printed at Clermont-Ferrand:

From Paris to the Pyrenees, via Lyons and Bordeaux, in all the hotels where I stopped, I saw no Frenchmen who were not servants. My journeys have opened my eyes. The exchange value of the franc will never improve so long as the Americans find it profitable to live in France. Supported by their banks, their business men are buying up our finest sites, our most beautiful homes. They live on nothing over here. Why should they support the franc?

There is not the shadow of a doubt that it is the foreigners who are the direct cause of the miseries of all Frenchmen. It is shameful to compare the well-being of the American workman with the poverty of the French workman. You, M. Caillaux, are looking for more money. Why not put a formidable tax on all foreigners, particularly tourists? They will pay. What we need is a double standard of weights and measures: one for the foreigner and another, 50 per cent of the first, for the Frenchman.

M. Camille Vergniol in the *Paris-Midi*:

The enemy is master of the city! The barbarians have brought to Paris their vices, their morbid germs, their ferments of destruction! They are degenerate, rotten, physically, intellectually, and morally. They offend our eyes, our ears, and our nostrils.

Finding a Frenchman in Paris: the experience of a reporter of the *Petit Journal*:

A bus stopped at the Place du Palais Royal and fifty people rushed forward to get into it. The conductor held them up. "War wounded first," he said. Nobody came forward. "Women with children." Still nobody. "Women expecting children." There were none in the crowd. The conductor was perplexed. Finally he had a brilliant idea. "Any French people in the crowd?" And the mob of Americans parted, forming a double row to let a single Frenchman pass.

An eye for an eye, as proposed by the *Reveil du Charrolaix* of Paray-le-Monial:

It appears that the American government collects a head tax of \$8.00 per capita from all foreigners arriving in the United States. Eight dollars is equivalent to about 175 francs. Thus each poor Frenchman who arrives in the port of New York has to pay 175 francs, while each rich American who comes to France pays nothing to get into the country. Why not place a reciprocal tax on these people?

The French celebration of the Fourth of July as reported by the Paris correspondent of the *Avenir* of Arras:

The Avenue de l'Opera is draped in amicably united French and American flags, but I notice

that, apart from public buildings, the only banks, shops, or windows to be adorned are those belonging to American firms. The purely French houses rolled up their American flags in 1919 and have never displayed them since.

IV

Belgian Supplement

The *Porquoi Pas* of Brussels unburdens its heart:

The Americans are demanding payment. They have been able to collect all the gold of the earth, thanks to the war, and have become the bankers of the world. And such bankers! But what they have is not enough for them. A debt is a debt. Business is business.

The treaty of Versailles charged our debt to German account, but America, after having sent us a representative who caused us a great deal of damage, simply disavowed him in order to be relieved of the obligations which his promises imposed upon her. Thus America is the only nation in the world to ask us for money.

So be it. We shall not complain. A debt is a debt, as Uncle Sam says. But if this is so, let the Americans go hang with what they call their friendship, and with their generous Mr. Hoover, who fed us in exchange for our money. The corner grocer to whom we pay good francs for his wares has no right to our gratitude.

The *Bien Public* of Ghent:

A close parallel can be established between the conduct of the Germans in 1914 and that of the Americans today. The Germans threatened with their army, the Americans threaten with their financial strength. The Americans objected that the Germans violated a treaty; they violate natural honesty and good faith. The Americans were our allies in a war which we won, and by which they profited. In 1914 they wept crocodile tears when the Germans burned our towns, starved our people, and martyred our civilians. The same effect will result from their financial exactions. The Americans were shocked at the enslavement of Belgium by German arms; they see nothing unnatural in our becoming the slaves of their money, which is the worst form of slavery. . . . What is most shocking in the American claims is the philanthropic mask with which the Americans cover all their operations.

Anthropological note from the *Soir*, of Brussels:

In Cuvier's classification, the simian race is divided into the Old World monkey, who has five molars in each jaw, and the New World monkey, who has six. This explains the remarkable superiority of the Yankee in seizing what he covers and holding so well to what he has seized.

MUTATIONS AMONG AMERICANS

BY CARL VAN VECHTEN

RECENTLY, desiring to purchase a lamp, I emerged from the elevator on the indicated floor of one of New York's largest department stores only to gape with amazement. On every hand there was a heterogeneous collection of objects with electrical attachments—but not one real lamp did I see. Here was a samovar, wired and mounted, with a velum shade on which was painted the effigy of an English fox hunt, the men in pink coats, and the hounds in brown. Nearby stood what had apparently once been an andiron, now electrocuted and shadowed by pale-blue ruffles. Coffee- and tea-pots diffused soft light. I did not discover a *pot de chambre*, but there were water-pitchers, pickle-bottles, sewing-machines, cuspidors, medicine-jars, tea-caddies, champagne jero-boams, kerosene cans, inkwells, butter-tubs, flower urns, porcelain parrots, umbrella stands, cake-baskets, water-buckets and ice-cream freezers, all shedding a warm glow of illumination and all so emasculated that they could no longer perform their proper functions.

I asked the pretty, bob-haired girl who was officiating: "Have you no proper lamps?" Staring at me as if I were slightly demented, a foreigner, or a native of some middle-western village, she replied: "We don't burn oil in New York." Disregarding her obtuseness, I persisted: "I mean electric lamps." She waved her hand about in an inclusive gesture. "These are *all* electric lamps," she informed me, in the tone with which one gently instructs a child. Restraining myself from making the retort: "So's your old man," I retired from this emporium and engaged a taxi to carry me

to a celebrated Chinese shop. Here, at any rate, I assured myself, I should be able to secure what I wanted. But I was again disappointed. An obsequious Chinaman exhibited to me a goldfish bowl, surmounted by twin globes, shaded by an *abat-jour* of amethyst Chinese damask, cloissoné vases, bronze Buddhas, raped from joss-house altars, porcelain elephants, teak-wood bird-cages in which bright finches with electric eyes swung on perches, and divers other ornaments carved from rock-crystal, green and rose jade, and malachite.

I sought no further. Returning to my apartment, I took down from a shelf in the store-room the following objects which had fallen into disuse and which were accumulating thick layers of dust: a brass music-rack, a cinnabar jewel chest of a curious design, an early American slop-jar from an inland hotel which, filled with poppies, a ribald friend had sent me on a certain *jour de fête*, a Chinese actor's head-dress composed of esoteric metals studded with jewels and waving with feathers, and a Victorian silver soup-tureen, bequeathed to me by my paternal grandmother. These I dispatched to the nearest electrician with instructions that they be converted forthwith into lamps.

II

Contemplation has satisfied me that this perverse desire to use objects for purposes for which they were never intended is an abiding American trait to which Europeans engaged in manufacturing goods for disposal to tourists from the United States are not above catering. It is for these that are fashioned the toilet-paper rolls which play

tunes, and for these that calf-skin incunabula are metamorphosed into repositories for cigarettes.

This American characteristic may be studied advantageously from a different angle in the more naïve, native drama, the tradition of which has been perpetuated delightfully in the current movies. Railway trains, snowstorms, real turkeys, real waterfalls, real horses, were assuredly no novelty to the playgoers before whom they were exposed and yet it is evident that play after play succeeded because of their inclusion. "David Harum" was the success of a rainstorm with real water, "Shore Acres," of an actual dinner, served steaming to the actors six nights and two matinées a week, with the ultimate result that not a single member of the original cast has been able to look at a turkey since. Real horses racing on a treadmill made "The County Fair" and "Ben Hur."

As I have remarked, these phenomena were not novel to the spectators who crowded the playhouses to see them; they were commonplaces to them. They gave pleasure simply because they were observed where they did not belong—in the theatre. A farmer, who every day in the week pumped his drinking water into a tin dipper from a well sunk under a spreading elm in his backyard, was so fascinated by the simulation of a similar contrivance in a Down East melodrama, which happened to be on view in New York during his single brief visit to the metropolis, that he attended the show four times, thereby depriving himself of a view of the shapely, though well-covered, legs of the marching toys and the curls of Mabel Barrison in "Babes in Toyland." Natives of Vermont, accustomed to spend long Winter hours clearing paths through the drifts from house to barn, sat infatuated before the plight of Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans," exposed as she was to a devastating fall of paper flakes. Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, who never missed a service on Sunday or Wednesday, members, indeed, of committees for the

clothing of heathen Africans, or for the converting of Persian pagans, even deacons, prebendaries and bishops, flocked to see "The Old Homestead" and "The Fatal Wedding," primarily because of the church scenes in them. "The Garden of Allah" was a *succès de chameaux*.

It is to gratify a similar instinct that an audience who could not be induced to pay a visit to Carnegie Hall, an audience, indeed, whom the mere mention of a concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra would cause to yawn, listens with rapt attention to the Strand or the Rivoli or another cinema-palace band while it plays "Ein Heldenleben" or a movement from the "Symphonie Pathétique," rewarding the truly criminal performance with plaudits that would not be displeasing to a Kreisler or a Myra Hess.

III

In many parts of America there is a steady and growing demand for furniture that appears to be something it is not. In the matter of folding-beds the inventors of these *meubles* have been doubly ingenious. Folding-beds that by day take the shape of dining-tables, bookcases, chairs and probably even kitchen stoves are no rarity. Radio and victrola cabinets are now constructed to resemble sideboards or consoles. Telephones are concealed in sedan chairs, while cocktails are shaken in shells, relics of the late war.

The same is true in the matter of food. Pink lemonade, chopped lettuce and asparagus, hash, succotash, peanut butter, crisco and olcomargarine are all the result, some of them a delightful result, of this baleful influence. Architecture has felt its sway, too. Swiss chalets are especially favored in prairie towns; Spanish bungalows decorate the environs of Iowa villages; plaster English farmhouses, with thatched roofs, seem to be considered peculiarly appropriate to face Indiana pastures; French châteaux, emulating the Renaissance style of their relatives on the Loire, spring up on Fifth avenue. Garages

become houses and houses, garages. If a novel is disguised as a biography, or a biography as a novel, it is sure to sell. In certain of these United States the use of knives for forks and saucers for tea-cups is almost *de rigueur*.

In politics this trait achieves the air of fantastic burlesque. He who is ignorant of international affairs and innocent of foreign languages seems to be the legitimate choice to head an American embassy in any European capital. It appears to be entirely unnecessary for an applicant to acquaint himself with army and navy affairs before his appointment to take charge of one of these bureaux. Our senators and representatives are apparently selected (and elected) at haphazard from an assortment of the most signally unfit material.

What all this is leading to, one cannot be certain; assuredly, however, there is no sign of a waning of the tendency. As soon as it disappears from one strata of American life, it reappears in another. Perhaps it may be studied in its most ironic form when Uncle Peter and the family descend on Europe, for most of the Americans who visit France and Italy and Spain have no business to be there. They complain bitterly about the garlic and the olive oil in the cooking, and the fleas in their beds; they whine about the habitual gouging of the Parisian *cochers*; they grumble about

the lack of heat in Venetian churches; they growl about the London fogs. French beer is too thin and German beer is too thick; English food is too simple, French food is too complicated.

Foreigners, these Americans grunt, are strange, unmoral people who eat snails and cockscombs and exist without bathtubs. They even refuse to learn the American language, although some of them speak English. In certain provinces they dress eccentrically, preserving the costumes of their ancestors. They nourish unreasonable grudges against each other and more particularly against the inhabitants of the United States. Their politics and their manners are heathenish; their banking and political systems are imperfect. In certain horrible countries—England, for example—they retain the tradition of monarchy and actually support a king in a royal palace. They do not understand the art of baking bread, and when one asks for chicken à la Maryland or Virginia ham one is given a blank stare. They waste government money on theatres and opera houses, and, in some places, a poet has more social importance than a rich brewer. Nevertheless, in spite of these inconveniences of thought and action, Uncle Peter and his family are, on the whole, fairly content. Are they not in the very places where they do not belong?

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Mountebankery.—When we denounce a man for mountebankery, we often overlook the fact that a touch of charlatanism is necessary to an honest, sincere and first-rate man in the Republic if he is to get his message, whatever it may be, across to the millions of boobs and blockheads who hem him in on all sides. The completely honest, sincere and first-rate man, save he practise a measure of mountebankery, stands no more chance of attracting attention in the United States at the present time than a completely above-board politician or a new Haydn. A few men of his own sort will recognize him and his abilities, but the great mass of the people will remain wholly oblivious to him. To get the ears of this great mass, the first-rate man must speak to them (and conduct himself toward them) as a second-rate, third-rate or even tenth-rate man. By this hocus-pocus, due to the circumstance of like liking like, he may contrive to obtain their attention and, having obtained it, to unload gradually into their temporarily hornswoggled cocos what forthright ideas he desires to.

It matters not what kind of first-rate man the first-rate man in question happens to be. He may be an artist, a writer, a musician, a financier, an editor, a business man or perhaps only a street-hawker of toy balloons, rubber tacks, smell-bombs, imitation cockroaches and busts of Theodore Roosevelt. But, whatever he is, a degree of quackery is vital to him if he would sell himself and his goods or ideas. There are men who are born frauds; there are others who have fraudulence thrust upon them. The former are not worth tobacco juice; the latter are often deserving of the highest and most intelligently

critical respect. The first class I shall not bother to identify by name. Throw a brick out of the window and you will hit one of them or maybe two, if the brick bounces. The second group numbers such highly estimable, if diversified, fellows as J. P. Morgan, William Randolph Hearst, Leopold Stokowski, Colonel William Mitchell, Clarence Darrow, Sinclair Lewis, Alf Ringling, Nicholas Murray Butler and the Messrs. Cluett and Peabody.

Definition 3,260.—Criticism is a technical mastery of the difficult art of keeping un-aesthetic personal prejudices out of æsthetic appraisal.

The Emperor.—Much of the fault that is found by Americans with the Hon. Calvin Coolidge as president of their country undoubtedly rests, at bottom, upon the unromantic aspect of the fellow. 'Way down below the groans and grunts uttered over him, 'way down below the ostensible reasons for the dissatisfaction with him, runs the inevitable current of popular distaste for a leader who lacks picturesqueness. In the way of romance and picturesque quality, Coolidge cuts a sorry figure. He lacks even Harding's impressive front or Taft's sizeable bulk, warm geniality and English actor-manager *Schnurrbart*. When his likeness is flashed on a movie sheet, it is, indeed, always necessary carefully to identify him on the screen by name that the audience may not mistake him for a casual delegate to some School Teachers' Convention, Bible Congress or other such newsreel excitement and may be induced to bestow upon him the usual perfunctory hand-claps.

That the Hon. Calvin is himself privy

to this embarrassing deficiency on his part is obvious. And equally transparent are the means he adopts in an effort to remedy it, or at least to conceal it in so far as possible. The periodic pilgrimages to the little old New England home town with the ritualistic democratic shaking of hands with the town plumber and barber; the Sunday morning visit to the little frame country church with the small boys of the village trailing behind in the same impressed manner with which they are wont to follow the blonde bare-back rider in the Walter L. Main circus parade; the histrionic tightened lips and scholarly frown customarily associated in the public mind with great statesmen; the slouchy clothes associated in the same mind with genius—these devices the Hon. Calvin utilizes to assist him in throwing the hero-worshippers off the scent. But to small end. For here is the first president that the United States has had since Lincoln who doesn't possess a single quality to gratify the fancy and imagination of his people, who hasn't a single characteristic—save taciturnity, which is a sedative to the public's imagination rather than a stimulating bolus—to distinguish him from the common run of male mammals. He is, in point of fact, the only president in the last sixty years whom stage comedians cannot give impersonations of, since there is absolutely nothing about him that differentiates him from the ordinary man: whether in habit, manner, dress, look or speech. He hasn't even so much as Grant's cigar, Hayes' beer-brewer's watch-fob, Cleveland's fishing-pole, McKinley's Roman nose, Roosevelt's sombrero or Woodrow's campus elegance to stamp him apart from a million other men. And so his subjects feel that something is wrong with him and show their disapproval by finding fault with him in directions where he actually is not at fault. The leader of a nation may be a dolt and a doodle, but so long as there is something romantic about him his people will venerate him. But if he have not about him a certain magic of person-

ality, a certain striking theatricality, his people will soon or late razz him, though he possess the wisdom of a Frederick the First and the genius of a Frederick the Second.

Intellectuality and Sex.—One of the oldest themes in our literature concerns the impossibility of a merely intellectual union between a man and a woman, at least one of whom is comparatively young and possessed of the tremors that go with youth. Of the soundness of the theme, there is not the slightest doubt; yet one or two issues related to it are generally overlooked by its confectioners. The civilized woman, it is true, has no use for a man of even the most transcendent intellect if sex is no part of him. But, on the other hand, the same woman has equally small use for a man of even the most transcendent sex if intellect is no part of him. That intellect, surely enough, may actually be of a not much higher level than that of a congressman or a gas-bill collector, but this is not the point. Whatever its bulk, it must pass for intellectuality with the woman; she must believe in it and take it for granted, as she believes in and takes for granted her God, her baby's beauty and the security of her garters. The man may, in good sooth, be an unmitigated ass, but not to her. Back of her husband's amatory virtuosity, a wife must discern a compendium of learning and worldly wisdom that, in her mind, puts Socrates to the blush. If she doesn't feel in her sub-conscious that her husband is a sapient fellow, he had better begin to keep a sharp eye on the iceman.

Ayer's Almanac.—This is the seventy-third anniversary of the American institution known as *Ayer's Almanac*, founded by Dr. James C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., and for seventy-three consecutive years the butt of all Americanos of a facetious turn of mind. Far above the name of Joe Miller, far above that of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, far above even that of the gas-house, has its name been invoked to

stigmatize and dismay the unhappy humorous writer, playwright, stage clown and after-dinner orator. It has been the synonym *summa cum* for sour jokes, the cuspidor of a hundred thousand derisions. Yet it is doubtful if even one of the persons who has used its name in vain has ever actually taken a look at it. And, in this respect, I have the honor to offer myself as Exhibit A. For years I have slung the custard of my irony at it in company with everyone else, yet only today did it occur to me that it mightn't be a bad idea to glance at the thing and see what it was like.

The humor of *Ayer's Almanac*, estimating it from the copy at hand, is, contrary to the general impression, not such dismal stuff, after all. Not rib-busting, perhaps, but comedy of a very fair sort, quite as serviceable as any you'll find in the humorous weeklies or in the musical comedies and revues. For example:

Teacher: Do you understand the difference between liking and loving?

Willie: Yes, ma'am; I like my father and mother, but I love pic.

Again:

Passenger (*to chauffeur*): Hey! You've run over a man. Aren't you going to stop?

Chauffeur: Naw! I can read all about it in the papers.

Still again—to return to little Wilhelm and Teacher:

Teacher: Willie, give me three proofs that the world is actually round.

Willie: Yes'm. The book says so, you say so, and ma says so.

And still again:

Hay and Feed Dealer: You owe me \$3 for oats, Mose, and if you don't pay me I'll have to take your horse.

Uncle Mose: All right, Mista Guggenheimer, an' Ah'll pay you de balance o' de \$3 jest as soon as Ah kin.

Here, true enough, is not precisely the species of jocosity to floor one with mirth, yet is it any worse than that which our highly paid magazine and stage comedians get by with? In *Ayer's* I find this:

Doctor (*to Atchison dinge*): What did your father die of?

Dinge: Ah don't know, boss, but it wasn't nothin' serious.

In the latest piece of literature by the man who is regarded by Americans as their leading humorist and whose work is reviewed at length in the literary weeklies, I find this:

Love makes the world go round because every lover is a crank.

And this:

Why does a dressmaker never lose her hooks? Because, my dear, she has an eye to each of them.

Ayer's Almanac, hoch!

Why Men Marry.—A few nights ago, there were gathered together in one of the esoteric *salles à boire* of New York, a dozen middle-aged men. All save two were bachelors. As the mineral water began to work its magic on those at the board, the two bachelors bade of their fellows to tell them honestly the reasons that had prompted them to marry the women they had married. What, in other words, precisely had it been about these women that had fetched the men and converted them into husbands. The ten husbands pondered the question gravely and then, in turn, gave out the underlying provocative causes, which I set down seriatim:

1. Because the woman had shared a taste for F. W. Bain's translations of the Hindu "Digit of the Moon" and "Bubbles of the Foam," could play the piano, and had Japanese eyes.

2. Because the woman disliked public restaurants and jazz music, and liked to stay home at nights.

3. Because the woman had a beautiful, soft speaking voice and hated golf and all golf players.

4. Because the man had been thrown over by the woman he really loved.

5. Because the woman had \$50,000 in the bank which the man needed to buy a partnership in the firm for which he was working.

6. Because the woman dressed in the way the man admired; because she hadn't bobbed her hair; and because she shared the man's wish to make a trip to Cairo.

7. Because the man was tired of living at his club and because he felt that he was getting old.

8. Because the woman had been attentive to him during an illness of two months' duration.

9. Because the woman had an even temper; because she spoke three languages fluently; and because she was the only woman the man had ever met who didn't wear her fingernails sharply pointed like a Chinaman's.

10. Because she was the best-looking girl at the resort where the man spent his Summers.

Although these may at first glance seem to be excessively superficial reasons for the men's marrying the respective women, I thoroughly believe that they represent accurately the basic reasons that often shove men into the state of hymeneal blessedness. It is upon such a profound philosophical basis that the great institution of marriage is frequently founded; it is upon such a basis that the lions and unicorns of genealogy proudly prance and lift their heads to heaven.

50-50.—Nothing is so ruinous to an artist as a love of money. Nothing is so ruinous to a business man as a love of art.

Style.—The common statement that a writer's style is a true reflection of the man, that his style is an outgrowth of his personality, is often absurd. The truth is that, in the case of many a writer, the personality is an outgrowth of the style. The writer creates a fictitious picture of himself as man in his style and then takes color from his style by way of living up to the popular conception of him. Shaw is an excellent example. His style is of telegraphic dynamite all compact: mentally aphrodisiac adjectives, meat-eating verbs, sequences that are tipsy with the wine of

gaiety. The man himself is intrinsically exactly the opposite. Shaw, the man, is no more the blood-brother of the Shaw style than Cabell, the man, is the blood-brother of the Cabell style. Shaw's style is less a true reflection of Shaw as man than, let us say, of John Maynard Keynes as man. Shaw, however, wise showman that he is, has simply created himself in its own image. He has carefully evolved a completely alien and artificial style, set it up as a dummy, and then appropriated the dummy's trousers for himself.

Dreiser's style is Dreiser; Lewis' style is Lewis; Harold Bell Wright's style is Wright. But Lardner's style is no more Lardner, *Homo sapiens* and Great Neck householder, than Dunsany's style is Dunsany, *Homo sapiens* and Gargantuan oyster eater. The ivory elephant that the estimable and realistic Lord wears on a black ribbon around his neck is a concession to his style, just as the open-collared shirt and tousled hair of Jack London were a concession to his. Style is less often the man than the concept of him he wishes his readers to have. The sentence structure, the sequences, the juxtapositions and the verbal trickeries and cadences of many men of letters are no more reflections of their inner beings than the rôles most actors play are reflections of theirs.

Experience.—In the common acceptance of the term, a man's experience, for a reason I can't quite make out, is generally associated in the popular mind with trouble. Thus, when we hear that a man has profited by experience, we are asked to believe that his experience has consisted in trials and tribulations. Yet the experience from which a man profits most is vastly less that which has been related to his miseries and woes than that which has been related to his successes and happiness. A man learns little from his defeats; it is his triumphs—in business, in sport, in artistic effort, or in amour—that give him his most valuable tips and teach him his most valuable lessons.

NOTES & Queries

Queries and Answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes & Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 78

The word *osseocaput*, prevalent ten or fifteen years ago, seems to have gone out. Why? Certainly it is more refined than the English equivalent, *bonehead*, which also seems to be archaic. My life is made sad by the death of good words. On the analogy of *osseocaput* an ingenious man might contrive a whole lexicon of needed words. For example:

Lithocaput = stonehead
 Ferrocaput = ironhead
 Hydrocaput = waterhead = Prohibitionist
 Gaseocaput, or ærocaput = airhead = actor
 Brassicocaput = cabbagehead
 Cocacolacaput = Fundamentalist
 Plumbocaput = leadhead
 Mortocaput = deadhead
 Adamacaput = diamondhead
 Pepocaput = pumpkinhead
 Pulsocaput = mushhead

ARTIUM MAGISTER,
Harvard University

QUERY NO. 75

Was Robert Louis Stevenson a Christian? Was Nathaniel Hawthorne? Was Poe? Was Thackeray? Was Schiller? Was George Eliot? Was Longfellow? Was Herman Melville?

J. D. G., *Dubuque, Iowa*

QUERY NO. 76

Can anyone tell me the origin and exact meaning of the word *hoosegow*? It seems to be used to designate a town jail. It is not in the New English Dictionary. Another word that puzzles me is *poker*.

LEXICOGRAPHER, *Princeton, N. J.*

QUERY NO. 77

The late James Huneker once told me that he had evidence that the family name of the poet Keats was really Katz. I find no reference to the fact in Amy Lowell's recent life of the poet. Can anyone shed any light on the matter? Keats seems an incredible English name. Huneker also told me that Robert Browning's family name was Braunstein, that Sir Arthur Sullivan was born Solomon, that Edgar Allen Poe was a grandson of a man named Pfau, and that Bret Harte was a scion of the ancient family of Hertz.

HERBERT PAILLARD, *Omaha, Neb.*

QUERY NO. 79

Can someone supply the correct words of this old Cockney poem, of which I know neither the title nor the composer? It runs something like this:

Hi saw 'er steal 'er aipron to 'er heye—
 The whole world seemed to grow brighter;
 And Hi clasped my darlin' tighter
 As Hi saw 'er steal 'er aipron to 'er heye.

M. G., *New York City*

QUERY NO. 80

Mr. Fergusson in his article, "Billy the Kid" in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* of June, 1925, said that the true name of Billy the Kid was William H. Bonney. The files of Denver and Las Vegas papers printed at the time of the Kid's death state that his real name was McCarthy, but that for several years he had passed under the name

of Billy Bonney. Which name was the true one?

B. C. HILLIARD, JR., *Denver, Colo.*

QUERY NO. 81

Is there one among your readers who happens to own a bottle of Schloss Johannisberger, '97? I am aware that the yield of 1904 fetches more in the open market, and that the bottling of 1907 is generally better considered, but it is the 1897 and none other that I want. It had a curious and inexplicable *süss und saur* flavor—a paradox that no Johannisberger had been guilty of since the bottling of 1868 and then not nearly so marked. To be sure there are better markes and years to be drunk; but for the purpose of upturning an entire bottle into a barrel of raw sauerkraut there has never been anything quite like it. Perhaps in the cellar of someone who formerly owned a restaurant in New York or Philadelphia or Baltimore or Chicago or Cincinnati or Milwaukee or St. Louis, where there was a large German colony—perhaps, I say, in such a cellar there is in dark hiding a bottle of 97er. If so, what will induce him to let me have it—that is, strictly legally, under the terms of the Volstead Act?

M. M., *Trenton, N. J.*

QUERY NO. 82

Out here in the wilds I have heard reports of a national organization set up in New York (or some other such heathen place) and called "The Friends of the Saloon." Its purpose, as I hear, is to get back the old-time saloon, exactly as it was before 1920. Do you know anything about this society? I'd like to join as a life member.

H. G. F., *Provo, Utah*

QUERY NO. 83

It may be only my imagination, but I can't help remarking that the Pullman smoking compartment has been chilling up of late. No longer, as in the olden,

golden days, does a fellow traveler grab your hand when you depart and say, "Well, if you ever get to Toledo don't fail to look me up." No longer is there a ready and hospitable offering of a cigar. In fact, no longer is there even a hot story told. What, I ask, has hit the Pullman smoker? Of course, it's a matter of no great concern to stay-at-home business men, but to real he-men—salesmen—and I speak as one who puts in seven months a year on the road—it's pretty serious. It kind of makes you feel that the human race is turning sour when it travels. Not long ago I went from *Omaha to Dayton*,—not the dunghill in Tennessee but the fair town in Ohio. I had four brand new stories and was just aching to shoot them. One man after another came into the smoking compartment, never so much as gave me an eye of pleasant recognition and buried his head in his *Saturday Evening Post* or *True Stories*. Now I'm not stand-offish or anything like that. I'll always go more than half-way to talk to a stranger. But these birds gave me such a chill that I couldn't make even a dignified start. . . . Or is it only my imagination?

AN ELK SINCE 1889, *Marion, Ohio*

QUERY NO. 84

I would like to know the origin of and reasons for the occasional references in the press to Senator William E. Borah of Idaho as "Bill Borah of the Empty Train." Can anyone help me?

REUBEN MAURY, *Butte, Montana*

QUERY NO. 85

On page fifty-two of his "A Story-Teller's Holiday" George Moore makes the assertion that Peter was a Catholic and Paul was a Protestant. It makes no spiritual difference to me if Peter was a Buddhist and Paul a Hottentot. What interests me is: where can I verify Mr. Moore's statement?

ALVIS FINCH, *Detroit*

QUERY NO. 86

Can anyone tell me what the word *realtor* means, precisely—that is, what is the difference between a *realtor* and any other seller of real estate? I have heard hints that it designates a go-getter of superior quality, but I lack the exact facts. Also, who invented the word?

CARL B. LERCH, *Cleveland, O.*

QUERY NO. 87

Who is Sadikichi Hartman? When and where was he born? I want a list of his published books. Are there any criticisms of his "Last Thirty Days of Christ" in print, and where are they procurable? Why were many copies of this book issued un-numbered? Were they remaindered?

FRANÇOIS THIBAUT, *San Diego, Calif.*

QUERY NO. 88

I am in search of a book that explains, in plain language, all the new discoveries in physics. For example, I want to know what happens when an electric current goes through a wire, and why it will go through copper and not through rubber. Also, what is resilience? Again, why is a diamond harder than a piece of wood? Yet again, what is color? Temperature? Weight? Odor? Ductility? What happens when steel is tempered? I have looked through a lot of books, but I find none that explains all of these things simply. Certainly there must be such a book in English. Can anyone direct me to it?

JAMES B. MARSH, *New York*

QUERY NO. 89

Can anyone tell me anything about Charles Marcotte, who launched a monarchist movement in Chicago twenty-five or thirty years ago? What became of him and his campaign? The late Richard Mansfield, the actor, was also a violent monarchist. Are there any left?

D. G. TAIT, *New Orleans*

QUERY NO. 90

Can anyone tell me of a work of fiction that deals with the Stoic philosophy? I want a book that will exemplify the principles of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Also, does there exist anywhere in the United States or Canada any society where the lovers of the great emperor and the other Stoic masters can meet and exchange ideas?

R. J. OLIVER, *St. Louis, Mo.*

QUERY NO. 91

Does anyone know where I can find an accurate bibliography of the books of Edgar Saltus?

LIBRARIAN, *Denver, Colo.*

QUERY NO. 92

Does tone-deafness carry with it any penalty beyond that of loss of pleasure? Is it the cause or the effect of any sensual short circuits? Is it accidental or coincidental that persons indifferent to the soft strokings of organized sound are incapable of æsthetic enthusiasms? Is it true, as von Muhlheim claimed, that there is little singing or whistling in prisons, but a good deal of it in madhouses? Do those who are emotionally unaffected by music, any kind of music, ever have cloud-rides? Do their souls ever go on celestial holidays? Finally, is it true, as Goertz-Lachmann thought probable, that no man can be an amorist unless he be a lover of music?

WOLF WOLFSOHN, *Chicago*

QUERY NO. 93

I have occasion to go to New York once a year, and while on a recent visit there it seemed to me that the hordes of female vendors of love and beauty had multiplied ten times over in the twelve-month that had intervened since my last previous visit. Now, I am far, I hope, from being a Puritan, and no one enjoys the company of bright ladies more than I, but I draw the line at being button-holed a dozen times

in Forty-second street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, even though the hour be after midnight. I object to two girls attempting me at the same time, the one emphasizing the advantages of going home with her by saying that her rooms are but a block away; the other crushing her with, "Yeah, but she ain't got no shower-bath." To appeal to a cop has always seemed to me to be a caddish act. The girls will be pinched, but the traffic will go on just the same. What is a man to do? I am tall, rather good-looking and my clothes give indication that I am in good circumstances. I suppose I am natural prey. Yet with a wife at home and three daughters growing up I cannot afford to be seen in sidewalk conversation with such women. Why do they select a main thoroughfare such as Forty-second street? Would it not be better for all parties if they worked, say, on Fiftieth street east of Fifth avenue, or even around on Madison avenue in back of St. Patrick's Cathedral?

ANONYMOUS, *St. Joseph, Mo.*

QUERY NO. 94

While I was in Germany last year I read an article on Falstaff in which the writer claimed that Shakespeare's liquorish knight was a real person and not a fictive character, that he got into trouble in a duel and fled to Berlin. There his name became Valstaff and later Valstadt, and the family records show that a branch of his descendants came to America and were known as Valstead, and later Volstead. Can it be that the father of the immortal Act is a shoot from him whose belch was the loud-est and most sonorous in literature?

W. M. SLADE, JR., *Cambridge, Mass.*

QUERY NO. 95

I am very fond of soft shell crabs and always order them fried in bread crumbs. One night last Summer I was sitting at a table in a restaurant with a gentleman who was a stranger and when he heard me give

my order—that is, for the crabs to be fried in bread crumbs—he begged my pardon for butting in and then suggested that if I ordered them fried only in the fat of bacon I would have a more savory dish. I thanked him and said I would try it some time. But before giving an order for crabs to be fried in such manner I should like to inquire of your gastronomical readers if bacon fat is really an improvement over bread crumbs. It seems to me that not to cover a soft crab in a batter of bread crumbs is to permit all the juice of the crab to get away. It is the batter that imprisons the juice and hence improves the flavor. I should think that to fry a crab in its naked shell would destroy the tenderness of its white luscious meat. Certainly it would dry the meat, which is what the overgarment of crumb batter guards against. What are the facts?

A CRAB LOVER, *West Philadelphia, Pa.*

QUERY NO. 96

I wish to know if there is any information to be had regarding Langdon Smith, whose poem, "Evolution," begins with these lines:

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime.

P. L. WHITE, *Des Moines, Iowa*

QUERY NO. 97

Can any of your learned readers tell me who wrote the poem, "The Old Hell of the Bible Is Hell Enough for Me"? And supply me with the complete text? I have only two fragments—this one:

'Twas hell for Paul and Peter
And them of high degree,
And the old hell of the Bible
Is hell enough for me.

and this one:

'Twas hell for old John Bunyan
And it's hell enough for me.

PAUL D. WALFOLE, *Sandusky, O.*

Answers

ANSWER NO. 3

Here is another for R. L. O'F., a little poem by W. H. Davies:

Girls scream
Boys shout
Dogs bark
School's out.

J. W. MOLONY, *London*

One of the shortest poems ever printed appeared some years ago in the *New York Sun*. It translates the dying utterance of Julius Caesar:

U,
2?

W. S., *Ithaca, N. Y.*

ANSWER NO. 14

"Ivory tower," in the sense mentioned by Mr. Hazzard, comes from the French. It was first used by Sainte-Beuve, who, in a poem published in 1830, compared Victor Hugo to a feudal baron clad in armor and ready to give battle, and said of Alfred de Vigny:

... et Vigny, plus secret,
Comme en sa tour d'ivoire avant midi rentrait.

The word, as a happy characterization of Vigny's aristocratic, distant, and somewhat cold genius, became at once famous, and has ever since constantly been made use of by French essayists when speaking of the poet of "Eloa" and "Les Destinées." Sainte-Beuve himself repeated it in one of his prose essays on Alfred de Vigny. Later on the word became of general use in French literature. Léon Séché, in his "Alfred Vigny et son Temps" (Paris, 1902), explains (page 305) the circumstances and true meaning of Sainte-Beuve's famous verse.

F. K., *Boston*

ANSWER NO. 24

Murder is considered less immoral than fornication in literature because it is an

act proceeding from hate, revenge or the hope of gain, and these three motives are all in good standing in Christian circles. Surely no Christian white Protestant will deny that he hates a Catholic and no army chaplain will deny that Our Brave Boys should have been permitted to march on to Berlin to revenge the Hun-whacking that France received. As for the hope of gain, the Christian religion rests on the idea of a facilely purchased salvation. Indeed, murder is not only not considered immoral by the Church, but it has, in the past, been one of the Church's most active and dependable agents. Fornication, on the other hand, isn't similarly backed up by Christian history or custom. Moreover, Christians are too barbaric to practice it decently.

MOSES SARGENT, *Winnipeg*

ANSWER NO. 35

Wowser—ah! 'Twas like a whiff of Cootamundra wattle to see the bonzor word again. *Wowser* was coined by the late John Norton, a courageous and outrageous gamin of Australian politics and journalism. He created it to describe the Australian Methodist, a particularly virulent type of nark. The Billjim entrenched it firm and fast in his vocabulary, where it now hobnobs with such pertinent neologisms as *dinkum*, *bosker*, *beano*, *chyak*, *stoush*, *gibber*, *cobber*, *possie*, *pominy*. The evolution of the last is crisp and straight: *immigrant*—*pomegranate*—*pommy*! It is a generic term applied to the British immigrant during the first ten years or so of his exile. As for the others, they are particularly and peculiarly Australian, and would not bear grafting to other nations.

AUSTRALIAN BELLE, *Chicago*

ANSWER NO. 36

Whoever told Mr. Wilbur Barnes of Oklahoma that the "ancient cockney song"—"She was poor but she was honest," etc.—was a favorite of the late W. E. Gladstone certainly had a sense of humor. Whatever

may be the truth of Capt. Peter Wright's strictures upon his character, Gladstone was at any rate refined. The author of the song is, of course, unknown. It belongs to that sordid and sententious folk-lore of the ignorant whose origin is largely vocal and whose manifestations are rather built-up than conceived whole.

The poor of London are exceedingly sensitive to the primal emotions of self pity and wrong stirred up by notable murder cases. As a symptom of this trait there used to be a custom among their brighter pub-loafers of celebrating outstanding murder trials, with gory details of the crime itself, in doggerel verse of the ballad kind. These they used to sing at street corners in the poorer districts to weeping and indignant crowds, and later sold them in badly printed broadsheets for a penny.

The song in question had its origin in that manner, in connection with a girl who was killed, and has since been added to wherever two or three came together who were sufficiently bibulous for the exercise.

There is an ineradicable fiction among the lower middle classes and the upper lower classes in London that all the current ribald verse as well as the more uproarious of the smutty stories emanate from the London Stock Exchange. The London stock gambler is a very low grade mammal, and quite incapable of producing anything more artistic than indigestible suppers and bilgy kisses for joy-girls. The ribald stories and rhymes, I think, are largely the work of theological students.

J. BUTTERFIELD, *Vancouver, B. C.*

I don't know who wrote the ancient Cockney song, "She was poor but she was honest," but here is the version given me by an Englishman who visited America last year:

The Song of Shime

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's whim,
First 'e 'ad 'er, then 'e left 'er,
Going to 'ave a child by 'im.

Then the girl went up to London
For to 'ide 'er blessed shime,
There she met another squire,
And she lost 'er nime agine.

See 'im in the 'Ouse of Commons
Makin' laws to put down crime,
While the womyun that 'e ruined,
Wanders on through mud and shime.

See 'er in 'er 'orse and carriage,
Ridin' daily through the park,
Though she's mide a wealthy marriage,
Yet she 'as a breakin' 'eart.

In their poor but 'umble dwelling,
Where 'er sorrowin' parents live,
Drinkin' champagne that she sends them,
But they never can forgive.

It's the sime the 'ole world over,
It's the poor wot tikes the blime,
It's the rich wot tikes its pleasures,
Ain't it all a bleedin' shime?

SARAH HALM, *New York City*

ANSWER NO. 38

The poem—beginning thus: Like a drowning man needs water . . .—is a more or less irrelevant parody of a sentimental ballad which was popular about eight or ten years ago, entitled "That's How I Need You." The version I heard ran thus:

Like a baby needs tobacco,
Like a blind man needs a book,
Like a drowning man needs water,
Like Chicago needs a crook,
Like old Rockefeller needs money
To pay house-rent when it's due,
Like a one-legged man needs a pair of shoes—
That's how I need you.

R. RAY, *Oklahoma City, Okla.*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Intelligence and the Drama

ALTHOUGH we live in the enlightened years of the Twentieth Century, the talk of intelligence in the theatre continues to go on. We hear still of "intelligent drama" on the one hand and plays that "insult the intelligence" on the other. The whole canon of dramatic criticism in the last thirty years, indeed, appears to rest somewhat snootily upon the premise that the virtue of drama is predicated upon this intelligence, and that, save drama possess it, and, possessing it, gratify intelligence in turn, the aforesaid drama may be dismissed from serious consideration without further ado.

Just how this notion of the consanguinity of intelligence and drama first got bruited about, one has trouble in ascertaining, for if intelligence were the chief desideratum in drama and if all the plays written in the world today were chock full of it from beginning to end, there wouldn't be a single theatre between here and the island of Amorgopula that could pay its rent next Saturday night. But, of course, everyone except most dramatic critics knows perfectly well that the last thing necessary and valuable to drama is intelligence, and so the theatre prospers today as it has never before prospered. Intelligence is no more relevantly a part of drama than it is of music, painting, sculpture, hooch, dancing, six-day bicycle racing or any other art or diversion; it is a tremendous handicap rather than a magnificent asset. The drama, as I have observed in the past, is not the place for intelligence but only for a deft and superficially deceptive counterfeit of intelligence. To speak disparagingly, therefore, of drama that insults the intelligence is to speak dis-

paragingly of graphic art that insults the intelligence and to complain of, say, Veronese's "St. Anthony Preaching to the Fishes" that it is of absolutely no worth because any man who thought he could accomplish anything by addressing lake trout on the subject of Holy Writ was a damn fool.

All fine art, as a matter of fact, not only insults the intelligence; it deliberately spits in the eye of intelligence. The ennobling tragedies of Shakespeare ask us to believe in ghosts and witches; and the great drama of Ibsen asks us to believe that the world is savagely cruel to a woman who has violated the Seventh Commandment, that dishonesty must inevitably turn upon its practitioner and smite him with a blow from which he cannot recover, that a syphilitic is doomed to end his days a lunatic, and that, symbolism or no symbolism, when amorous old gentlemen afflicted with vertigo fall off the tops of towers, the young folk standing down below hear a harp recital going on in the air. Mozart, in "Don Giovanni," asks us to believe that a woman who could express herself in the harmonic beauty of a "Non ti fider, O misera" might be thought insane; and Wagner asks us to believe, in "Lohengrin," that a dove can pull a boat, in "Tannhäuser," that if a man speaks of physical love in high terms all the women will promptly leave the room, and, in "Siegfried," that a sword can split an anvil in two and that birds can speak excellent German. Bellini, in the "Madonna, Child and Six Saints," asks us to believe that an angel views the spectacle of a naked man with a puritanical Methodist concern; Raphael, in the "Victory of Leo IV at Ostia," asks us to believe that soldiers are constantly mindful of the

picturesqueness of their poses in the heat of battle; and Tintoretto asks us, in "Adam and Eve," to believe that Adam looked like Bernarr McFadden. To speak of intelligent art, which is to say, to demand that overpowering beauty be coincidentally rational, is to speak of an intelligent Grand Canyon or an intelligent Granada or Lombard Plain, and to demand that moonlight and the summer stars satisfy the philosophical doctrines of Spinoza, William Lloyd Garrison and Herbert Croly.

In drama, a forthright metaphysic spells certain disaster. Nothing is so corruptive of drama as hard logic. What the drama calls for is not mental intelligence, but only emotional intelligence. No matter how poorly the characters of drama reason, the demands of drama are fully satisfied so long as their emotions are, or at least seem to be, reasonable. A great dramatic character may have the mind of an alley-cat or a congressman, but so long as his emotions are rational and logical, so long as he feels convincingly, so long as he doesn't become angry when someone hands him an excellent cigar or doesn't fall in love with a woman who is too fat, he may continue to be a great dramatic character. Macbeth is a simpleton, but his emotions are those of a great man, hence he is a great dramatic character. And it is the same with most of the great characters of drama. It is almost impossible to imagine a fine play built around, say, Kant or Hegel as a philosopher. The theatre has no call for such heroes. Its heroes must think with their hearts and feel with their minds. (Bahr's "The Master," on a not important dramatic level, may in this regard yet be offered as supplementary reading.) To build a play around Kant or Hegel and hope to keep even the most intelligent theatrical audience in the world in its seats after nine o'clock, one would inevitably have to make up either Immanuel or Georg Wilhelm to look like John Drew, have him crawl under Fifi's bed when her husband unexpectedly came back from Detroit, and introduce a scene in the sec-

ond act in which he eluded the Scotland Yard detectives by hiding in the cuckoo clock.

Fine drama, as a matter of fact, generally insults the intelligence, as the phrase goes, vastly more than gimcrack drama. "Hamlet" frequently impresses the logical mind as mere gorgeously beautiful drivel, where some such relatively tenth-rate piece of work as "They Knew What They Wanted" satisfies the rational sense more or less completely. Great art is as irrational as great music. It is mad with its own loveliness. Æschylus and Richard Strauss are beer-brothers under their skins: the "Eumenides" is as drunk with the dazzling beauty of æsthetic scapulimancy on the one hand as "Also Sprach Zarathustra" is on the other. If you are looking for sense, go to the plays of Channing Pollock and the songs of Irving Berlin.

And so we come to Shaw's dramatic gigolo, the M. Eugène Brieux. Brieux's chief fault as a dramatist is his intelligence, or, more accurately, his dervish-like belief that what he knows constitutes intelligence and his passion for inculcating it in his plays. Take the average Brieux play, cut out the names of its leading characters, run the text together, borrow an ice-water pitcher, and you have a first-class lyceum bureau lecture for use at the Town Hall. The flame of intelligent nonsense is never—or, at least, very seldom—present in his work, as it is present in the work of such greatly more intelligent men as, for instance, his god-father, Shaw. He seizes upon an available theme for a good play and then proceeds painstakingly to think it right out of the theatre. Where a competent and persuasive dramatist would take the same theme and carefully drain from it every vestige of dialectic wind and every trace of polemic dulness, Brieux goes carefully about the business of draining from it every vestige of vagrant beauty and every trace of human charm and boils it down to its elemental and vastly depressing syllogistic bones. He seems to be of the theory that drama is designed to

prove something to the human head, unaware completely that the highest aim of drama is rather to prove something only to the human heart. He burns with the fervor of a shyster lawyer; for all the world like a movie comedian he is not content to be what he is—in his case, a writer of plays—but must needs also be regarded by the world beyond the theatre as a thinker. It is thus that he goes about composing his plays with his eye ever set upon convincing by stark logic, where the eye of the real dramatist is ever set, to the contrary, upon convincing by beautifully embellished equivocation. For in the theatre we believe not so much what may be true as what may be merely plausible. The logic of heredity, let us say, as we get it in some such drama as Brieux's "The Escape" is never one-tenth so effective in the theatre as the romantic sophistry of heredity as we get it in a Rostand's "L'Aiglon."

There is no man so stupid, in point of fact, as the intelligent dramatist who carries his intelligence full-fledged over into his plays. His intelligence is of very great service to him before he proceeds to the actual writing of his plays, since it tells him what he should not write and since it further safeguards him from writing the kind of plays that men less intelligent than himself write; but when he sets himself to the actual business of writing his plays, he must leave his intelligence off stage and permit it simply to criticize confidentially from time to time the charming holiday from sound intelligence that is giving a show out on the stage and restrain that holiday from becoming too objectionably rowdy. To this Polichinelle secret, Brieux is seldom privy, and as a result his plays generally disclose themselves to be masses of platitudes, since by the time almost any philosophic idea finds its way into the theatre it is, by the intrinsic nature of the theatre, already a great-grandfather. Brieux, however, constantly bemuses himself with the theory that because he has thought of something for the first time, it

is therefore of a revolutionary newness and must so impress others. And his plays, as a consequence, generally take on the aspect of so many rush telegrams, delivered by a breathless messenger-boy, which contain information that the recipient has read in day before yesterday's newspaper, and not been the least interested in. Once in his life, Brieux forgot himself and wrote an excellent comedy, "Les Hanneçons." Once again, he partly forgot himself and came near writing a very good play, "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont." But for most of the rest of his life he has been writing such things as "La Robe Rouge," "La Femme Seule" and "L'Avocat" which turn their stages into lecture platforms, Hyde Park soap-boxes and street-corner cart-tails, and their auditors into somnambulists groping their way to the exits.

The last named play has been shown in America recently by Mr. Belasco under the title of "Accused," with the venerable but still sprightly E. H. Sothorn in the rôle of the righteously minded barrister. (Mr. Sothorn, who is all of seventy, still looks so young that, as I have remarked in another place, he must have answered all the advertisements in the backs of the snappy magazines.) In a brochure published in commemoration of the great event, Mr. Belasco delivers himself of the following illuminating syllogism: "France, always conservative in her recognition of talent until talent is proved beyond question, has awarded M. Eugène Brieux two of the world's *supreme* honors—the decoration of the Legion of Honor¹ and admittance to the ranks of the Forty Immortals of the Académie Française . . . so it is no exaggeration to describe M. Brieux as the foremost contemporary author of his country, *if not of the world.*" To which a dozen French, German and English dramatists—to limit Mr. Belasco's contemporary authors to the drama alone—must kneel, cross themselves, and join Toto, the Hippodrome clown, in saying Amen.

¹ Also awarded to Otto Kahn, Gertrude Atherton and James K. Hackett.

II

And the M. Schnitzler

Not many playwrights have given us more pleasure in the theatre than Schnitzler, but it has been the gay-sad Schnitzler of "Anatol" and "Liebele," "Reigen" and the "Komtesse Mizzi," not the Viennese Brieux of "Der Einsame Weg" and "Der Ruf des Lebens," "Das Vermächtnis" and "Professor Bernhardi" who has given it. In his best plays, Schnitzler has dramatized the philosophy of emotion; in his worst, the emotion that proceeds from philosophy. A dramatization of the latter, unfortunately, never rings quite true in the theatre, for the simple reason, perhaps, that, so far as drama goes, it puts the cart before the horse and for the further simple reason that when you put the cart before the horse on the stage, you may achieve satire or burlesque, but not forthright, moving drama. It has been such drama that Schnitzler has aimed for in these theatrically less effective of his plays, and he has missed it. The field of the straight-faced so-called problem play, the play of argument and deduction, is not the field of Schnitzler. His field lies over the way where the moonlight of yesterday still silvers forgotten flowers, where love never thinks, and where the axis of the earth is Cupid's arrow. From that field he has brought forth a tender loveliness such as few modern dramatists have, but wandering from that field all that he has garnered is an inferior grade of French drama.

Schnitzler is at his best when he writes with a pen dipped into evanescent Tokay, when his desk lamp is a delicate pink electrolier, and when the hurdy-gurdy under his window is playing "Rosen aus dem Süden." That is the Schnitzler of plays that have been at once the charm and delight of the modern theatre. He is at his worst when he writes with a pen dipped into indelible ink, when the hard daylight streams through his window, and when the hurdy-gurdy has gone on its way.

That is the Schnitzler of plays that ape profundity and that, whether consciously or not, seek to conceal a platitudinous philosophy and palm it off as something extraordinary by the obvious dodge of announcing it through the mouth of the leading character and causing all the secondary characters to stand aghast at it. Nowhere are the unfortunate results of Schnitzler's excursion from his true medium so clearly to be observed as in such of his plays as "Bernhardi," "Der Ruf des Lebens" and the others I have mentioned with them. "Der Ruf des Lebens" ("The Call of Life") has lately been shown, in a competent translation by Miss Dorothy Donnelly, by the Actors' Theatre. It provides a dull theatrical evening, and for the reasons I have indicated. In the present-day theatre, if not in the library, the play skirts perilously the coasts of burlesque. The most skilful direction cannot entirely safeguard it from a modern audience's recalcitrant humors. Its windy philosophy of life and sex is theatrically as out of date as gas footlights and its dolours over what has ceased to make audiences snifle since the women's clubs gave up Sudermann and since Pinero was knighted have the ring of someone weeping lustily because Agui-naldo is dead.

One fears, indeed, that the day of lengthy philosophizing over sex is done in the theatre. To interest a reputable audience in the modern theatre, sex may be treated only comically or romantically. For less reputable but even more profitable audiences, it may be treated smuttily, but for the kind of audiences the Actors' Theatre caters to it may be handled only in terms of clowning on the one hand or moonlit gondolas on the other. The modern audience, cultured or not cultured, wants its sex without too much talk; it demands, in a manner of speaking, at least one seduction to every ten sides of dialogue. In addition, the Schnitzler attitude toward sex as disclosed in the play under discussion is an attitude that has gone out of dramatic fashion. It belongs to the the-

atrical day when every female character who had lost her virginity promptly went upstairs and put on a black dress. The drama of yesterday constantly belied life in associating adultery inevitably with melancholia: the heroines of yesterday were made by their authors regularly to confound sexual gratification with spiritual depression. This dramatic attitude toward violations of Numero Sette has plainly undergone a philosophic earthquake since the 'nineties, with the result that any heroine who would today have the audacity to come into the front parlor and let out a bawl because she had succumbed to the plausible charms of a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards or the family osteopath would be greeted with a very fine assortment of raspberries.

The philosophy of "The Call of Life," penetrating its bog of verbiage, amounts, so far as I can make out, simply to this: it is better to be alive than dead. As a piece of philosophy, I am ready to grant that there is something in what Dr. Schnitzler says, but I object to staying up until eleven o'clock at night to hear him say it.

III

An American Play

Of the recent attempts at serious American dramatic writing, "Craig's Wife," by George Kelly, known as the author of the two diverting comedies, "The Torch Bearers" and "The Show-Off," is the most interesting. In a number of its phases, the play approaches the first-rate. Its character drawing is sharp and sound; its theme is founded upon a good brand of critical observation; its dramatic movement is natural and conducted with a minimum of the arbitrary devices conventional to much of the native dramaturgy. The leading defect of the play lies in its author's effort to broaden the aspect and importance of his theme by departing from the specific to the general. Not content with permitting his characters to tell their special

story, he periodically steps to one side, pulls a ruler out of his pocket, and indulges himself in a blackboard lecture proving by statistics that there are thousands of persons in the world like his characters and that they are going through the same crises and vicissitudes. Nothing, of course, so weakens a drama as a sortie of this kind. A good dramatist never generalizes; he leaves generalization to his auditors. You cannot make "Way Down East" anything more than the flapdoodle it is by giving Squire Bartlett a five minute speech arguing that there are men all over the world who drive erring girls out into snowstorms. Kelly takes a woman who has married for security alone and who sacrifices everything and everyone that that security may not be threatened. This woman he presents illuminatingly, forcibly and convincingly; the character is painted with a sure hand and lighted up with sure detail. What is more, the collision of the character with the other characters strikes off the sparks of authentic drama. But then, just as these sparks set fire and begin to give life to his theme, the playwright jumps on the statistical hose-cart and clangs to the scene.

Other criticisms which have been directed against the play do not seem to me to be especially well taken. The objection to the playwright's introduction of an exaggerated criminal case in order to bring the conflict between husband and wife into an immediate focus may, for instance, be met with the reminder that Ibsen, among others, didn't hesitate to employ similar devices, devices, indeed, twice as exaggerated as that used by Kelly. For that matter, even my own objection to Kelly's argumentative induction may, if one is so minded, be answered by pointing with something of an ironic smile to a play by a not altogether incompetent playwright; its title, "Hamlet." The reply here, of course, is that genius converts faults into virtues and that Mr. Kelly, for all his gifts, is not precisely a genius.

"Craig's Wife" is as ably produced and

acted a play as the American stage has shown us in some time. Its expositors are in the main such meticulously proficient actors, indeed, that their thoroughly competent histrionism deletes a measure of life from the exhibit. What we engage here is one of the peculiar paradoxes of acting. Although the statement seems superficially to wear cap and bells, it remains that the exceptionally good actor or actress, cast for a rôle in a drama dealing with modern life, frequently by the very fact of his or her artistic virtuosity diminishes the verisimilitude implicit in the rôle. The circumstance that the logic of this is all wrong doesn't alter the circumstance that, in actual operation, the thing is a demonstrated fact. While it should be logical that a highly gifted performer should be able, by the artifice of his craft, to achieve the semblance and effect of naturalness and humanness demanded by the rôle he plays, it occasionally happens that his technical proficiency smothers to a degree that naturalness and humanness and substitutes for the human and natural character a discernibly experienced and excellent but more or less highly mechanized actor. Such an actor as the late Lucien Guitry and such an actress as, say, the living Mrs. Fiske were and are respectively professors of every technical phase of their calling, yet neither ever played a character in modern drama that didn't seem less a child of God than a child of the green-room. A too highly developed technic frequently runs away from nature in this wise. There is no better technical dramatist in America than Augustus Thomas, and none whose plays have less of life and earth in them. There is no better actress in America, in certain limited modern rôles, than Miss Chrystal Herne, and there is none who gives one less sense and feeling of character actuality. It is all very well to say that if an actor or actress, however ostensibly gifted, fails to give this sense of reality, that actor or actress is not so gifted as one thinks. But it is often the very performer about whose gifts there isn't a dissenting critical voice

who fails most signally in this regard. The reasons I have set down for the failure may not be the correct reasons, but the failure is still a disconcerting truth.

IV

Briefer Mention

The theme of the whited sepulchre that gets most of its calcium sulphate scraped off is an old one in drama but, for all its age, it still contains the juices of amusement. Scarcely a twelvemonth passes without its Consul Bernick, Herr Beermann or Rev. Dr. Davidson. The latest incarnation is Siegfried Strong in a highly hokumed box-office paraphrase of Ludwig Thoma's "Moral," called "Weak Sisters" and written by Lynn Starling. The estimable Siegfried is a holy howler who raids a bordello in a small New England town and who finds that the Madame de Hauteville is none other than Camilla Ginsburg, a lady who figured in that period of his life when he was, as the phrase has it, only a boy. Although the play does not make heavy demands upon the great art of criticism, although it is as crude as most similar exhibits directed primarily at the ticket-till, it contains some excellent low, loud laughs, and one scene in its second act, wherein the author places on display the Pearls, Mabels, Stellas and Bessies of Mme. Ginsburg's flock, reaches the heights of true and authentic comedy.

"Lovely Lady," by Jesse Lynch Williams, is a repetitious but periodically witty little play with one skilfully drawn character in the person of a withered but unquenchable charmer of forty who sets her cap for young boys. Mr. Williams writes gracefully as always, but his present play, like those that preceded it, isn't entirely at home in the theatre. The marks of the story writer rest more or less obviously upon it; it seems frequently to be on the point of calling for its comfortable arm-chair and seating itself under a reading lamp.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Books About Music

A MUSICAL CRITIC'S HOLIDAY, by Ernest Newman. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

A MUSICAL MOTLEY, by Ernest Newman. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

STRING QUARTETTE PLAYING, by M. D. Herter Norton. New York: *Carl Fischer*.

THE BOOK OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS, by James Weldon Johnson. New York: *The Viking Press*.

THE NEGRO AND HIS SONGS, by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. Chapel Hill, N. C.: *The University of North Carolina Press*.

MUSIC OF THE PAST, by Wanda Landowska. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

MR. NEWMAN calls his book a "holiday"; it really includes the most valuable work that he, or any other critic writing in English, has done in its field. For there are two things in it that are rare and of great price, two qualities that are as uncommon among music critics as they are among musicians: the first is sound, deep and well-ordered knowledge of musical history, musical forms and idioms, musical anatomy and physiology; the second is simply common sense. What a combination! How many music critics can show even one of its two halves? What they deal with, ordinarily, is merely the thing that is before them; what they have to say of it is without background, without relevancy, without roots. The conductor, it appears, took the first movement of the *Eroica* too fast. The *Hexentanz* of the new genius, Sascha Ganovski, is by Eric Satie out of "Roll, Jordan, Roll." The new tenor sang flat, *i.e.*, the Prohibition agent took a bribe, the movie wench said she loved her art, the dog had fleas. What is most music criticism? A banal and nonsensical discussion of performers, *i.e.*, of mountebanks, musical scullions, non-musicians, enemies of music. The critic, exposed incessantly to their monkey-shines, takes on their character. He becomes a virtuoso. He

gives his show—at the expense of music.

But not Newman. In "A Musical Critic's Holiday" he shows precisely everything that his average colleague lacks: an immense erudition, an astonishing skill at working his way through the tangled mazes of musical history—above all, the aforesaid sharp common sense. His business, in the book, is to examine scientifically the phenomena of musical development—to determine the qualities that make for genuine greatness in composers, and to find out what reactions they arouse in contemporary taste—in brief, to discover what hardships and impediments beset the first-rate man, and how he meets them. The result of that quest is a great slaughter of bombast and pretense. The neglected genius turns out to be an utter myth. He simply does not exist. There is no record in musical history of a man of the first talent who languished for recognition, or even lacked fame. "There has never yet been a composer so greatly in advance of his time that only an initiate here and there . . . could understand him." But what of the Schönbergs, the Stravinskys, the Ornsteins, the Saties? Such fowl have always existed, world without end—and every generation has promptly forgotten those of the generation before. Meanwhile, the Mozarts, the Beethovens, the Brahmses and the Wagners have gone marching on, honored while they lived and remembered after they died. What have the tin-pot revolutionists left? Many a novelty, many an idea—and some of them good. But they survive today, woven into the fabric of music, not in the compositions of the revolutionists, but in those of the men they stormed against—in brief, the genuinely first-rate composers of their time.

Mr. Newman's book is a work of great originality and high value. It sweeps away whole dumps of critical garbage. In "A Musical Motley" he is less profound, but unfailingly amusing. "The Amateur Composer," "Bach in the Opera House," "Nonsense Music," "The Music of Death," "Brahms and the Waltz"—these are some of the things he discusses, always with something new to say, and always charmingly. There is charm, too in Mme. Landowska's excellent volume upon Eighteenth Century music—charm and sound knowledge, for what she knows about the performance of it is deep and singular. More than charm is in Mrs. Norton's book on string quartette playing. The curious thing is that the volume was not written long ago. Are there any greater delights on this earth than those offered by chamber music? I don't mean merely listening to it; I mean playing it. Yet the literature for the guidance of performers is astonishingly meagre, and the little that exists is of small value. Mrs. Norton indulges in no hollow rhapsodies. Instead she discusses the practical difficulties that quartette players confront, and shows how they are to be surmounted, with innumerable examples. Her experience has been wide, and she has got a great deal out of it beside mere virtuosity.

Another book that shows a lot of first-hand knowledge is Mr. Johnson's volume on the Negro spirituals. He and his brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, are largely responsible for the recent rise of interest in Negro music. They were among the first to make known what has since come to be known as jazz, but they are not responsible for its recent degradation: they are musicians, not zanies. In this book Mr. Johnson gives the words and music of a great many spirituals, most of them arranged by his brother, and as a preface he prints a long and extremely interesting essay upon them, full of little-known facts and shrewd observations. The talent of the Negro, he argues, is not for melody, but for harmony—and some of his harmonies are of a great boldness and

strangeness. Where did the spirituals come from? I myself was once inclined to believe that they were borrowed originally from the Methodist hymns of the poor whites. Mr. Johnson reveals the holes in that theory. They are rooted, he believes, in Africa; in America the Negro has simply embellished them, and put new words to them. And what words! How naïve and how moving! They are studied at length in the stately volume of Dr. Odum and Mr. Johnson—not only the spirituals, but also many secular songs. The two books complement each other admirably. They show that both white men and colored men in the South have begun to give Negro song serious attention, and that it is well worth their time and trouble.

The Next War

THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR: *A History of the American-Japanese Campaign of 1931-33*, by Hector C. Bywater. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

This book seems to be getting a great deal less attention than it deserves. Most book-buyers, I daresay, mistake it for a cheap and idiotic shocker in the manner of Cleveland Moffet's "The Conquest of America." It is nothing of the sort. On the contrary, it is an intelligent, well-informed and wholly admirable piece of work, done by a naval expert who is also a man of imagination, and, what is more important, an extremely skillful and ingratiating writer. I defy anyone to read the first chapter, and not go on to the end. The narrative begins to move, indeed, on the very first page, and presently it is so gaudily melodramatic, and at the same time so disarmingly plausible and matter of fact, that only the reader completely anæsthetic to a good story will ever be able to put it down. As everyone knows, novels forecasting the future are anything but uncommon. As everyone also knows, they are usually anything but good. But here, at last, is a good one. Here, in fact, is the best I have ever encountered. It is far better than anything that Jules Verne

ever printed, and it is far better, too, than "Looking Backward."

What Mr. Bywater deals with is the threatening, and probably inevitable war between Japan and the United States for the mastery of the Pacific. He does not formally predict that it is coming; instead he is very careful to say that he hopes it will be somehow headed off. But having thrown that sop to his duties as a neutral, he proceeds to describe it at length, with all the meticulous exactness of a naval expert and all the gusto of a man who obviously delights in fighting. The Japs duly seize the Philippines and they duly raid the Pacific Coast, but after that the immensely superior power of the United States begins to tell against them, and in the end, after a vain and costly attempt to beat them in the North Pacific, they are brought to battle in the South Seas, and with their grand fleet shot to pieces they are forced to ask for terms.

Mr. Bywater, as befits his training, is at his best in describing the naval battles. There are three very desperate ones—the first off Manila, the second between Hawaii and the Japanese coast, and the third in the South Seas. Here the narrative ceases to be fiction altogether, and becomes, to all intents and purposes, a record of plain fact. One never doubts it for an instant. The ships are named; their shots are platted; one even comes to know their commanders. Mr. Bywater is alive to the dramatic value of trivial detail. He tells us things that only a man professionally interested in ships would notice, and they make for a vividness that is overwhelming. Perhaps his best chapter is the one describing the defense of Guam. That forlorn island, of course, is doomed—but not at once! It has a commander who is also a highly ingenious man, and he beats off the first Japanese attack with great slaughter—all with a few field-pieces, fortuitously fallen into his hands. A fine tale, indeed! Let it be read at the Naval Academy to take away the taste of the Hon. Curtis D. Wilbur, and his maudlin speeches.

Mr. Bywater, unfortunately, is so interested in the naval operations of the war that he neglects the proceedings on shore. He mentions, true enough, the colossal terror of the Jap-eating Californians when a few Jap bombs drop upon them out of airplanes, but beyond that he does not go. Perhaps he feels that a neutral had better avoid the subject. I therefore suggest that some talented Americano write a companion volume, filling the gap. If, in fact, we ever come to war with Japan, the whole country west of Salt Lake City will suffer the worst panic ever heard of. The brave patriots of San Francisco, after falling upon the poor Japs of the town at odds of a hundred to one, and butchering their children and grabbing their property, will retreat into the high Sierras bawling for help. The æsthetic stews of Hollywood will empty into Mexico. Portland and Seattle will become as deserted as Carthage. And everywhere else in the land altruistic bankers will begin selling fresh issues of Liberty Bonds at 100, and preparing to buy them back at 82, and every Chinese laundryman will be jailed as a Japanese spy, and it will become a felony to so much as hint that the Japs are civilized, or even that they are human. Another George Creel will be discovered and put to work. The Senate will rough another La Follette. The scared Japs of New York, escaping death by being mistaken for Jews, will form a League for Japanese Democracy. A committee of American historians will certify that cannibalism prevailed in Japan until 1895.

All these things Mr. Bywater delicately overlooks. He also neglects the frantic struggle to rope in allies. China, toward the end, is induced to enter, but where are Cuba, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Haiti, Panama, Guatemala? About England there is magnificent silence—magnificent and a trifle sinister. The Australians and Canadians are not heard from. But this is a naval history, not a chronicle of moral endeavor. As a naval history it is first chop.

The English Novel

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells.
New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

SOME time ago, in a newspaper article, I ventured to point out the plain fact that the English are losing their old leadership in the field of the novel—that the work they are doing today is less interesting, taking it broadly, than the work that is being done by Americans, to say nothing of Germans, Frenchmen and Scandinavians. The result was a yell of rage in the fair city of London, and I went on the block for another butchering—probably my fifteenth or sixteenth. The English grow extremely sensitive. There was a time when they passed over even the most insolent American contumacy with superior sniffs; now they are set to roaring by a casual newspaper article. The fact is not without its significance. Sure of themselves, they sniffed; uneasy, they roar. For even the literary critics of England can read and write—and when they read such dreadful stuff as this last book of H. G. Wells they must indeed feel that something is slipping under them. There ensues a sort of panic. It spends itself in tall and indignant talk, with the *Americano* as the butt.

I shall not describe "Christina Alberta's Father" particularly. Go read it for yourself—if you have the endurance. All I desire to suggest is that an American novel one-half so bad, if sent to England for review, would get nothing beyond a few four-line sneers. More, it would deserve them—which is more than may be said of most of the American novels that English reviewers denounce. It is, in brief, a thoroughly bad piece of work—muddled in plan, carelessly written, and full of characters that creak in every joint. The central personage, Albert Edward Preemby, a retired laundryman crazed by occultism and a delusion of grandeur, is never real for an instant. He comes into the narrative a lay figure and he passes out a mere outline scratched on pasteboard. And the rest are almost as bad, including even Christina

Alberta herself, a reincarnation, without the juices of life, of Ann Veronica. Nor is there any virtue in the writing. One imagines Wells dictating it to a sweating stenographer, and pausing ever and anon to observe the effects of some stale witticism upon her. Toward the end the whole thing eludes him, and he resorts to all sorts of fly-blown devices—the omniscient scientist, the long-lost father, and so on. Put the book beside "Mr. Polly," or "Tono-Bungay" or even "The Research Magnificent." The juxtaposition will show you what has happened to Wells, and what has happened to the English novel.

Its present state, I believe, is very low. Most of the men who gave it dignity in the first days of the century are now either dead, out of harness, or, for one reason or another, paralyzed. To the first category belong Joseph Conrad and Henry James—both of them, by the way, foreigners. To the second belong Kipling, Moore and Hardy. To the third belong practically all the men of the generation of Wells and Bennett, and most of those of the generation following. So recently as ten years ago England swarmed with promising young novelists: I could rehearse a long list, but refrain out of politeness. What are they doing today? They are simply chasing their tails. Nothing of any serious dignity has come out of them for two or three years—nothing save E. M. Forster's "Passage to India," a sound novel if not a great one. And little has come from the women save Sarah Millin's "God's Stepchildren," a better book if a cruder. For the rest, there has been nothing beyond such flabby stuff as "Christina Alberta's Father," with now and then a boob-squeezer by a Michael Arlen or an A. S. M. Hutchinson to flavor the mess.

It is significant that both "Passage to India" and "God's Stepchildren" deal with life in the colonies. Mrs. Millin, indeed, is herself a South African, and her book, in structure and treatment, certainly owes nothing to recent English example. The point is that the English novelists

in the home sector seem to have lost their old capacity for dealing with the material under their noses—that they are no longer able to weave it into novels of the order of, say, “The Old Wives’ Tale.” There it lies before them, and there they maul it ineptly or neglect it altogether—and the result is such stuff as “Christina Alberta’s Father.” It seems to me that the novelists of the United States are doing far better. Once they tagged along after the English; now they lead the procession. What has England produced, in the last half dozen years, that shows as much sound observation, as alert a feeling for character, as brilliant a national color as “Babbitt”? And what has England produced that is as magnificently imaginative as “Jurgen”? Or as full of understanding as “My Antonia”? I descend the stairs, and prod among the beginners. Is there a first novel in any recent English crop as searching and dramatic as Lee J. Smits’ “Spring Flight”? Or anything by a woman novelist that surpasses, as social document and as work of art, Anne Parrish’s “The Perennial Bachelor”?

The fact is that even American critics overlook this rising superiority of our younger novelists. The old tradition of subservience to English opinion, of dumb wonderment before English achievement, still flourishes, especially among the more academic reviewers. It is the thing over here to over-praise an English book, as it is the thing in England to under-praise—nay, to denounce and belabor—an American one. Anything so good as Harvey Fergusson’s “Capitol Hill,” done by an Englishman, would have been lauded on this side of the water as a cosmic event. All sorts of third-rate stuff is dumped upon the abominable Yankee by English log-rollers. I pass over the Arlen drivels and point to the short stories of Katherine

Mansfield. A few years ago all the literati who tour our bucolic women’s clubs were speaking of them with bated breath. The plain fact is that most of them were as hollow as jugs. Their people were simply animated sticks. All the “profound” observation in them was imaginary. They were pleasantly written, and that was all. At least a score of American women were writing stories quite as good, and four or five were writing stories immensely better. But there was a din in London, and so all our young college professors and literary newspaper reporters concluded that a circus parade was passing. Who reads the stories of Miss Mansfield today? The same persons who also read William J. Locke.

I preach no *jehad* against the Sassenachs and their Gaelic allies. Certainly no reviewer in practise in the Republic has spent more time and energy, during the past twenty years, whooping up English books of sound merit. But I confess that I grow weary of the doctrine that English books are good, even when they are bad. And of the twin doctrine that it is impossible for an American to write better ones. Americans are actually doing it every day; they will do it more copiously, I believe, as year chases year. For the general collapse of England also involves English literature. The country is sick, and so are its novelists. Over here, greater security makes for greater assurance, and out of greater assurance comes a bolder and more enterprising art. Our novels have just begun to scratch the surface. There is endless material in front of them, and it is of an infinite bright gaudiness. When they begin to put it into books—in fact, they have already started—such things as “Christina Alberta’s Father,” even if done by the Lord High Chancellor of England himself, will take on the aspect of amusing attempts by somewhat saucy children.

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AMERICANA

By MILTON WALDMAN

Associate Editor of the London Mercury

The first authentic work in its field and one so well-planned and carried out that the publishers expect it to remain the standard. It covers the source materials of our national history and literature and brings together all the authentic data, much of it never before published, on all the early books, letters, and documents which are included in any of the important collections of Americana. Questions of authenticity, reliability and importance are examined. The wanderings of many early printed books are traced before they came to their museum homes. There is also a chapter on fine American printing and a discussion of early maps, some of which are reproduced for the first time. The book should prove invaluable to students of history and a standard work of reference to bibliophiles. But it will appeal as well to the intelligent layman. It is in no respect a catalog, but a fascinating problem in clearing away the mists which have heretofore obscured the subject. The volume in itself will be a distinguished contribution to the relatively small group of finely-made American books.

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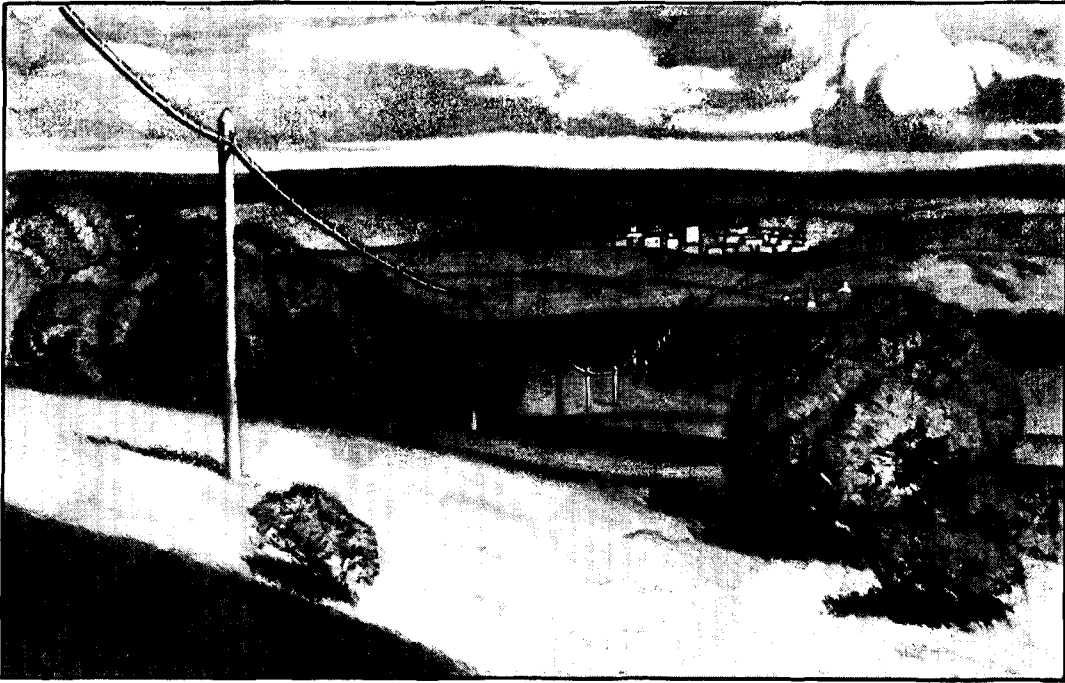
Editorial NOTES

With this issue THE AMERICAN MERCURY closes its sixth volume and second year. Its growth is shown in the number of copies printed and distributed each month since the start:

	1924	1925
January	15,500	55,500
February	23,000	55,500
March	32,878	60,500
April	38,000	61,000
May	38,500	60,000
June	35,650	58,000
July	32,650	56,000
August	36,000	57,000
September	40,000	59,000
October	46,500	62,500
November	51,500	69,500
December	55,500	74,000

The launching of the magazine involved certain hazards. No magazine of the same sort, precisely, had been printed in the United States before; there was no means of determining in advance the extent of the constituency to which this one might look for support. The beginning was thus a modest and cautious one. The original print order for the first issue was for but 10,000 copies. These were sold at once, and 3,000 more were printed. These, too, were sold at once, and a third supply of 2,500 copies was ordered. This third supply followed the second and first, and not a single copy remained by the time the second number of the magazine was published. Copies of the first number bring high premiums today, and so do copies of the second number. Of subsequent numbers a sufficient supply was printed, above the probable demand, to meet belated orders. Copies of all numbers after the second are thus

Continued on page xlii



Safeguarding the lanes of speech

The New York-Chicago telephone cable has been completed and is now in service. A triumph of American telephone engineering, the new cable is the result of years of research and cost \$25,000,000 to construct. Its first reach extended along the Atlantic seaboard, then steadily westward until this last long section to Chicago was put into service.

To the public, this cable means dependable service irrespective of weather conditions. It is now not likely that sleet storms, which at times interfere with the open wire type of construction with 40 to 50 wires on a pole, will again cut off the rest of the nation from New York or from the nation's capital as did the heavy

sleet storm on the day of President Taft's inauguration.

The new cable means speedier service, as it provides numerous additional telephone circuits and will carry a multitude of telephone and telegraph messages. It would take ten lines of poles, each heavily loaded with wires, to carry the circuits contained in this most modern artery of speech.

This cable, important as it is, is only one of the Bell System projects that make up its national program for better telephone service to the subscriber. It is another illustration of the System's intention to provide the public with speedier and even more dependable service.



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xliii



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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlii

still obtainable—that is, of all save the June and September, 1924, numbers, which have been sold out.

When the proposed publication of the magazine was first announced, in August, 1923, persons interested were given an opportunity to subscribe in advance. The responses numbered 3,033 by January 1, 1924. A few of these Founder Subscribers have since died; of the rest, all save a small minority remain annual subscribers to this day. In addition, many others have come in, and the total number of annual subscribers at the time this notice is written (October 30, 1925) is over 17,000. The rest of the circulation of the magazine is made up of sales on news-stands and in book-stores. The proportion of readers who are annual subscribers tends to rise, and it is hoped that it will rise considerably during 1926.

These figures, which are here presented in the belief that they will interest all friends of the magazine, indicate sufficiently that it is no longer an experiment. It has found a wide and stable audience, distributed from end to end of the United States, and extending into foreign countries. As its circulation has increased its advertising patronage has grown correspondingly, and its revenues are now ample to justify its continuance. The returns to the advertiser from advertising printed in it have been uniformly gratifying.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, as the country editors say, is thus here to stay. Hereafter, as in the past, it will continue to devote its attention chiefly to the American scene. All the principal authors of the United States will be among its contributors; in addition it will present the views of men and women who write only occasionally, but then out of a full and exact knowledge of the subjects they discuss. It will appeal,

Continued on page xlvii

AROUND *the* WORLD

On the World's Pre-eminent Cruising Ship
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The supreme event of a lifetime achieving the grand circuit in 133 days, sailing eastward in the path of spring. *No crowding, no confusion. Most comprehensive itinerary. Our own offices with their special facilities all along the route.*



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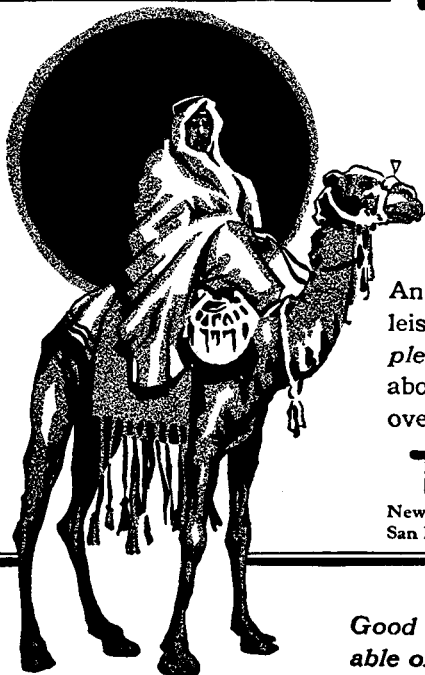
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Good accommodations of various types are still available on both cruises; early applications are advisable.

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Buy Christmas Seals

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Tuberculosis Associations of the
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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlv

as heretofore, to the enlightened minority, and will continue its sharp criticism of the delusions and sentimentalities of the majority. The plans for 1926 contemplate the publication of many articles of unusual interest and value. Some of them have been suggested by friendly readers; such suggestions, it need not be said, are always welcome. THE AMERICAN MERCURY represents no literary coterie, and is devoted to no vague and jealous cause. Its one aim is to interest and amuse those Americans who delight in the free play of ideas, and are above the pathetic certainties of the general.

The following comes from Mr. C. Hartley Grattan:

Persons vitally concerned with the "Americana" section will be pleased to know that two items in the October collection have historical interest. The item on page 170 contending that Mother Goose is immoral may be duplicated from the ideas entertained by Peter Parley. Parley (Samuel G. Goodrich, 1793-1860) wrote 170 books, many of them for children. He was the first professional publisher to take up Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was the first to employ N. P. Willis. He served his country as consul at Paris, and was rewarded with a gold medal by appreciative expatriates. For his services to literature he was given the degree of M.A. by both Williams and Yale. His books for children were written to provide moral instruction in pleasing form, and among other things to counteract the diabolical influence of Mother Goose. His argument to that effect and his adverse analysis of Mother Goose may be found in his "Recollections of a Lifetime" (New York: 1857).

The item on page 171 having reference to musical instruments in churches is also of historical interest. This topic was the subject of lively debate among the Southern Methodists around 1845. One of the opponents of the idea that instrumental music desecrated the Lord's House was Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, author of "Georgia Sketches" (1835), a book which Edgar Allan Poe admired and which is

Continued on page xlviii



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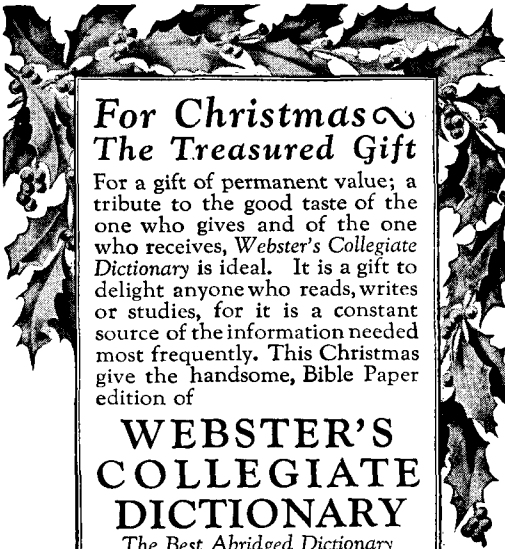
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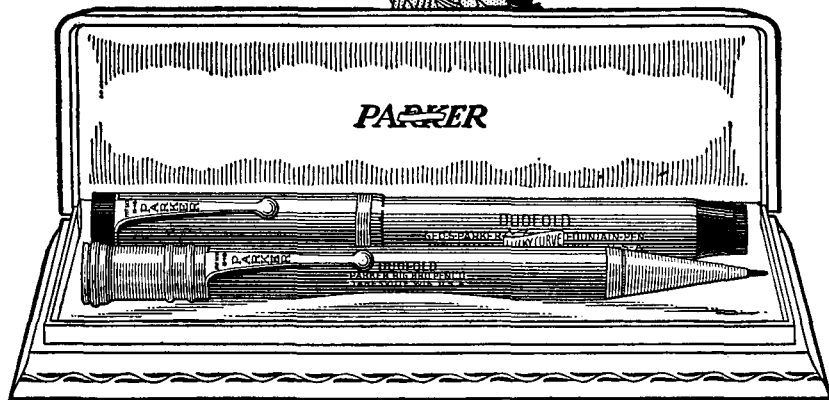
Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlv

still decidedly worth reading. An account of the debate and Longstreet's part in it may be found in J. D. Wade's "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet" (New York: 1924). Longstreet won the controversy, which was bitter and personal while it lasted.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY welcomes *American Speech* to the great confraternity of learned periodicals. Its field is that of the national language, hitherto cruelly neglected by philologists. It will discuss current idioms, American pronunciation, place-names, personal names, slang, regional dialects, and the vocabularies of the various trades and professions. Attention will also be paid to the non-English languages spoken in the United States. The first issue contains, among other things, articles on Noah Webster and his influence upon American usage in spelling and pronunciation, by Dr. Kemp Malone, of the Johns Hopkins; on the misuse of medical terms by the newspapers, by Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*; on the slang of vaudeville, by Gretchen Lee; on the spread of words with suffixes in *-eria*, *-atorium* and *-ery*, by Dr. E. C. Hills, of the University of California; on the fashion for substituting *k* for *c*, as in such words as *kwaliti* *klothes*, by Dr. Louise Pound, of the University of Nebraska; and on the elements of conservatism in American speech, by Dr. George H. McKnight, of the Ohio State University. Four of the contributors to the first number have been contributors to recent issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. The editor, Dr. Pound, is well known for her penetrating and valuable studies of the American language. She is aided by Dr. Malone and by Dr. Arthur Kennedy, of Leland Stanford University. *American Speech* is published by the Williams & Wilkins Company, of Baltimore, at \$4 a year.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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\$8.50 and \$11—ac-
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Many late shoppers were turned away last year empty handed—the supply of these beautiful sets was wholly inadequate. If you were one of those you know how true this is—how timely our caution to choose your Parker Duofolds ahead of all other gifts.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

*A New Combination
of
Unusual Interest*

THE
AMERICAN
MERCURY

and
AMERICAN
SPEECH

American Speech, a new monthly magazine, appeared for the first time in October, 1925.

Each number will be devoted to the consideration of current usages, studies in style, studies in local dialect, pronunciation, lore of place names, the discussion of slang, etc. Names already familiar to readers of **THE AMERICAN MERCURY** have their places on **American Speech's** first table of contents: Louise Pound, Morris Fishbein, J. B. Dudek and Gretchen Lee.

UNTIL JANUARY 1, 1926

We are authorized to offer **American Speech** in combination with **THE AMERICAN MERCURY**, to one address, at a special rate of \$7.00. After that date, the subscription price of **American Speech** alone will be \$4.00.

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I enclose check or money order for \$7.00.
Foreign postage, \$1.00, Canadian postage, 50c
additional on each magazine. AM-12

Check List of NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

EDGAR ALLAN POE LETTERS, TILL NOW UNPUBLISHED.

Edited by Mary Newton Stanard.

The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$15 10 x 6½; 329 pp. *Philadelphia*

These are the so-called Valentine letters, for long known to Poe scholars but hitherto unpublished. They are 31 in number: 27 from Poe to his foster-father, John Allan; two from Allan to Poe, one from Mrs. Clemm to Poe, and one from Poe to Sergeant Samuel Graves, a fellow-soldier. They throw a great deal of light upon Poe's career from the time he entered the University of Virginia until the period directly after his dismissal from West Point. His letters to Allan are chiefly demands for money—at times defiant and again full of shameless wheedling. Allan is revealed as a Philistine to whom Poe's literary ambitions were inexplicable and abhorrent. There is an introduction by Mrs. Stanard and she prints explanatory comments with each letter—always useful and usually sensible, but sometimes rising to the lyrical fervor affected by Southern literary ladies of the old school. The letters are printed both in transcript and in fac-simile. There are 15 illustrations from the collection at the Poe Shrine in Richmond. The book is sumptuously printed. It is hinted that there will be a later edition, no doubt at a lower price.

PARNELL.

By St. John Ervine. *Little, Brown & Company*
\$4 8½ x 5½; 341 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Ervine's attitude is that of a foe to the more extreme Irish aspirations; nevertheless, his study of Parnell is marked by fairness and often by signs of genuine sympathy. The book is an excellent piece of writing. It is one of a series called "Curiosities of Politics," edited by Philip Guedalla.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEKHOV.

Edited by S. S. Kotliansky and Philip Tomlinson.

The George H. Doran Company
\$6 8½ x 5½; 315 pp. *New York*

Tchekhov's letters, in the original Russian, number 1,822 and fill six volumes. Here they are reduced to

Continued on page lii

Get Both Sides of the Story *FIRST*

Many investments are offered to you today under the caption of Mortgage Bonds that pay 6%, 6½%, and even 7%. You may be attracted by these high interest rates and send for further information. There is a definite reason why these high rates are offered when millions of dollars are being loaned in this city on a guaranteed basis of 5½%. Do *you* know the reason?

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LIAM O'FLAHERTY

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"Mr. O'Flaherty has wrought a work of art. . . . You see the man Gypo Nolan and the commandant Gallagher completely, and the whole underworld of revolutionary Dublin. There seems nothing in that ooze of crime and sacrifice and passion that you have not observed with your own eyes."—*Donald Douglas in the N. Y. World.*

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page l

300. Prefaced to them are a biographical note by E. Zamyatin, and essays on Tchekhov's sources and his relations to the theatre by his brother. There are also eleven portraits. The letters, in the main, make dull reading, but Tchekhov enthusiasts will probably find them interesting.

RENOIR: *An Intimate Record.*

By *Ambroise Vollard.*

Alfred A. Knopf

\$3 8¼ x 5½; 248 pp.

New York

The record here is chiefly in Renoir's own words. Vollard was almost constantly in Renoir's society for long periods, and formed the habit of asking him about his early life, and of setting down what he said. The result is an extremely racy book, with many pungent judgments upon contemporary artists. There are 25 reproductions of Renoir paintings, and a portrait of the artist himself.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SENATOR.

By *Harris Dickson.*

The Frederick A. Stokes Company

\$2 7¾ x 5; 205 pp.

New York

A sentimental and often lyrical biography, of little value as history. The subject is John Sharp Williams, a congressman from Mississippi for 18 years and a Senator for 12 more. There are a number of illustrations.

EDGAR SALTUS THE MAN.

By *Marie Saltus.*

Pascal Covici

\$3 8 x 5½; 324 pp.

Chicago

The author is Saltus' third and only surviving wife. She presents an intimate, and, in many details, devastating picture of him. He began life as an interpreter of Schopenhauer and ended as a theosophist. His books, which made sensational successes in the 80's, now seem to be very little read.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD.

By *J. G. Swift MacNeill.*

Little, Brown & Company

\$4.50 9 x 5¾; 320 pp.

Boston

The author was an Irish member of the House of Commons from 1887 until 1918. His reminiscences deal chiefly with the parliamentary personages of his time, but there are also many anecdotes of university, legal and ecclesiastical worthies.

WIVES.

By *Gamaliel Bradford.*

Harper & Brothers

\$3.50 9 x 5¾; 298 pp.

New York

Another of Mr. Bradford's capital volumes of psychographs. The wives discussed are Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Benedict Arnold, Mrs. James Madison, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler, Mrs.

Continued on page liv

ANNOUNCEMENT

To our friends and patrons:

Useppa Inn, formerly known as Tarpon Inn, will open Monday, January 4th, 1926.

The Inn and cottages will continue to be run along the lines of a well managed club, featuring golf, tennis, swimming, boating and fishing.

Our new booklet is now available. Write J. F. Vallely, manager, Florida Gulf Coast Hotels Co., Inc., 220 West 42nd Street, or after December 20th, address

Useppa Inn

A decorative flourish consisting of a long, flowing line that starts under the 'U' and ends under the 'n'. At the end of this line is a small, detailed illustration of a fish, possibly a tarpon, facing left.

Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS

OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of THE AMERICAN MERCURY

published monthly at Camden, N. J.

for October, 1925

State of New York }
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Samuel Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The American Mercury and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Post Office Address*
The American Mercury Inc. 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Editor, Henry L. Mencken 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

The American Mercury Inc. (Owner)
Alfred A. Knopf Inc., 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. }
Samuel Knopf, 815 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. } *Stockholders*
Alfred A. Knopf, 1148 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. }
Blanche W. Knopf, 1148 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. }
Henry L. Mencken, 1524 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md. }
George Jean Nathan, 44 West 44th St., New York, N. Y. }

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

SAMUEL KNOPF,
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1925.

[SEAL]

JOSEPH LESSER.

(My commission expires March 30, 1927.)

Notary Public Kings Co. No. 327, Reg. No. 7029. Certificate filed in N. Y. Co. No. 23, Reg. No. 7005. Commission expires March 30, 1927.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page liii

Joseph Alston (Theodosia Burr), and Mrs. James G. Blaine. There is a preface in which the author discourses charmingly upon the difficulties of the biographer—difficulties which he himself has so admirably surmounted.

HISTORY

A SHORT HISTORY OF SPAIN.

By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Little, Brown & Company
\$3.50 8 x 5 1/4; 400 pp. Boston

This is not a mere political history, but an account of the rise and decline of Spanish civilization. Much attention is given to Spanish painting and literature. The book is well planned and admirably executed. There is a brief chronology at the end, and a highly inadequate map.

SOCIAL CLASSES IN POST-WAR EUROPE.

By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 178 pp. New York

The author presents a picture of the upheaval in European society caused by the Great War, and argues that it has brought the peasant increased economic well-being and added to his political importance, while the intellectual and trading classes have been submerged by it. He is also of the opinion that the peasant will retain his war-gains for some time to come.

THE TAMING OF THE FRONTIER.

Edited by Duncan Aikman. Minton, Balch & Company
\$3 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 319 pp. New York

The melancholy tale of the gradual dephlogistication and standardization of the frontier towns. Those dealt with are El Paso, Ogden, Denver, San Francisco, St. Paul, Portland, Kansas City, San Antonio, Los Angeles and Cheyenne. Each is discussed by a different author. Two of the chapters, those on El Paso and San Francisco, have appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

THREE MASTER-BUILDERS AND ANOTHER.

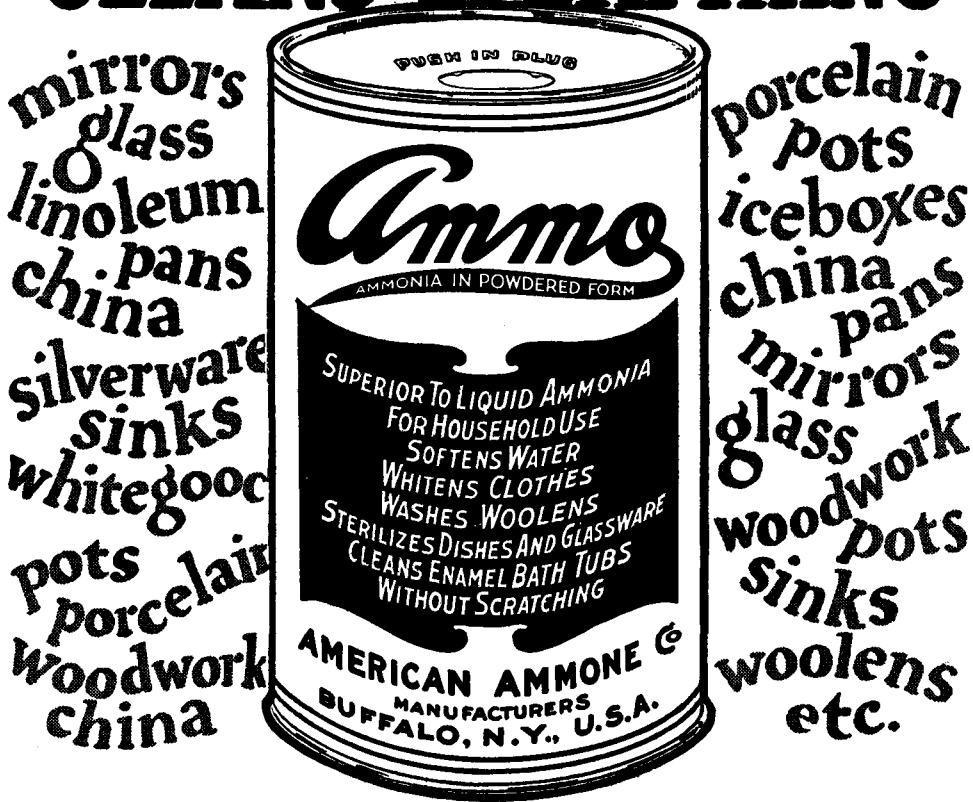
Studies in Modern Revolutionary and Liberal Statesmanship.

By Pelham H. Box. The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$5 8 1/2 x 5 1/4; 396 pp. Philadelphia

The four statesmen studied are Wilson, Mussolini, Venizelos and Lenin. Which are the master-builders and which the other does not appear clearly, but Prof. Ernest Barker, in an introduction, hints that the latter is Mussolini. The author is a lecturer on

Continued on page lvi

CLEANS EVERYTHING



Ammo

Sixteen Household Uses



A Tale of Terror in the Black Country



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Continued from page liv

modern history at the Scotch university of St. Andrew's. There is a bibliography appended to each chapter.

THE STORY OF TEXTILES.

By Perry Walton.

The Walton Advertising and Printing Company

\$5

9¾ x 6¾; 274 pp.

Boston

A brief history of the manufacture of textiles, from the earliest known times down to the present. There are many drawings, and the book is well written.

RELEASED FOR PUBLICATION.

By Oscar King Davis. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*

\$5

9 x 5¾; 468 pp.

Boston

The reminiscences of a former Washington correspondent, chiefly devoted to the late Col. Roosevelt.

THE SCIENCES

THE SOCIAL THEORY OF GEORG SIMMEL.

By Nicholas J. Spykman. *The University of Chicago Press*

\$3

8¼ x 5¼; 297 pp.

Chicago

A critical study of the work of one of the fathers of sociology. Simmel was born in 1858 and died in 1918. He lectured at Berlin until 1914, when he moved to Strassburg, where the chaos of the war soon destroyed his work and hastened his death. Dr. Spykman's account of him is painstaking and thorough, but almost unimaginably dull. There is an elaborate bibliography.

THE MORPHOLOGY AND THE EVOLUTION OF THE APES AND MAN.

By Charles F. Sonntag. *John Bale, Sons & Danielsson*

12 s., 6 d.

8¼ x 5¼; 364 pp.

London

The first comprehensive work on the comparative anatomy of the primates. The author, who is professor to the Zoölogical Society of London, has had immense experience in the dissecting-room, and so his report is authoritative and full of novelty. The close physical relationship between man and the other primates is overwhelmingly established.

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL TRAITS OF A THOUSAND GIFTED CHILDREN.

By Lewis M. Terman and others.

The Stanford University Press

\$5

8½ x 5½; 638 pp.

Palo Alto, Calif.

This massive study was made in the California public schools, by Dr. Terman and fourteen assistants. The number of gifted children studied was 643, and there were ample controls. The report shows that

Continued on page lviii

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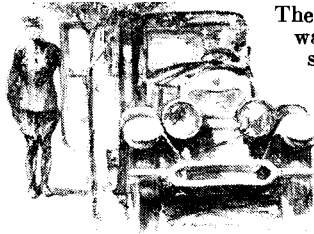
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gifted children come, in the main, from the educated middle class, that they have an extraordinary number of distinguished relatives, that they are rather above the average in health and physical activity, and that the Jews furnish twice as many of them, relatively, as the rest of the population. The investigation was thorough and painstaking, and supplies an immense mass of valuable material.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

By **J. Arthur Thomson**.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$2 7½ x 5; 280 pp. New York

A somewhat labored attempt to prove that the progress of science has not materially damaged religion. Unfortunately, most of the evidence adduced by the learned author proves that it has. The book is a reprint of lectures delivered at the Union Theological Seminary in 1924. There are appendices, by the author's son, on relativity, the quantum theory, and the states of matter.

THE EVOLUTION OF ANATOMY.

By **Charles Singer**.

Alfred A. Knopf

\$4 8¾ x 5½; 209 pp. New York

A history of anatomical investigations from the days of the Greeks to the time of Harvey. There are a large number of illustrations from the classics of the science, many of them full page. The author is a lecturer on the history of medicine at University College, London. He has a clear and excellent style, and his book is of interest to laymen as well as to medical men.

THE TYRANNY OF TIME.

By **Charles Nordmann**.

International Publishers

\$3.25 8¾ x 5½; 217 pp. New York

In the first part of this book M. Nordmann, a distinguished French scientist, describes the various methods of measuring time and the paradoxes resulting from them. In the second part he shows wherein Einstein and Bergson differ on the matter of the relativity of time, and comes to the defense of the former. Dealing with such an abstruse subject as relativity, the book is extraordinarily clear. The translation from the French is by E. E. Fournier D'Albe.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

MODERN IMMIGRATION.

By **Annie Marion MacLean**.

The J. B. Lippincott Co.

\$3 7½ x 4¾; 393 pp. Philadelphia

This volume deals with immigration into the United States, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa,

Continued on page lx

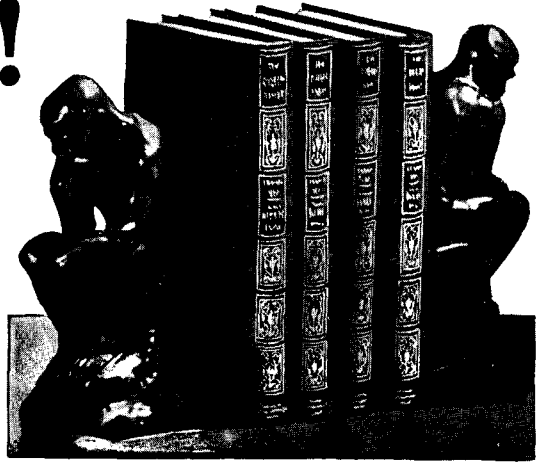
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Brazil and the Argentine. It is a pioneer work, and shows many important omissions. Immigration into Mexico, for example, is not discussed. The American laws now in force are printed in full, and there are useful bibliographies.

ON NEW SHORES.

By Konrad Bercovici.

The Century Company

\$4

8¾ x 5½; 302 pp.

New York

Charming and sympathetic sketches of the various immigrant groups in the United States, with special attention to those that have kept their separate identity. There are chapters on the Danes of Minnesota, the Bohemians of Wisconsin, the French and German Russians of North Dakota, the Dutch of Michigan, the German Amish of Ohio, and others. Of unusual interest and value are those on the Jews and the Japanese. There are illustrations by Norman Borchardt.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MERCANTILISM.

By J. W. Horrocks.

Brentano's

\$3

7½ x 4¾; 249 pp.

New York

The author is opposed to mercantilism, which he identifies with modern protectionism, and believes that the League of Nations may eventually help to break it down. There is a brief but useful analytical bibliography.

RACE OR NATION. *The Conflict of Divided Loyalties.*

By Gino Speranza.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company

\$3

8 x 5½; 278 pp.

Indianapolis

The author views with alarm the de-Americanizing influences of the foreigner, and proposes the following remedies: forbidding the teaching of foreign languages in secondary schools, public or private; the enactment of legislation for the supervision and, if necessary, the suppression of the foreign-language press; the registration of all aliens. Sound 100% American doctrine.

BLOCKADE AND SEA POWER.

By Maurice Parmelee.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company

\$3

8 x 5¼; 449 pp.

New York

The first detailed study of the Allied blockade during the late war. Dr. Parmelee was one of the American delegates on the Allied Blockade Committee and chairman of the Allied Rationing and Statistical Committee. He believes that the blockade power was misused during the war, and that it must be curbed hereafter by international law, backed up by the might of whatever world state can be brought into being.

Continued on page lxxii



The books mentioned on this page all have this printer's mark and are published by Simon and Schuster.

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THE MAN MENCKEN

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2. THE MAN MENCKEN by *Isaac Goldberg* is the life and story of the editor of this magazine. The book contains a large amount of hitherto unpublished Menckeniana—short stories, essays and poems.

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HENRY FORD, AMERICA'S DON QUIXOTE.

By Louis P. Lochner. *The International Publishers*
\$3 8¾ x 5½; 240 pp. New York

The story of the Ford Peace Ship, told by the secretary of the expedition. Mr. Lochner charges that Ford deserted it under the pressure of his business associates. There is a preface by Maxim Gorky.

WHITHER ENGLAND?

By Leon Trotsky. *The International Publishers*
\$1.75 7½ x 5; 192 pp. New York

This little book is colored by the author's prejudices and hopes. Nevertheless, there is in it an extremely penetrating discussion of the present state of affairs in England.

STOPPING STREET ACCIDENTS. *A History of New York City's Bureau of Public Safety.*

By Barron Collier. *Tabard Press*
9¾ x 5¾; 145 pp. New York

An account of the efforts made to decrease street accidents due to motor vehicles in New York. The author, a well-known advertising man, has been serving as special deputy police commissioner in charge of the Bureau of Public Safety, and has given a great deal of time and study to his work. His conclusions are optimistic. He believes that the education of the public will gradually diminish street accidents.

THE DRIFTING OF THE COWBOY.

By Will James. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$3.50 9½ x 7; 241 pp. New York

This is a series of seven sketches of the actual life led by the cow-punchers—the desert range riding, the drifting in the Winter blizzards, the bronco-busting, the whiling away of the Winter months in the bunk-houses. The book is written in the rich masculine lingo of the Western plains. There are many excellent illustrations by the author.

TRAVEL

ROVING THROUGH SOUTHERN CHINA.

By Harry A. Franck. *The Century Company*
\$5 9 x 5¾; 649 pp. New York

Mr. Franck is the American Marco Polo. He has been everywhere and written about all lands with shrewdness and charm. The present volume recounts his wanderings in the immense and densely populated territory south of Shanghai. There are 171 illustrations from photographs.

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Continued from page lxii

WEST OF THE PACIFIC.

By Ellsworth Huntington. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$4.50 9 x 5 3/4; 453 pp. New York

The author of this book is a distinguished geographer, especially interested in the effects of geographical environment upon man. His observations thus go far beyond those of an ordinary traveler. Of chief interest is what he has to say about the effects of the semi-tropical climate upon the people of the northern part of Australia. He believes that Australia's capacity for population has been greatly overestimated. There are also interesting chapters on Japan, China and Java. The volume is illustrated.

YOUTH AND THE EAST. *An Unconventional Autobiography.*

By Edmund Candier. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$6 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 331 pp. New York

This is a diverting account of the experiences of a free-spirited English youth in India, Syria and other parts of the Orient. It presents very interesting pictures of the lands and their people.

MOSUL AND ITS MINORITIES.

By Harry Charles Luke. Martin Hopkinson & Co. Ltd.
10 s., 6 d. 8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 161 pp. London

This is a picturesque description of the geography and inhabitants of Mosul and its surrounding territories. A large portion of the book is devoted to the various religious sects in that locality. There are many illustrations, and a brief bibliography. The author was sometime assistant governor of Jerusalem.

SUNLIGHT IN NEW GRANADA.

By William McFee. Doubleday, Page & Company
\$3.50 8 x 5 1/4; 275 pp. Garden City, L. I.

The fine skill which marked "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" and "Command" is visible again in these vivid and romantic sketches of the Caribbean coast of Colombia, with a side glance at Bogota. One of them, "Modern Conquistadores," was first published in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

A WAYFARER IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

By E. I. Robson. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 7 1/2 x 5; 211 pp. New York

A diverting account of life in Czecho-Slovakia, including biographical sketches of John Hus and Jan Ziska. There are a number of interesting pencil drawings, and a map.

Continued on page lxvi

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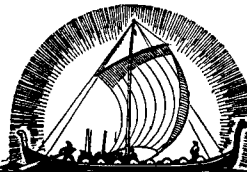
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Continued from page lxiv

A WAYFARER IN HUNGARY.
By George A. Birmingham. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$4 7 1/2 x 5; 210 pp. New York
The author spent two years in post-war Hungary
and here records his impressions of the country. The
book is well written and presents an interesting pic-
ture of the land and its people. There are sixteen
illustrations.

REPRINTS

WELTHUMOR.
Edited by Roda Roda and Theodor Erzel.
M. 25 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 6 vols. Munich
Simplicissimus Verlag
This is a revision of a collection which first appeared
in 1911. The selections cover an immense range. They
run from Senegambian folk-tales to extracts from
latter-day German farces, and from Boccaccio and
Chaucer to George Bernard Shaw, Eça de Queiroz
and Ludwig Thoma. Many caricatures and other
comic drawings are included. The whole contents, of
course, are in German. A valuable and immensely
amusing collection.



**THE CHARTERIS
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trail until Chief Inspector Pointer can
denounce the true murderer of Rose
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Yet Pointer sticks to his theory and
finally denounces an unsuspected indi-
vidual as the culprit.

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lxvi

THE CONFESSION OF A FOOL.
By August Strindberg. The Viking Press
\$2.50 8 x 5 1/2; 328 pp. New York

In this story the Swedish dramatist and mystic tells
the story of his first marriage. It is characteristically
extravagant, and lately the daughter of that marriage
was protesting against it as full of misrepresentations.
The present translation is by Ellie Schleussner, and
there is a preface by Ernest Boyd. The book was
originally written, not in Swedish, but in French, and
the first edition to be published was a corrupt German
translation. There was no authorized edition in Swe-
den until after Strindberg's death.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
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Charles Scribner's Sons
6 3/4 x 4 1/2; 32 volumes New York
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works, containing much material—sketches, poems,
a play, letters—not accessible in any other popular
edition. There are prefaces by Mrs. Stevenson, and
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stepson. There are also brief but useful bibliographical
notes. The letters, edited by Sir Sidney Colvin, occupy
four volumes, and there is a complete index of them
at the end of the fourth volume. The books are made

Continued on page lxviii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



"Surely the most interesting volumes of this century."—London Daily Chronicle.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: 1892-1916

By VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, K. G.

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The *Chicago Evening Post* calls the book, "The greatest diplomatic memoir ever written." 32 illustrations. 2 volumes. \$10.00.

STEAMBOAT DAYS

By FRED ERVING DAYTON

Illustrated by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

The romantic history of water transportation in America from the earliest sea coast, lake and river steamboats to the later vessels of the waterways. As important as the story itself are the beautiful illustrations by John Wolcott Adams, whose recent death leaves the book as his last work. \$5.00.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA

By MARY FITCH WATKINS

Author of "*First Aid to the Opera-Goer*."

This book opens the stage-door wide and tells the fascinating story of all that goes on behind it, with countless anecdotes of the famous stars. \$2.50.

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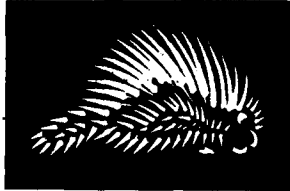
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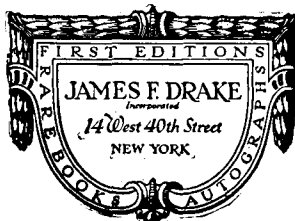
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Continued from page lxvi

of good paper and are well printed. They have a green library binding, stamped in gold, red and black title page, and decorative end papers.

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE.

By Stephen Crane.

D. Appleton & Company

\$2.50

8 x 5 1/4; 267 pp.

New York

"The Red Badge of Courage" was first published in 1896. It is here reset and reprinted after 30 years—a sufficient proof of its vitality. There is a preface by Max J. Herzberg, "president of the Stephen Crane Association"; it leans heavily upon the biography by Thomas Beer and is otherwise of small value.

THE DECAMERON.

By Giovanni Boccaccio.

Boni & Liveright

\$2.00

10 3/4 x 7, 2 vols.; 374+355 pp. *New York*

This is a limited edition of 2,000 copies, set in Caslon Old Style, printed on good paper, and elaborately bound. There are excellent full-page illustrations by Clara Tice. The translation used is that of John Payne, probably the best into English. The two stately volumes are very attractive; no better set of Boccaccio is currently obtainable.

TEXT-BOOKS

THE ART OF DESCRIPTION.

By Marjorie H. Nicolson.

F. A. Crofts & Company

\$2.50

7 1/4 x 5; 438 pp.

New York

An elaborate study for the use of students of English. The specimens of descriptive prose presented are mainly from living writers, including many Americans. The author teaches English at Goucher College.

COLLEGE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

By George O. Curme.

The Johnson Publishing Company

\$2

7 1/2 x 5; 414 pp.

Richmond, Va.

This grammar is based upon actual current English, written and spoken. It makes use of the familiar categories, but avoids many of the traditional pedantries. The influence of Jespersen and Sweet is very apparent.

THE FINE ARTS

THE NEW THEATRE AND CINEMA OF SOVIET RUSSIA.

By Huntly Carter.

The International Publishers

\$6

8 1/4 x 5 3/4; 278 pp.

New York

The first comprehensive description in any language of the development of the theatre in Russia since the

Continued on page lxx

The Science of Playwriting

by **M. L. Malevinsky**

A book that answers the question

What Is A Play?

with a scientific formula applicable to novel, the screen and drama alike. \$5.00

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by **Oliver M. Saylor**

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Continued from page lxviii

tall of Kerensky. It has already split into three groups, a Left, a Center and a Right. It is with the activities of the first-named that Mr. Carter is chiefly concerned. His record is thorough and painstaking, and there are many illustrations.

HOW TO SEE MODERN PICTURES.

By Ralph M. Pearson.

The Dial Press

\$2.50

7 1/2 x 5; 228 pp.

New York

An elementary treatise upon design and organization, intended for the neophyte. The text is clear and full of shrewdness, and the illustrations really illustrate. A useful handbook.

ELEMENTS OF FORM AND DESIGN IN CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE.

By Arthur Stratton.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$7.50

11 3/4 x 8 3/4; 239 pp.

New York

This book is addressed to the architect, but is also of interest to the layman devoted to architecture. It discusses the various primary plans and their treatment—the circular, the rectangular, the square, the octagonal, the elliptical, the D, and so on—and proceeds to a treatment of façades, vestibules, corridors, loggias, porticoes, arches and screens. There are hundreds of plans.

ANTHOLOGIES

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY: A Critical Anthology.

Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$3

8 x 5 1/2; 621 pp.

New York

A third edition, revised, of the best existing anthology in its field. It opens with Emily Dickinson and closes with Nathalia Crane. The selections are very judiciously made, and the notes upon the poets by the editor are sound and instructive. There are, of course, the usual inexplicable omissions; for example, Robert Loveman and John McClure.

BEST SERMONS OF 1925.

Edited by Joseph Fort Newton.

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

\$2.50

8 x 5 1/4; 337 pp.

New York

Among the clergy represented are an Episcopal bishop, a Jewish rabbi, a Catholic priest, a Catholic turned Unitarian, a Swedenborgian, two Methodists, two Baptists, two Presbyterians, two Congregationalists and a Lutheran. There is also a lay sermon by Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin. Each sermon is prefaced by a note upon the preacher by the editor.

Continued on page lxixii

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Continued from page lxx

AMERICAN POETRY: 1925.

Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2. 7 1/4 x 5 3/4; 248 pp. New York

The first volume of this miscellany was issued in 1920; the second in 1922. This is the third. It is devoid of tendency and represents the somewhat catholic tastes of the editor. The poets included are Conrad Aiken, William Rose Benét, H. D., T. S. Eliot, John Gould Fletcher, Alfred Kreymborg, Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Crowe Ransom, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Sara Teasdale, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Elinor Wylie and the editor. There is a bibliography.

FOLK-LORE

THE OLD TYPES PASS: *Gullah Sketches of the Carolina Sea Islands.*

By Marcus S. Whaley. The Christopher Publishing House
\$2.50 8 x 5 1/4; 192 pp. Boston

These sketches include examples of Gullah song, with the music. There is an excellent note upon the Gullah dialect at the end, with an extensive vocabulary. The book well supplements the previous publications of Mrs. Julia Peterkin and Ambrose E. Gonzales. The dialect of the Gullahs of the South Carolina lowlands differs greatly from the general Negro dialect of the South.

CAUCASIAN FOLK-TALES.

Edited by Adolf Dirr. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2. 7 x 5; 306 pp. New York

The editor, Prof. Dirr, of Munich, spent ten years in the Caucasus collecting these tales. His German versions of them are here translated into English by Lucy Menzies. The Caucasus has been a melting pot for ages, and its people have borrowed the folk-lore of all nations. Prof. Dirr says that not one of the tales he prints is indigenous. But in their Caucasian form many of them are very amusing.

FICTION

OH, THE BRAVE MUSIC!

By Richard Blaker. The George H. Doran Company
\$2.50 7 3/4 x 5 1/4; 332 pp. New York

This is the story of a retired English seaman who feels happier in the company of the housemaid than in that of his wife. It is poorly told.

Continued on page lxxxiv

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxii

MARRIED LIFE.

By Edith O'Shaughnessy. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2 7½ x 5; 299 pp. New York

Six short stories of married life. All are feeble.

HALF-TOLD TALES.

By Henry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$1.50 7 x 4¾; 150 pp. New York

Thirty tales. The usual diabetic sermonettes of this
author.

PARADE.

By Emily Post. The Funk & Wagnalls Company
\$2 7½ x 5; 382 pp. New York

This is the story of a poor girl who marries a rich
young man. It is manufactured according to formula.

THE DEPTHS OF PROSPERITY.

By Phyllis Bottome and Dorothy Thompson.
The George H. Doran Company
\$2 7½ x 5; 321 pp. New York

A mother is jealous of her daughter, whose charm
threatens her own social supremacy, and goes to
extreme ends to put her rival out of the way.

THE ISLES OF WISDOM.

By Alexander Moszkowski. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 7½ x 5; 322 pp. New York

Descriptions of the life on a group of imaginary
islands, each dedicated to some philosophy, such as
Platonism, pacifism, skepticism. An attempt to be
profound and original on some of the social and philo-
sophical problems of today. Stale stuff. The translation
from the German is by H. J. Stenning.

MISCELLANEOUS

AN INTRODUCTION TO SPANISH LITERATURE.

By George T. Northup. The University of Chicago Press
\$3 7¾ x 5½; 473 pp. Chicago

This is a rapid survey of Spanish literature from its
beginnings down to the present, and is intended pri-
marily for the novice. It is interestingly written and
contains a bibliography.

ART OUT-OF-DOORS.

By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2.50 7 x 4½; 482 pp. New York

The substance of this pioneer work in landscape
architecture appeared over thirty years ago. The
author here adds an appendix, bringing it up to date.
There is a long bibliography.

The BORZOI Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York

DECEMBER, 1925



VOL. VII. No. 1.

WITH HIS

Holiday Greetings

The BORZOI

SENDS HIS FERVENT WISH

THAT his services throughout the year may now rise to the occasion and aid you in this happy but hectic period.

And if you number among your family and friends some lovers of books, the Borzoi's wish will be granted.

For the lover of books is a patron of the BORZOI and no present will gratify him as much as a gift from the new list. Among the most eloquent testimony to that effect is the statement of *Dr. Joseph Wood Krutch*, dramatic editor of *The Nation*, who once said: "I read and review more copies of Borzoi books than those of all other publishers combined."

And *Mr. Harry Salpeter*, assistant literary editor of *The World*, confesses that unless Borzoi books are sent to his office in duplicate he gets very little chance to read them because *Laurence Stallings*, author and critic, automatically removes all the volumes with the Borzoi imprint for his own delightful uses. "That," concludes *Mr. Salpeter*, "is the penalty you pay for publishing such uniformly excellent titles."

It is therefore with pardonable pride that the BORZOI offers to the discriminating reader a choice in the best of literature.

Books for Every Taste

BOOKS are like medicine; you can't give the same prescription to two different persons. The man who demands a strong critique of the United States such as *THE DESTINY OF A CONTINENT* by *Manuel Ugarte* may discover that the humorous contents of *AMERICANA—1925* are too mild for his hardy constitution. He who finds a sardonic joy in *FIRECRACKERS*, wherein he will laugh not only at the New York leisure class and its foibles but also at his friends as they are described by *Carl Van Vechten*, may perhaps miss the hilarious exposition of Portuguese society in *THE RELIC*, the masterpiece of *Eça de Queiroz*. On the contrary, he may find the relaxation he needs in *THE CHARTERIS MYSTERY*, that intriguing detective story

by *A. Fielding*, or in "the best story of negro life ever written"—*THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER* by *Haldane Macfall*, although his temperament may be too hectic to taste of the quiet subtle delights of *THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE* by *Willa Cather* and those charmingly-painted pictures of London scenes, *THE LONDON PERAMBULATOR*, presented by the great English correspondent, *James Bone*, and his brother, the famous artist, *Muirhead Bone*.

The following list, comprising recent BORZOI publications, is presented with a view to giving the contents of these books and thus helping our readers to decide upon the proper prescription for each particular person who figures in their shopping lists.

For the Reader Whose Stimulant Is Engrossing Fiction

"THE most discussed book of the year" is *Willa Cather's THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE*. It gives a penetrating analysis of American family life. Into this pattern of dull silver is set the turquoise-colored story of a young man and his adventures in New Mexico that is as richly tinted as the hardening strata of clay soil in the American southwest.

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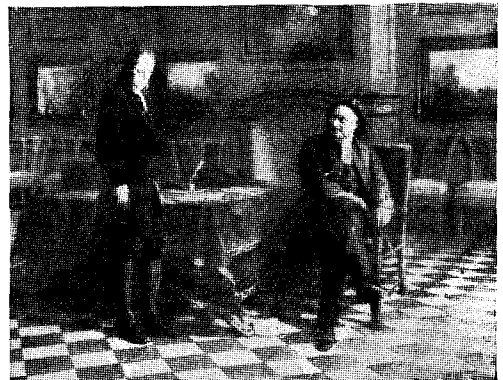
* *

THE literary spot-light focused two years ago upon *David Garnett*, when *Alfred A. Knopf* introduced *LADY INTO FOX* to Americans. Now *Mr. Garnett* has written a new masterpiece in *THE SAILOR'S RETURN*, a tale of a British tar who returns to England with an African Princess and settles down with her to run a village pub. Their life, done as a bas-relief against the background of petty bickering and gossip that makes up the villagers' existence, is the substance for a story filled with outward humor and deep underlying pathos.

\$2.00 net

* *

THE RELIC by *Eça de Queiroz* is a Portuguese classic that joyfully relates the making of a hypocrite. Its factors are a wealthy aunt who is neurotically religious and a gay young nobleman, her nephew, who to secure her fortune undertakes a penitential tour of the Holy Land to bring her a



PETER THE GREAT REPRIMANDING HIS SON ALEXEI
from CATHERINE THE GREAT

relic of overwhelming strength. "Within a few pages he has us straining to keep up with the modernity of his thought, we are instantly impressed by the purity and imagery of his style, respectful before his restraint and economy of word and incident; above all, fascinated by the rapier-like thrust of his hilarious comedy."—*New York Times*. \$2.50 net

* *

MOCKERY GAP by *T. F. Powys* is a curious story, completely removed in style from the realism of *MR. TASKER'S GODS*, and akin rather to the shifting lights and shades of *THE LEFT LEG*. Those who have followed *Mr. Powys'* progress will be particularly interested in this point, that the

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story is a seascape; for Mockery Gap is a village in Wessex by the sea. The story indeed is most characteristic of Mr. Powys and full of those passages of strange beauty that give his work its peculiar value. \$2.50 net

THE person who can take the strong dose of a thrilling story and a great psychological document will find THE INFORMER, by Liam O'Flaherty, exactly to his taste. The London Times summarized this novel in these flattering words: "Mr. O'Flaherty's enthusiastic sincerity is compressed into a rapid narrative that moves steadily to its culmination. Dealing with gunmen, murder, and the darker manifestations of human nature in breeding grounds of discontent, he avoids sensationalism by relying on character and by interpreting violence of action in terms of the mind." THE INFORMER etches with acid insight the mental processes of a powerful, illiterate man, during the stirring days of the Irish revolution. \$2.50 net



MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS, whose PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS has taken New York by storm

THOSE who like to view the panorama of life in a swiftly moving plot will find keen pleasure in THE VATICAN SWINDLE by André Gide. Here are a motley crew of pickpockets, noblemen, saints, adventurers and—Lafcadio Wluiki, one of the most original creations in all modern fiction. THE VATICAN SWINDLE is an exciting book. \$2.50 net

WHEN Carl Van Vechten assembled his characters, then touched them off with a sophisticated plot in FIRECRACKERS, he started a devastating conflagration. Some of the people in FIRECRACKERS are old friends, among them Campaspe, the Tattooed Countess and Gareth Johns. Others are new Van Vechten creations. He who has not yet read FIRECRACKERS is both fortunate and unfortunate: the first because he has jolly hours ahead; the second because he has lagged "in-the-know" of modern fiction. \$2.50 net



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER from THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS

THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER, by that rare artist, Haldane Macfall, portrays the amusing existence of the dark folk of the Barbadoes, splashing the canvas with pure Negro humor. "Macfall's mental hold is jammed to the beams with Negro lore, language and characterization. He makes his Negroes do the most felicitous things to the English language. Here is the artist whose art is so perfect because it seems to be only unobtrusive reporting." \$3.00 net

THE author of THE HAVEN, Dale Collins, carries six people to a tropic island, then leaves them there to work out their salvation. Harry Salpeter of the New York World said of Mr. Collins' book: "THE HAVEN is a masterpiece, comparable to nothing else in recent fiction, shaming its fellows of the year by contrast. May we be without honor anywhere if this is the last you hear of THE HAVEN or of Dale Collins, Australian." \$2.50 net

PASSION AND GLORY, William Cummings' second novel, is again a story of the new New England. It explores the passions, the loves and hates, the exaltation and despair of simple folk who draw their sustenance from the elements. PASSION AND GLORY rises to heights of grandeur when Mr. Cummings pictures the splendid struggles of his hero against the obscure designs of destiny. \$2.50 net



THE PRINCE OF WALES from the book named in his honor

GREEN BUSH, an epic of middle-western farm life by John T. Frederick, is more than a realistic picture of the tillers of the soil. It is the study of a domineering woman who rules her husband and her son to the unhappiness of both. \$2.50 net

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SAÏD THE FISHERMAN by Marmaduke Pickthall, the tale of an Arab Babbitt, is the masterpiece of a writer who is now gaining the recognition his great

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work deserves. *E. M. Forster* has written of him: "He is the only contemporary English novelist who understands the nearer East. As soon as we open his cheerful pages, the western world vanishes without malediction, like night at the opening of day. We sell carpets at Damascus or visit Tintah fair with no sense of strangeness; it seems our natural life, and when our compatriots do stray across the scene they seem quaint and remote, just as they must seem to an Oriental." \$3.00 net

* *

Two important Scandinavian novels by outstanding European writers are among the new Borzoi books. *Knut Hamsun's* new work, *BENONI*, is a story of simple folk in a Scandinavian fishing village. "Hamsun is at play in this volume; but it is a giant's frolic; and the trees shake," wrote *Laurence Stallings* in a review in the *New York World*. "Under the grimacing novel there is his same intense insight into human character; his recognition of folly, his mastery of passion." \$2.50 net

THE BOOK ABOUT LITTLE BROTHER by the Swedish author and Nobel Prize winner, *Gustav Af Geijerstam*, had gone through eighteen editions in Sweden by 1916. It is now available to English readers who will find it a lyric story of married life which never was stained by disillusion. \$2.50 net

* *

THREE different but equally thrilling mystery stories are also represented on the Borzoi list: *COLD HARBOUR*, by *Francis Brett Young*, author



HEYWOOD BROWN from
THE PRINCE
OF WALES AND
OTHER FAMOUS
AMERICANS

of *SEA HORSES*, is a story dipped in terror, built around the supernatural and shadowed by logical psychological explanations. It is an exciting novel of sound literary value. *THE CHARTERIS MYSTERY* on the other hand selects its material from situations which might be printed in any daily newspaper. *A. Fielding*, the author, has achieved a mystery story abounding in intriguing plots which command the reader's constant

interest. *J. S. Fletcher*, the famous author of detective fiction, likewise seeks his plot from everyday occurrence, basing his original yarn, *FALSE SCENT*, on the great English-American traffic in stolen antiques.

COLD HARBOUR, \$2.50 net. *THE CHARTERIS MYSTERY*, \$2.00 net. *FALSE SCENT*, \$2.00 net.

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For the Man Who Feels the National Pulse

AMERICANA—1925, edited by *H. L. Mencken*, editor of *The American Mercury*, is a compendium of priceless and naive humor presented by the nation to the year 1925. Extracts from hundreds of papers, reports from speeches, records of the activities of the Ku Klux Klan and the Kiwanis Clubs, of Main Street and the metropolis, constitute an amusingly vivid portraiture of the habits and thoughts that characterize American life today. \$2.50 net



H. L. MENCKEN, editor of
AMERICANA—1925,
as caricatured by
MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS in
THE PRINCE OF WALES
AND OTHER
FAMOUS AMERICANS

* *

AMERICA IN CIVILIZATION, by *Ralph E. Turner*, is an organized picture of civilization and its bearing on the social, psychological and historical development of the United States. As *Mr. Turner* himself points out: "The persisting purpose of the book is to help Americans to understand their life." Full bibliographies at the close of each chapter enhance its value for students. \$5.00 net

* *

OTHERS besides *Manuel Ugarte* have accused the United States of positive imperialistic designs with respect to the Latin countries to the South. In *THE DESTINY OF A CONTINENT* *Sr. Ugarte* points out why he and many of his compatriots believe this indictment is true. Whether *Sr. Ugarte* is right or wrong, his book is worthy of the meditative perusal of every American who wishes to know the opinions that others hold concerning his country. \$3.50 net



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THE great Russian statesman, *Alexander Herzen*, recorded his active political life in an autobiography called *MY PAST AND THOUGHTS*, published by *Alfred A. Knopf* in five volumes. Americans who condemn the present disarray of Russia, as well as those who praise it, cannot toss aside the fact that

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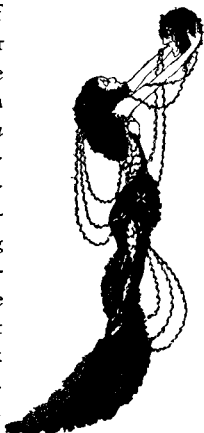
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CATHERINE THE GREAT by *Katharine Anthony* is an intimate picture of the great, exotic Personage whose personality dominated her age and whose political genius helped draw the map of Europe. The biography gathers its sources from hitherto suppressed letters and diaries of the Czarina and presents a picture both historically and psychologically sound.

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* *

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For Clever Children and Wise Adults

EVERY child who does not know the stories of *Walter de la Mare* is missing one of the greatest spiritual adventures open to our youngest generation. *BROOMSTICKS AND OTHER TALES*, his first collection of short stories for children (stories he spun originally for his own children), is suggested as an excellent introduction to the poet-author.



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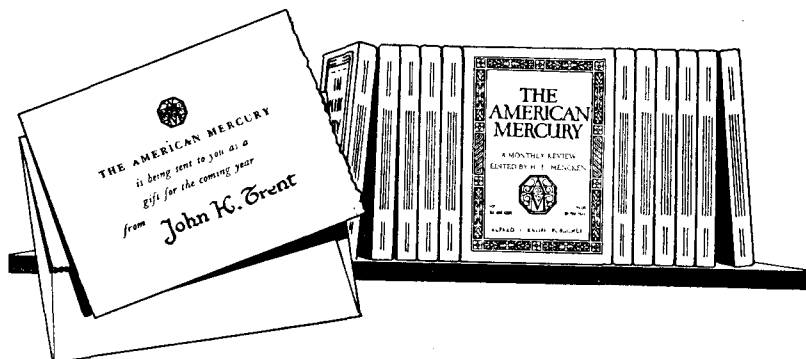
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